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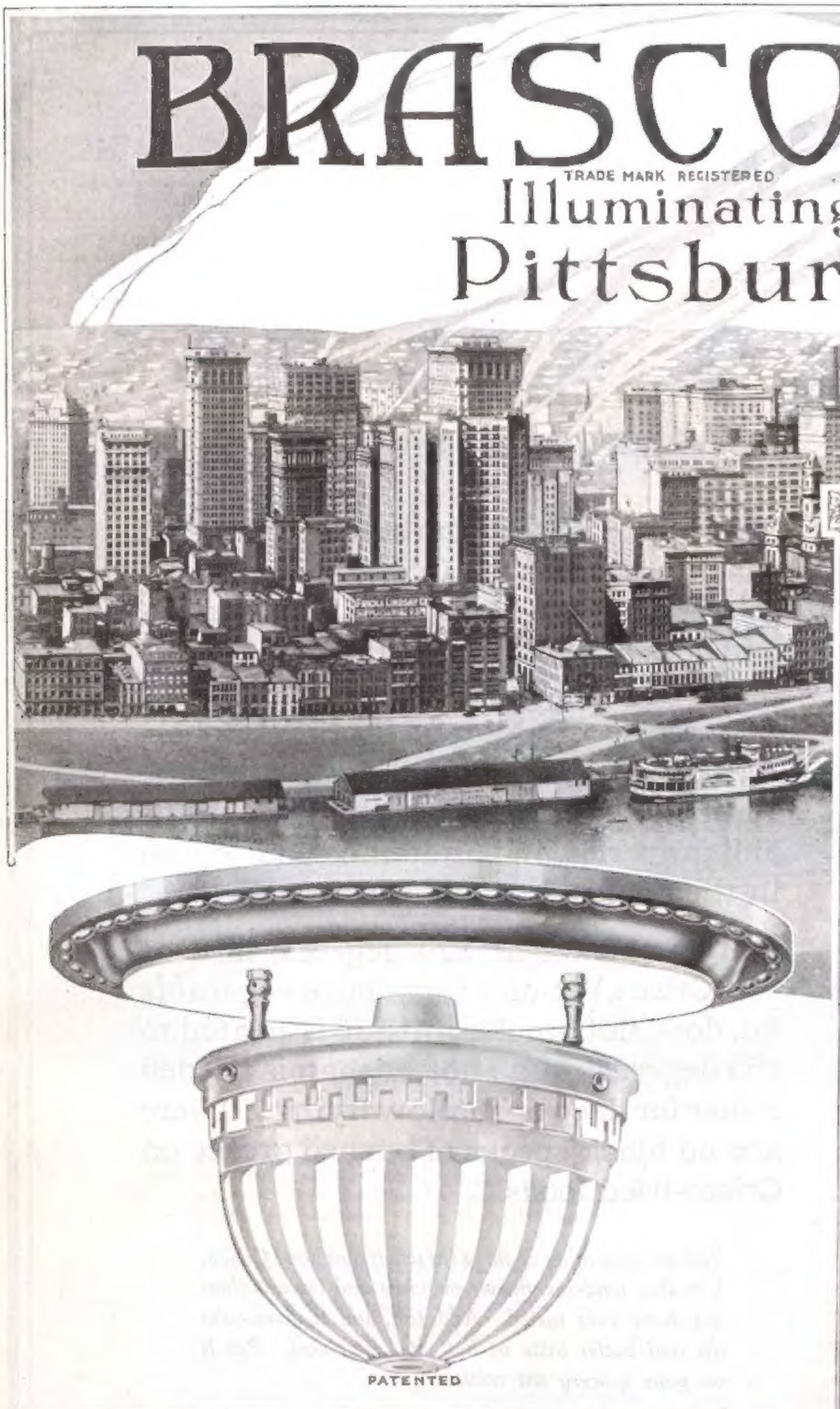

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FREE AIR

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Now That's Enough-Plenty Out of You. I'll Arrest You. I'm a Special Deputy Sheriff"

WHEN the wind shield was closed it became so filmed with rain that Claire fancied she was piloting a drowned car in dim spaces under the sea. When it was open drops jabbed into her eyes and chilled her cheeks. She was excited and thoroughly miserable. She realized that these Minnesota country roads had no respect for her polite experience on Long Island parkways. She felt like a woman, not like a driver.

But the Gomez-Dep roadster had seventy horse power, and sang songs. Since she had left Minneapolis nothing had passed her. Back yonder a truck had tried to crowd her, and she had dropped into a ditch, climbed a bank, returned to the road; and after that the truck was not. Now she was regarding a view more splendid than mountains above a garden by the sea—a stretch of good road.

To her passenger, her father, Claire chanted: "Heavenly! There's some gravel. We can make time. We'll hustle on to the next town and get dry."

"Yes. But don't mind me. You're doing very well," her father sighed.

Instantly, the dismay of it rushing at her, she saw the end of the patch of gravel. The road ahead was a wet black smear, crisscrossed with ruts. The car shot into a morass of prairie gumbo—which is mud mixed with tar, fly paper, fish glue, and well-chewed, chocolate-covered caramels. When cattle get into gumbo the farmers send for the stump dynamite and try blasting.

It was her first really bad stretch of road. She was frightened. Then she was too appallingly busy to be frightened, or to be Miss Claire Boltwood, or to comfort her uneasy father. She had to drive. Her frail graceful arms put into it a vicious vigor that was genius.

When the wheels struck the slime they slid, they wallowed. The car skidded. It was terrifyingly out of control. It began majestically to turn toward the ditch. She fought the steering wheel as though she were shadow-boxing, but the car kept contemptuously staggering till it was sideways, straight across the road. Somehow it was back again, eating into a rut, going ahead. She didn't know how she had done it, but she had got it back. She longed to take time to retrace her own cleverness in steering. She didn't. She kept going.

The car back-fired, slowed. She yanked the gear from third into first. She speeded up. The motor ran like a terrified pounding heart, while the car crept on by inches through filthy mud that stretched ahead of her without relief.

She was battling to hold the car in the principal rut She snatched the wind shield open, and concentrated on that left rut. She felt that she was keeping the wheel from climbing those high sides of the rut, those six-inch walls of mud, sparkling with tiny grits. Her mind snarled at her arms: "Let the ruts do the steering. You're just fighting against them."

It worked. Once she let the wheels alone they comfortably followed the furrows, and for three seconds she had that delightful belief of every motorist after every mishap: "Now that this particular disagreeableness is over I'll never, never have any trouble again!"

But suppose the engine overheated, ran out of water? Anxiety twanged at her nerves. And the deep distinctive ruts were changing to a complex pattern, like the rails in a city switch yard. She picked out the track of the one motor car that had been through here recently, and followed it by the distinctive tread.

She was very tired. She wondered if she might not stop for a moment. Then she came to an up slope. The car faltered, felt indecisive beneath her. She jabbed down the accelerator. Her hands pushed at the steering wheel as though she were pushing the car. The engine picked up, sullkily kept going. To the eye there was merely a rise in the rolling ground, but to her anxiety it was a mountain up which she—not the engine, but she herself—pulled this bulky mass, till she had reached the top and was safe again—for a second. Still there was no visible end of the mud.

In alarm she thought: "How long does it last? I can't keep this up. I —— Oh!"

The guiding tread of the previous car was suddenly lost in a mass of heaving, bubble-scattered mud like a batter of black dough. She fairly picked up the car and flung it into that welter, through it, and back into the reappearing trail.

Her father spoke: "You're biting your lips. They'll bleed if you don't look out. Better stop and rest."

"Can't! No bottom to this mud. Once stop and lose momentum—stuck for keeps!"

She had ten more minutes of it before she reached a combination of bridge and culvert, with a plank platform above a big tile drain. With this solid plank bottom she could stop. Silence came roaring down as she turned the switch. The bubbling water in the radiator steamed about the cap. Claire was conscious of tautness of the cords of her neck in front; of a pain at the base of her brain. Her father glanced at her curiously.

"I must be a wreck. I'm sure my hair is frightful," she thought, but forgot it as she looked at him. His face was unusually pale. In the tumult of activity he had been betrayed into letting the old despondent look blur his eyes and sag his mouth.

"Must get on," she determined.

Claire was dainty of habit. She detested untwisted hair, ripped gloves, muddy shoes. Hesitant as a cat by a puddle, she stepped down on the bridge. Even on these planks the mud was three inches thick. It squidged about her low, spatted shoes. "E-eh!" she squeaked.

She tiptoed to the tool box and took out a folding canvas bucket. She edged down to the trickling stream below. She was miserably conscious of a pastoral scene all gone to mildew—cows beneath willows by the creek, milkweeds dripping, dried mullein-weed stalks no longer dry. The bank of the stream was so slippery that she shot down two feet and nearly went sprawling. Her knee did touch the bank, and the skirt of her gray sports suit showed a smear of earth.

In less than two miles the racing motor had used up so much water that she had to make four trips to the creek before she had filled the radiator. When she had climbed back on the running board she glared down at spats and shoes turned into gray lumps. She was not tearful. She was angry.

"Idiot! Ought to have put on my rubbers. Well—too late now," she observed as she started the engine.

She again followed the friendly tread. To avoid a hole in the road ahead the unknown driver had swung over to the side of the road and taken to the intensely black earth of the edge of an unfenced cornfield. Flashing at Claire came the sight of a deep water-filled hole, scattered straw and brush, débris of a battlefield, which made her gaspingly realize that her leader had been stuck, and—instantly her own car was stuck.

She had had to put the car at that hole. It dropped far down, and it stayed down. The engine stalled. She started it, but the back wheels spun merrily round and round, without traction. She did not make one inch. When she again killed the blatting motor she let it stay dead. She peered at her father.

He was not a father just now, but a passenger trying not to irritate the driver. He smiled in a waxy way and said: "Hard luck! Well, you did the best you could. The other hole, there in the road, would have been just as bad. You're a fine driver, Dolly."

Her smile was warm and real. "No. I'm a fool. You told me to put on chains. I didn't. I deserve it."

"Well, anyway, most men would be cussing. You acquire merit by not beating me. I believe that's done in moments like this. If you'd like I'll get out and crawl round in the mud and play turtle for you," Mr. Boltwood offered.

"No. I'm quite all right. I did feel frightfully strong-minded as long as there was any use of it. It kept me going. But now I might just as well be cheerful, because we're stuck, and we're probably going to stay stuck for the rest of this care-free summer day."

The weariness of the long strain caught her all at once. She slipped forward, sat huddled, her knees crossed under the edge of the steering wheel, her hands falling beside her, one of them making a faint brushing sound as it slid down the upholstery. Her eyes closed; as her head drooped farther she fancied she could hear the vertebræ click in her tense neck.

Her father was silent, a misty figure in a lap robe. The rain streaked the mica lights in the side curtains. A train whistled desolately across the sodden fields. The inside of the car smelled musty. The quiet was like a blanket over the ears. Claire was in a hazy drowse. She felt that she could never drive again.

II

THE home of Claire Boltwood was on the Heights, in Brooklyn. Persons from New York and other parts of the Middle West have been known to believe that Brooklyn is somehow humorous. In newspaper jokes and vaudeville it is so presented that people who are willing to take their philosophy from those sources believe that the leading citizens of Brooklyn are all deacons, undertakers or obstetricians. The fact is that North Washington Square at its reddest and whitest and fanlightedest, Gramercy Park at its most ivied—are not so aristocratic as the section of Brooklyn called the Heights. Here preached Henry Ward Beecher. Here, in mansions like mausoleums, on the ridge above docks where the good ships came sailing in from Java and Singapore, puffed the lords of a thousand sails. And still is it a place of wealth too solid to emulate the nimble self-advertising of Fifth Avenue. Here dwell the fifth-generation possessors of blocks of foundries and shipyards. Here, in a big brick house of much dignity, much ugliness and much conservatory, lived Claire Boltwood with her widower father.

Henry B. Boltwood was vice president of a firm dealing in railway supplies. He was neither wealthy nor at all poor. Every summer, despite Claire's delicate hints, they took the same cottage on the Jersey Coast, and Mr. Boltwood came down for Sunday. Claire had gone to a good school out of Philadelphia, on the Main Line. She was used to gracious leisure, attractive uselessness, nut-center chocolates, and a certain wonder as to why she was alive.

She wanted to travel, but her father could not get away. He consistently spent his days in overworking, and his evenings in wishing he hadn't overworked. He was attractive, fresh, pink-cheeked, white-mustached, and nerve-twitching with years of detail.

Claire's ambition had once been babies and a solid husband, but as various young males of the species appeared before her, sang their mating songs and preened their newly dry-cleaned plumage, she found that the trouble with solid young men was that they were solid. Though she liked to dance, the dancing men bored her. And she did not understand the district's quota of intellectuals very well; she was good at listening to symphony concerts, but she never had much luck in discussing the cleverness of the wood winds in taking up the main motif. It is history that she refused a master of arts with an old violin, a good taste in ties and an income of eight thousand.

The only man who disturbed her was Geoffrey Saxton, known throughout the interwoven sets of Brooklyn Heights as "Jeff." Jeff Saxton was thirty-nine to Claire's twenty-three. He was clean and busy; he had no signs of vice or humor. Especially for Jeff must have been invented the symbolic morning coat, the unwrinkleable gray trousers and the moral rimless spectacles. He was a graduate of a nice college, and he had a nice tenor and a nice family and nice hands, and he was nicely successful in New York copper dealing. When he was asked questions by people who were impertinent, clever or poor, Jeff looked them over coldly before he answered; and often they felt so uncomfortable that he didn't have to answer.

The boys of Claire's own age, not long out of Yale and Princeton, doing well in business and jumping for their evening clothes daily at six-thirty, light o' loves and admirers of athletic heroes—these lads Claire found pleasant, but hard to tell apart. She didn't have to tell Jeff Saxton apart. He did his own telling. Jeff called—not too often. He sang—not too sentimentally. He took her father and her to the theater—not too lavishly. He told Claire—in a voice not too serious—that she was his helmed Athena, his rose of all the world. He informed her of his substantial position—not too obviously. And he was so everlastingly, firmly, quietly, politely, immovably always there. She watched the hulk of marriage drifting down on her frail speed boat of aspiration, and steered in desperate circles.

Then her father got the nervous prostration he had richly earned. The doctor ordered rest. Claire took him in charge. He didn't want to travel. Certainly he didn't want the shore or the Adirondacks. As there was a branch of his company in Minneapolis she lured him that far away.

Being rootedly of Brooklyn Heights Claire didn't know much about the West. She thought that Milwaukee was the capital of Minnesota. She was not so uninformed as some of her friends, however. She had heard that in Dakota wheat was to be viewed in vast tracts—maybe even a hundred acres.

Mr. Boltwood could not be coaxed to play with the people to whom his Minneapolis representative introduced him. He was overworking and perfectly happy. He was hoping to find something wrong with the branch house. Claire tried to tempt him out to the lakes. She failed. His nerve fuse burned out the second time, with much fire-works.

Claire had often managed her circle of girls, but it had never occurred to her to manage her executive father, save by indirect and pretty teasing. Now, in conspiracy with the doctor, she bullied her father. He saw gray death waiting as alternative, and he was meek. He agreed to everything. He consented to drive with her across two thousand miles of plains and mountains to Seattle, to drop in for a call on their cousins, the Eugene Gilsons.

Back East they had a chauffeur and two cars—the limousine and the Gomez-Deperdussin roadster, Claire's beloved. It would, she believed, be more of a change from everything that might whisper to Mr. Boltwood of the control of men not to take a chauffeur. Her father never drove, but she could, she insisted. His easy agreeing was pathetic. He watched her with spaniel eyes. They had the Gomez roadster shipped to them from New York.

On a July morning they started out of Minneapolis in a mist, and as has been hinted they stopped sixty miles northward in a rain; also in much gumbo. Apparently their nearest approach to the Pacific Ocean would be this oceanically moist edge of a cornfield between Schoenstrom and Gopher Prairie, Minnesota.

III

CLAIRE roused from her damp doze and sighed: "Well, I must get busy and get the car out of this."

"Don't you think you'd better get somebody to help us?"

"But get who?"

"Whom!"

"No! It's just 'who' when you're in the mud. No. One of the good things about an adventure like this is that I must do things for myself. I've always had people to do things for me. Maids and nice teachers and you, old darling! I suppose it's made me soft. Soft—I would like a soft davenport and a novel and a pound of almond brittle, and get all sick, and not feel so beastly virile as I do just now. But ——"

She turned up the collar of her gray tweed coat, painfully climbed out—the muscles of her back racking—and examined the state of the rear wheels. They were buried to the axle; in front of them the mud bulked in solid shiny blackness. She took out her jack and chains. It was too late. There was no room to get the jack under the axle. She remembered from the narratives of motoring friends that brush in mud gave a firmer surface for the wheels to climb upon.

"Oh, What's the Use? It's a Long Trail to Seattle, But it's a Sight Longer One to Being—Well, Sophisticated"

She also remembered how jolly the accounts of their mishaps had sounded—a week after they were over.

She waded down the road toward an old woodlot. At first she tried to keep dry, but she gave it up, and there was pleasure in being defiantly dirty. She tramped straight through puddles; she wallowed in mud. In the woodlot was long grass, which soaked her stockings till her ankles felt itchy. Claire had never expected to be so very intimate with a brush pile. She became so. As though she were a pioneer woman who had been toiling here for years she came to know the brush stick by stick—the long valuable branch that she could never quite get out from under the others; the thorny bough that pricked her hands every time she tried to reach the curious bundle of switches.

Seven trips she made, carrying armfuls of twigs and solemnly dragging large boughs behind her. She patted them down in front of all four wheels. Her crisp hands looked like the paws of a three-year-old boy making a mud fort. Her nails hurt from the mud wedged beneath them. Her mud-caked shoes were heavy to lift. It was with exquisite self-approval that she sat on the running board, scraped a carload of lignite off her soles, climbed back into the car and punched the starter.

The car stirred, crept forward one inch, and settled back—one inch. The second time it did not make quite so much headway. Then Claire did sob. She rubbed her cheek against the comfortable, rough, heather-smelling shoulder of her father's coat, while he patted her and smiled.

"Good girl! I better get out and help."

She sat straight, shook her head. "Nope. I'll do it. And I'm not going to insist on being heroic any longer. I'll get a farmer to pull us out."

As she let herself down into the ooze she reflected that all farmers have hearts of gold, anatomical phenomena never found among the snobs and hirelings of New York. The nearest heart of gold was presumably in the house a quarter of a mile ahead.

She came up a muddy lane to a muddy farmyard, with a muddy cur yapping at her wet legs, and geese hissing in a pool of purest mud serene. The house was small and rather old. It may have been painted once. The barn was large and new. It had been painted very much, and in a blinding red. There was no brass plate on the house, but on the barn in huge white letters was the legend, "Adolph Zolzac, 1913."

She climbed by log steps to a narrow frame back porch littered with parts of a broken cream separator. She told herself that she was simple and friendly in going to the back door instead of the front, and it was with gayety that she knocked on the ill-jointed screen door, which flapped dismally in response.

"*Ja?*" from within.

She rapped again.

"*Hinein!*"

She opened the door on a kitchen the high light of which was a table heaped with dishes of dumplings and salt pork. A shirt-sleeved man, all covered with mustache and calm, sat by the table, and he kept right on sitting as he inquired:

"Vell?"

"My car—my automobile—has been stuck in the mud. A bad driver, I'm afraid! I wonder if you would be so very good as to ——"

"I usually get t'ree dollars, but I dunno as I vant to do it for less than four. To-day I ain'd feelin' very goot," grumbled the golden-hearted.

Claire was aware that a woman, whom she had not noticed—so much smaller than the dumplings, so much less vigorous than the salt pork was she—was speaking: "*Aber*, papa, dot's a shame you sharge de poor young lady dot, when she drive by *sei* self. Vot she t'ink of de Sherman people?"

The farmer merely grunted. To Claire: "Yuh, four dollars. Dot's what I usually charge sometimes."

"Usually? Do you mean to say that you leave that hole there in the road right along—that people keep on trying to avoid it and get stuck as I was? Oh, if I were an official!"

"Vell, I dunno; I don't guess I run my place to suit you smart-Alecks ——"

"Papa! How you talk on the young lady! Make shame!"

"—— from the city. If you don't like it you stay *bei* Minneapolis! I haul you out for t'ree dollars and a half. Everybody pay dot. Last mont' I make forty-five dollars. They vas all glad to pay. They say I help them fine. I don't see vot you're kickin' about! Oh, these vimmins!"

"It's blackmail! I wouldn't pay it if it weren't for my father out there. But—go ahead. Hurry!"

She Had to Make Four Trips to the Creek Before She Had Filled the Radiator

She sat tapping her toe while Zolzac completed the stertorous task of hogging the dumplings, then stretched, yawned, scratched, and covered his merely dirty garments with overalls that were apparently woven of processed mud. When he had gone to the barn for his team his wife came to Claire. On her drained face were the easy tears of the slave woman.

"Oh, miss, I don't know vot I should do. My boys go on the public school, and they speak American just so goot as you. Oh, I vant man lets me luff America. But papa he says it is an *Unsinn;* you got the money, he says, nobody should care if you are American or Old Country people. I should vish I could ride once in an automobile! But—I am so 'shamed, so 'shamed that I must sit and see my *Mann* make this. Forty years I been married to him, and pretty soon I die ——"

Claire patted her hand. There was nothing to say to tragedy that had outlived hope.

Adolph Zolzac clumped out to the highroad behind his vast rolling-flanked horses—so much cleaner and better-fed than his wisp of a wife. Claire followed him, and in her heart she committed murder and was glad of it.

While Mr. Boltwood looked out with mild wonder at Claire's new friend, Zolzac hitched his team to the axle. It did not seem possible that two horses could pull out the car where seventy horse power had fainted. But easily, yawning and thinking about dinner, the horses drew the wheels up on the mud bank, out of the hole and—the harness broke, with a flying mess of straps and rope, and the car plumped with perfect exactness back into its bed.

"Huh! Such an auto! Look, it break my harness a'ready! Two dollar that cost you to mend it. De auto iss too heavy!" stormed Zolzac.

"All right! All right! Only for heaven's sake go get another harness!" Claire shrieked.

"Fife-fifty dot will be, in all," Zolzac grinned.

Claire was standing in front of him. She was thinking of other drivers—poor people, in old cars, who had been at the mercy of this golden-hearted one. She stared past him in the direction from which she had come. Another motor was in sight.

It was a tin beetle of a car; that agile, cheerful, rut-jumping model known as a "bug"; with a home-tacked, home-painted tin cowl and tail covering the stripped chassis of a little cheap Teal car. The lone driver wore an old black raincoat with an atrocious corduroy collar, and a new plaid cap in the Harry Lauder tartan. The bug skipped through mud where the Boltwoods' Gomez had slogged and rolled.

The man drove up behind her car and leaped out. He trotted forward to Claire and Zolzac. His eyes were twenty-seven or twenty-eight, but his pink cheeks were twenty; and when he smiled—shyly, radiantly—he was no age at all, but eternal boy. Claire had a blurred impression that she had seen him before, some place along the road.

"Stuck?" he inquired, not very intelligently. "How much is Adolph charging you?"

"He wants three-fifty; and his harness broke, and he wants ——"

"Oh! So he's still working that old gag! I've heard all about Adolph. He keeps that harness for pulling out cars, and it always busts. The last time, though, he only charged six bits to get it mended. Now let me reason with him."

The young man turned with vicious quickness, and for the first time Claire heard pidgin German—German as it is spoken between Americans who have never learned it and Germans who have forgotten it:

"*Schon sex* hundred times *Ich höre* all about the way you been doing autos, Zolzac, you *verfluchter Schweinhund*, and I'll set the sheriff on you."

"Dot ain'd true, maybe *einmal die Woche kommt* somebody and *Ich muss die Arbeit immer lassen und in die Regen ausgehen, und seh' mal* how *die* boots *sind mit* mud covered; two dollars it don't pay for *die* boots ——"

"Now that's enough-plenty out of you, *schen die* boots *verdammt*, and *mach' dass du fort gehst*—muddy boots, hell!—put *mal ein* egg in *die* boots and beat it, *verleicht* maybe I'll by golly arrest you myself, *weiss du?* I'm a special deputy sheriff."

The young man stood stockily. He seemed to swell as his somewhat muddy hand was shaken directly at, under and about the circumference of Adolph Zolzac's hairy nose. The farmer was stronger, but he retreated. He took up the reins.

He whined, "Don't I get nothing, I break de harness?"

"Sure. You get ten—years! And you get out!"

From thirty yards up the road Zolzac flung back, "You t'ink you're pretty damn smart!" That was his last serious reprisal.

Clumsily, as one not used to it, the young man lifted his cap to Claire, showing straight, wiry, rope-colored hair, brushed straight back from a rather fine forehead.

"Gee, I was sorry to have to swear and holler like that, but it's all Adolph understands. Please don't think there's many of the folks round here like him. They say he's the meanest man in the county."

"I'm immensely grateful to you, but —— Do you know much about motors? How can I get out of this mud?"

She was surprised to see the youngster blush. His clear skin flooded. His engaging smile came again, and he hesitated: "Let me pull you out."

(Continued on Page 119)

Adventures in Interviewing Lloyd George—By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE great war, which was invested with an unparalleled inhuman interest by the enemy, was at the same time rich with an almost incomparable human interest. Its scope was so vast and the line-up of nations so complex that it drew upon an astonishing variety of race, temperament and personality. Long after the physical scars of that stupendous struggle have vanished from the earth the impress of the dominating figures will survive for the reason that the makers of war were also the makers of peace.

During those four crowded years I was a steady commuter across the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea. Again and again I ranged the warring and neutral countries from Russia down to the shores of the Adriatic. Through the circumstance of my work I met many of the outstanding figures of those spacious times and often in intimate and dramatic fashion.

Ever since the signing of the armistice, and now that the mists of sentimentality are lifting and the era of frank speech has arrived, I am often asked: "How did you meet all those famous figures? What are they really like?" People are always interested in other people.

It is in response to these inquiries and likewise because a close-up of the personages who made history in a vast hour of history may possibly be illuminating and helpful in this crowded period of world readjustment that I have ventured to write this series of articles.

In the popular mind a certain mystery appears to envelop the so-called great, and more especially the great of the great war. The world at large thinks that persons like Lloyd George, Sir Douglas Haig, Foch, Clémenceau, Sonnino and Kerensky inhabit what the late E. H. Harriman called the higher sphere. Likewise the layman who simply reads about these people assumes that there was some subtle system of approach to that cloistered domain which screened the strategy of war and statesmanship.

As a matter of fact there was no mystery either about the men or in the highway of their inner selves. Interviewing outstanding personalities is in the last analysis merely a piece of glorified salesmanship. There is no more necromancy about it than there is in the piling up of great fortunes. When you put the probe into the reasons why certain men have become very rich you discover that the formula embodies the capitalization of work, thrift and vision, coupled with the early realization that the only way to amass money is to make money work. Chance seldom enters into the transaction despite the widespread delusion of rich men's luck.

First and Foremost Among the War Personalities That I Met—and His Star Shines With Equal Brilliancy in Peace—Is David Lloyd George

Interviewing Like Selling Goods

SO TOO with the matter of interviewing. It is what business calls selling. The elements that enter into highly organized scientific merchandising, whether with safety razors, soap or shoes, are in a larger scale the same elements that contribute to success in handling difficult and inaccessible personalities and persuading them to talk for publication.

If you know anything about salesmanship as we practice it in the United States you know that the so-called principles of approach in making a sale are Attention, Interest, Confidence, Desire and Conviction. In other words, if John Jones, traveling salesman for Smith & Co., wants to sell William Brown a bill of goods he must first secure his attention, create an interest, beget his confidence and establish a desire to buy. But having achieved all this he may not succeed until he inspires conviction. A man must have conviction as well as a desire to buy, because though desire may emanate from the heart conviction is born of the brain and the pocketbook.

Adapt these principles to big interviewing and history repeats itself. Whether a man is a statesman, a diplomat or a soldier you must first sell him on the proposition of being interviewed. Just as the salesman must eventually convince his prospect that he needs and is able to buy the article or product under discussion, so must the interviewer persuade any world figure that an interpretation of personality or a wide publication of his utterances is vital or opportune to the moment and the cause in which he is enlisted.

One fundamental reason why interviewing personages is like negotiating a successful deal is because human nature lies at the root and human nature is unchanging and universal. The Prime Minister of England and the president or general manager of a huge corporation are primarily human beings, susceptible to intelligent, timely, human approach. When all the glamour is stripped away from their exalted post or their massed millions they are, to paraphrase Mr. Kipling, simply brothers under the skin.

In interviewing well-known people, as in ordinary commercial salesmanship, the first problem is to get at your man. There was a time, more particularly in the dark ages of Wall Street, when what Roosevelt called a malefactor of great wealth was more inaccessible than the King of England or the leading statesman of France. Influence of course is a contributing factor, but when you write for a publication that reaches millions of people every week half the labor of approach is accomplished automatically.

So far as England is concerned—it was with British personages that I was most concerned during the war—I seem to have always known people there. Besides, I had from the start a valiant well-wisher in Lord Northcliffe, who with the outbreak of hostilities realized that to make the war popular spotlights would have to be turned on men and events. In other words the war had to be advertised. The whole British attitude toward printer's ink, whether employed in display advertising, posters or in straight text, underwent a complete revolution during the past four years. The volunteer army was recruited and the war loans were sold through big and sometimes spectacular publicity. Statesmen who looked with horror upon personal exploitation in 1914 now regard it as an essential like meat and drink. But they had to be educated, and I had a humble part in that campaign of education.

Remember that I brought to my war chronicling a considerable experience in what was in many respects the most difficult field in the world. For some years, as readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may possibly recall, it was part of my work to make the Wall Street sphinxes talk. The tasks put up to me during the war were as child's play alongside the job of helping men like E. H. Harriman, Thomas F. Ryan and John D. Archbold find their tongues. Back in that good old day of gilded silence when the gumshoe was a real asset in financial success you could scarcely with dynamite blast a real word for publication out of those old captains of finance. With the flow of speech, which I helped to accelerate, began a whole new public attitude toward them. Advertising always pays.

The Heel of Achilles

THERE was an interesting kinship between those Wall Street sphinxes and the famous personages of the war. It was more sharply defined during the early period of the struggle, however. The American money masters reared the bulwarks of silence about their activities because some of them could not stand airing. In the same way the war wagers believed for a considerable time that mystery and secrecy should envelop not only themselves but everything they did. Nowhere was this belief more deep-rooted than in England. We had to persuade the Lloyd Georges and their colleagues that so long as information did not render aid or comfort to the enemy it was helping to win the war, and it did.

The more you analyze the process of interviewing the more marked becomes the parallel with salesmanship. Men often fail in business because they use the same arguments with everybody. They forget that each human being is a law unto himself. The more distinguished or famous a man becomes the more distinct becomes his individuality. It would have been impossible to get next to Lloyd George with the same line of selling talk that you employed to make Sir Douglas Haig break his chronic silence. Each of these remarkable men—and they are types—required an entirely different line of approach, based upon a knowledge of their work, interests, ambition and personality, together with a swift appraisal of the mood of the hour and the march of events.

When I was a newspaper reporter some years ago and had my first contact with public men I realized that nearly every one of them had a vulnerable point in the armor, however formidable, that he girded on against the inroads of what used to be called prying publicity. That armor, however, never quite concealed the vanity which is sometimes thinly disguised behind assumed reticence or hesitancy to appear in print. When you have seen Presidents in their pyjamas and Kings in their shirt sleeves you have few illusions about anyone.

Ever since those early days I have invariably made it a point to find out all I could possibly know about a man before I went to see him. This is precisely what any good salesman will do. Before the war if I knew nothing about a man's particular hobby or interest I made it my business to find out something about it—whether it was horses, yachts, landscape gardening, good roads, first editions, etchings or baseball. Great soldiers and famous publicists are simply human beings. They have some interest, and with that interest you can disarm prejudice and even sterilize opposition to your purpose.

This leads me to the really absorbing feature of big interviewing. Just as every man to be interviewed is a law unto himself so is every interview of importance pitched

on a separate and distinct plane. Some silent men must be swept irresistibly into conversation on the high tide of talk. You take the initiative. Then too there is the type who begins to speak the moment you see him. All you have to do is to guide the currents of words. There is also the man who interviews the interviewer. Lloyd George is one of the best examples.

The most interesting personalities to be interviewed are those who have never been interviewed before. Here you get the thrill of pioneering and pathfinding. In such an instance you embark, so to speak, upon an uncharted sea and consciously or unconsciously set up the buoys to guide your successors. Thus you can readily see that the whole process of contact with the great becomes a fascinating and sometimes joyous adventure, shot through with romance of real achievement, varied with changing interests or illumined by some unexpected play of character. If you remember what you hear it is a liberal education.

Just as the war smashed all traditions so did it give interviewing a whole rebirth of distinction. You saw the immemorial aloofness of the King of England wiped out at a tea party for American journalists at Windsor; you beheld the holy of holies of the British War Office as the setting of a weekly conference with reporters. Everywhere precedent, so far as large journalism was concerned, went by the board. Such an unreconstructed monument of silence and formality as Gladstone would have been horrified at the sight of a British Prime Minister discussing in the public prints everything from piracy to food.

In this respect the war, which inflamed passion and bred hatred, was also a great humanizer of man. This influence will affect all the years to come. Henceforth secrecy and silence, once the bane of Wall Street and the principal provocation for the abuse heaped for years upon American corporate enterprise, will be unknown in world politics. They have gone into the scrap heap along with czars, kaisers and rubber-sole diplomacy. You have seen some of the rules of the interviewing game; you can now watch how it is played in terms of personalities.

On the Premier's Trail

FIRST and foremost among the war personalities that I met—and his star shines with equal brilliancy in peace—is David Lloyd George. I have ranged the gallery of the great, the near great and the would-be great pretty thoroughly. Yet no one—not even the lamented Roosevelt—surpasses the dynamic little Welshman in vitality, many-sidedness and interest. Like Roosevelt he is not a human being but an institution. Instead of being a single man he is a syndicate. Without him John Bull's public life would be dull indeed, for he is the prize monopolizer of the British front page. I watched Lloyd George fill practically every

Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Marconson

post of high distinction within the bestowal of the British Government during the war. Often when figuratively I saw the red flag of distress hung out, heard the alarm bells ring, and felt the heart of Britain turn to him for leadership in her hour of peril and crisis, I realized that the good old American phrase "Let George do it" fitted him and his astonishing service better than anything else. I once told him about this expression and he was amused and pleased.

What manner of man is this son of the people, who was a Gibraltar during the war and who has remained a rock through a no less stormy reconstruction? No one can explain Lloyd George. I doubt if he could do it himself if he tried. He has one essential quality dear to the biographer of American success in that he is self-made. Like many self-made men he loves his creator. He cleverly capitalized what the world calls his common origin. It has not ceased to be one of his assets.

Lloyd George can apparently be as simple as a child and as complex as a mathematical problem. This is one reason why he remains the most difficult man in England to interview. I can perhaps give no more characteristic picture of him than to tell the story of my first meeting with him, which happened early in the great conflict. At that time—it was long before the British Ministry of Information made wartime visiting in England a sort of American editorial free-for-all and when Lloyd George began to meet American writers in groups—the Prime Minister was the most inaccessible man in Great Britain. You could reach King George with far greater ease than you could approach this lawyer who had begun to make his progressive journey through the high places.

Lloyd George had just become Minister of Munitions and was the busiest man in the Kingdom. Almost overnight he retired as Chancellor of the Exchequer to take up the post upon which Britain's part in the war practically depended. Ammunition, like coal, meant life in the war, and England had little of it. The whole German early success was largely due to superiority in artillery and in an overwhelming preponderance of shells of large caliber. It was put up to Lloyd George to rectify this discrepancy. It meant the complete reorganization and readjustment of British industry with its immense and inseparable human problem.

Private greed had to be conciliated and a whole new productive era established. It not only required tact and diplomacy but exacted a business skill of the first importance, and Lloyd George was no business man. I cite this preamble to show the handicap under which the little man labored. Yet he got away with it, and all because he surrounded himself with the best brain, brawn and experience that he could commandeer, vitalized it with his magnetic personality and gave it full swing. It is the Lloyd George way.

All this meant that he had no leisure on his hands. He had set up shop in a charming time-worn building down in Whitehall Gardens, hemmed in by trees and gardens, where the belles and beaux of other days danced the stately minuet. In what was once the drawing-room of this mansion Lloyd George sat at a flat-topped desk with his finger on the pulse of munitions output. Every day literally hundreds of people tried to see him. One out of every hundred succeeded. He made many engagements, but somehow or other they were almost invariably broken before the appointed hour. I had six appointments with him, and every one of them suffered the same fate. Exalted personages were always arriving at the eleventh hour and everything else had to be sidetracked.

The Busiest Man in England

LLOYD GEORGE, I might say, is no respecter of program. I have seen him wipe out a whole day's slate of appointments that included the notables of half a dozen Allied countries as easily as you would break the most informal engagement for luncheon. He always does the thing that presses the hardest. Likewise he knows how to concentrate. Whenever he does a thing it becomes the most important thing in the world while he is engaged on it. It is one of the secrets of his success.

My time in England was growing short. Another appointment had been made for me to see him on a Monday afternoon at half past five at the ministry. It was practically my last chance, for I was to sail in a couple of days from Liverpool. On that Monday I had lunched and spent the early part of the afternoon with Sir James M. Barrie at the Reform Club. As I walked back to the Savoy Hotel I bought an afternoon newspaper in the Strand. My heart sank when I saw a flaring headline which read "Lloyd George decides to go to Bristol."

That news concerned many people in Great Britain, and it also meant something to me, because I knew instinctively that my appointment with Lloyd George had gone into the discard. Bristol at that moment sheltered the British Trade Congress, met in fateful session. The Ministry of Munitions had already run afoul of this congress, which demanded a share of the war profits and which had registered a protest with the Minister himself. Lloyd George had sent the delegates a telegram promising every consideration. This written word was insufficient. In that swift and impulsive way he has of doing things he decided to go down himself and make an appeal to the congress to be loyal and patriotic in Britain's dark hour.

(Continued on Page 103)

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Lloyd George Enjoying the Point of the Lord Chief Justice's Joke

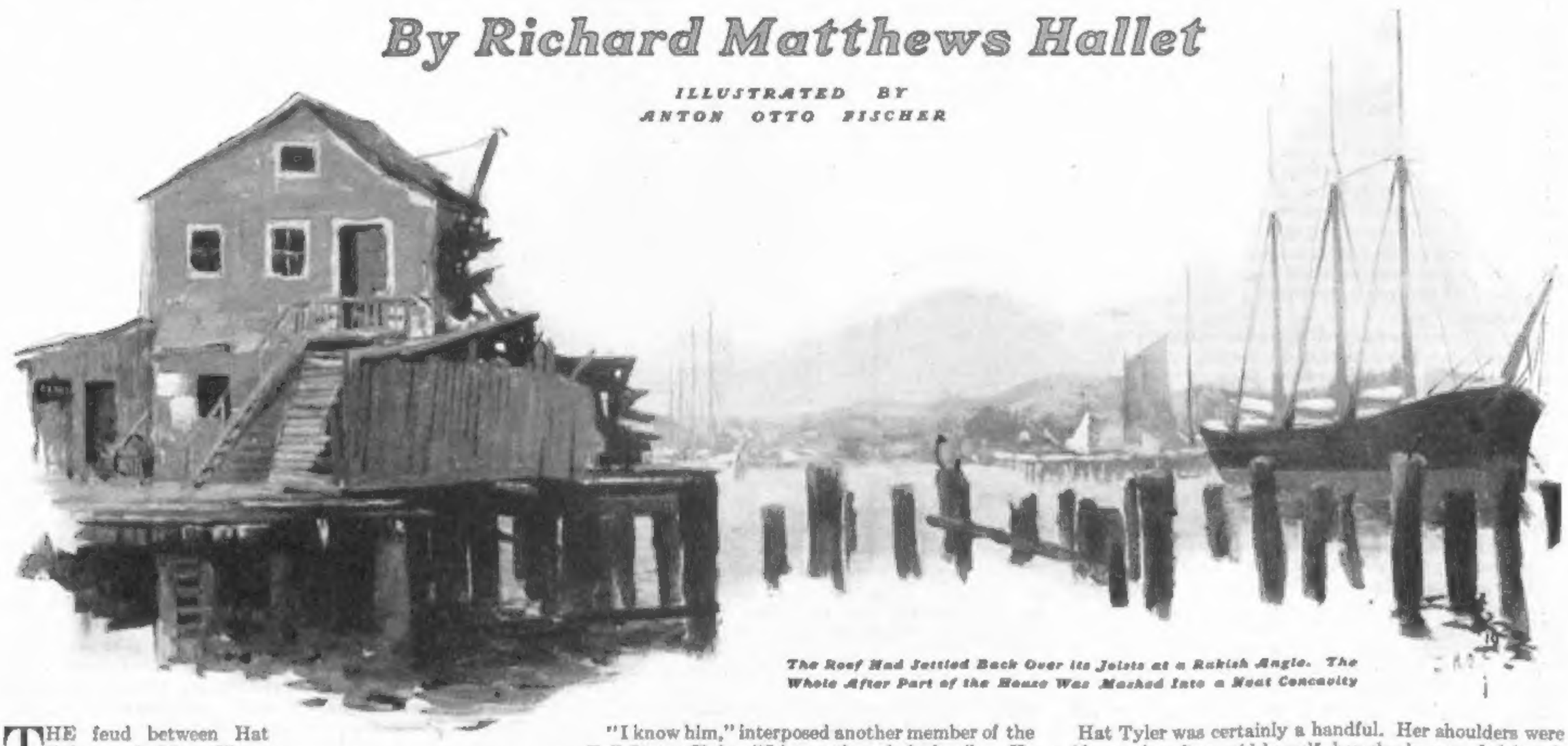
PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Lloyd George and His Daughter on the Destroyer That Brought Them From France

TO THE BITTER END

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY
ANTON OTTO FISCHER



The Roof Had Settled Back Over Its Joists at a Rakish Angle. The Whole After Part of the House Was Meshed Into a Neat Concavity

THE feud between Hat Tyler and Mrs. Elmer Higgins sprang out of a chance laugh of Elmer's when he was making his first trip as cadet. Hat Tyler was a sea captain, and of a formidable type. She was master of the Susie P. Oliver, and her husband, Tyler, was mate. They were bound for New York with a load of paving stones when they collided with the coasting steamer Alfred de Vigny, in which Elmer was serving his apprenticeship as a cadet officer.

The old cadet had just come up on the bridge from taking a sounding—he even had a specimen of the bottom in his hand, he said later, sand with black specks and broken shell—when something queer attracted his attention half a point on the starboard bow. It was a thick foggy night, ships bellowing all round, and a weird-looking tow coming up astern with a string of lights one over another like a lot of Chinese lanterns. It was probably these lights that had drawn the mate's attention away from the ship's bows.

At all events he was standing with a megaphone to his ear hearkening for noises on the port hand when Elmer took him by the elbow and called out: "What in the name of Sam Hill would you call that great contraption mouching across our bows? My sorrows, Fred, it's a schooner!"

The mate went cold along his spine, and the vertebræ distributed there jostled together like knucklebones on the back of a girl's hand, and he yelled "Port helm!"

"I told Fred," Elmer said in discussing this circumstance later with his cronies of the Tall Stove Club—he had got back safe and sound to Winter Harbor by that time—"I says to him, 'Fred, we're going to bump into that ship jest as sure as taxes!' There he stood, swearing a blue streak. I never knew a man to be so downright profane over the little things of life as he was. And I was right when it come to that too. There was that long Spanish ghost of a schooner dead in our path, with her port light shining out there as red as an apple. They wanted me to say later —— I know the skipper come to me personally and says, 'Elmer, now you know you didn't see no light.' 'Captain Tin,' I says to him, 'I have got the greatest respect for you as a man, and I would favor you in all ways possible if 'twas so'st I could; but if I was to testify the way you want me to I would go against conscience. I wouldn't feel that I could go on paying my pew tax. These people here want to know the truth and I am going to give it to them.' Yes, sir, I saw the light as plain as plain, and I pointed it out to Fred, but the devil and Tom Walker couldn't have prevented them ships from walking right up and into each other, situated as they was then.

"My conscience, warn't there works when those two come together! 'Fred,' I says—I was down on my knees; throwed there, you understand—'we're hit!' 'Tell me something I don't know, will you?' he says. He always was comical, jest as comical as he could be. 'Get down there and look at her snout,' he said to me. 'Find out which of us is going to sink.' That was Fred all over—one of these fellows, all bluster, where it's a bucket of wind against a thimbleful of go-ahead."

"I know him," interposed another member of the Tall Stove Club. "I knew the whole family. He never amounted to nothing till he got to going to sea."

"Well, I down off the bridge," went on Elmer, "and I up on the fo'c'stle head, and there I see the schooner leaning over sort of faintish, jest the way a man will when he is sick to his stomach, and I says to myself, 'That ship's going the way of the wicked.' I sung out to Fred to keep the Alfred going slow ahead, so as to give the crew a chance to come aboard, and it warn't no time before they was swarming up into our chains like so many ants out of a hill that has been knocked galley-west. I see we was all wrinkled up forward ourselves—the Alfred was a tin ship—and it warn't to be wondered at when you come to consider that the Susie Oliver was jest as full as she could hold of paving stones.

"And the next thing I knew there was Jed Tyler, right out of the blue sky, standing side of me in his shirt sleeves, and looking down, mournful enough. 'Where's Hat?' I sung out to him. 'Drowned,' he says. 'Drowned, am I?' Hat sung out. 'I guess that's just another case of the thought being father to the wish, that's what I guess!'

"So I leaned down, and my stars, there was Hat Tyler! She'd come up jest as she was—there she was sitting on the fluke of the starboard anchor. And warn't she immense! I down over the ship's side with a rope, and s' I, 'Heave and away, my girl!' and I got a grip of her, and away she come over the rail, mad as a wet hen, and jest as wet, too, with her hair stringing down, and her dander up, if ever I see a woman with her dander up."

"I hear she leads Tyler a life," said a member.

"Well, I laughed; I couldn't help it," continued Elmer, moving his ears at the recollection of it.

"'Hat,' I says, 'you never was caught out this way before in all your born days,' I says. She was fit to be tied. 'Laugh!' she says. 'You great booby!' 'Hat,' I says, 'I shall give up, I know I shall.' 'It's jest your ignorance,' she says. 'I know it,' I says, 'but I couldn't help it no more than if you had slid a knife into me.' And I out with another. 'Come down into my cabin,' I says, 'and I will give you a little something in a glass.' And down she come, past all them sailors, in the face and eyes of everybody."

"She didn't lose nothing by what I hear," said Zinie Shadd. "They tell me the underwriters had just as good as told her that they wouldn't let the schooner go to sea again."

And now by your leave a word from Hat herself. There are two sides to every story. She told her tale just across the street from the ship chandler's, where the Tall Stove Club held its meetings. In Mrs. Kidder's bakeshop were gathered the henchmen of Hat Tyler.

"Well, I never see your equal for falling on your feet," Lena Kidder said admiringly. "If I've told my husband once I've told him twenty times I'd rather have Hat Tyler's luck than a license to steal."

"Everybody has got a right to their own opinion on that point," said Hat Tyler heavily, sinking her jaws toward the mug of milk which Mrs. Kidder had set before her.

Hat Tyler was certainly a handful. Her shoulders were wide, as she often said herself, her cheeks were brick-red, her voice was as deep as the fattest gold pipe on the church organ, and the palm of her hand rasped when she took hold of a body. There wasn't a hornier-handed woman in the county. She wore tarred rope round her girth for a belt, knotted at the ends with star knots. She was what Margaret Fuller had in mind when she said to Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Let them be sea captains if they will."

"Where was you when she hit, Hat?" asked Mrs. Kidder.

"Asleep," said Mrs. Tyler. "I come up out of my bunk all standing, and went out on deck just as I was. And lo and behold, I had just time to get a grip on that anchor when the Oliver give a lurch and over she went. She didn't shilly-shally, I can tell you, with that load of paving stones in her belly. Let me have another quart of milk, Lena. Talking's thirsty business. Well, I thought I'd get my never-get-over, waiting for those men to get a rig ready for me. And then who should I see but that fool Elmer Higgins looking down at me. 'Hang on, Hat,' he said, 'while I think what to do.' 'Think what to do!' I says. 'If you're any part of a man you'll fling me a rope.' 'Jest half a second,' he says. 'Rome wasn't built in a day.' 'It was burned up in a night, though,' I says quick as a flash, and I guess that floored him. 'Can't you lift me up, man?' 'Much as ever I can,' he says. 'And you call yourself an able seaman,' I said to him. 'I would sell out if I was you.'"

"He's going round with a different version, Hat," said Lena Kidder. "Didn't he laugh as he says he did?"

"Laugh? I would like to see the man that would laugh," said Hat in her great hardy voice. Her fist closed round the mug of milk. "I'll have him laughing on the wrong side of his face."

"He says he give a bellow fit to wake the dead."

"That man? He stood there like a brazen image, and I had to say to him: 'Are you going to let me stand here in this perishing cold without so much as lifting a hand? Just you stir your stumps and hotfoot a slug of square-faced gin into me if you know what's for your own best good.'

"That man? Why, I taught him all he knows. I was sailing my own ships when he was a deckhand."

The truth was—and Pearl Higgins, his wife, could never quite forget it or forgive it—Elmer had once shipped before the mast on Hat Tyler's ships; and Hat was not likely to forget it either. Rumor had it that Hat and Elmer had been as thick as thieves at one time, and that it was You-tickle-me-and-I'll-kiss-you between them then. But if such was the case they had later had a falling out, and Elmer had gone one way and Hat another.

"As a matter of fact I was more glad than sorry at what took place," Hat now continued. "That cargo of paving stones up and shifted and started her in a new place. She was leaking like a sieve. That little rat of an underwriter said to me: 'If I were you, as soon as I got out of sight of land I would turn round and kick the stern off her with a

tap of my foot.' 'Maybe I will, for all you know,' I said. I'd like to see them bamboozle me!"

"Trust you, Hat!" said Lena Kidder in a voice of admiration.

"And so Elmer Higgins has the cast-iron nerve to say that he laughed at me to my face, does he?" continued Mrs. Tyler. "Well, he lies when he says it."

So the lie was passed, and hostilities began; for before night word came to Pearl Higgins that Hat Tyler was back in town running down her husband for his part in the rescue. Elmer's wife, a dark thin-featured woman, had felt all along that Elmer had never been able to shake off vestiges of that time when he and Hat had been so kind of hand-in-glove; and she had privately determined to put the woman at a safe distance once and for all.

"The long and short of it is," she said grimly when Elmer had come home and spread his navigation books on the kitchen table, "she's round town calling you a liar; and now I suppose you'll be just meek enough to put up with it."

Elmer took off his spectacles and rubbed his brow thoughtfully.

"I shouldn't wonder if it was a case of necessity, mamma," he said musingly. "If I know one thing better than another it is that I would want to go in training for a spell before crossing that woman. I know when I was before the mast with her ——"

Pearl Higgins burst into tears promptly. "I think you might spare me an account of that," she sobbed. "I'm sure I don't want to hear about your goings-on with anyone so ignorant as Hat Tyler. Yes, she is; she's ignorant, and comes of ignorant people. What does she amount to, I'd like to know? There's nothing to her at all. And now," she blazed forth in fierier tones, "you're half in sympathy with the woman this blessed minute! I suppose you think just because you rescued her from a watery grave you're in duty bound to side in with her and take her part against your own wife. I don't know how it is, but everything seems to fall out in that woman's favor."

"Well, ain't it so!" said Elmer, not as a question but as if the full force of the proposition had just struck him. "Now you mention it, I don't know that I ever knew Hat Tyler to come off second best in a transaction. I was talking to a party only the other day and he said the same thing himself. He says, 'Hat's a smart woman, Elmer.'"

"Why didn't you have her then, when you might have had her?"

"Always said I wouldn't marry a woman that had the heft of me," said Elmer sagely with a fond twinkle at his Pearl. "I know that night when I saw her arm on the fluke of that anchor I said to myself, 'I done just right to steer clear of you, my lady.' There 'twas, bare to the shoulder, freckled all the way up, and jest that pretty size!"

"It's big as a stovepipe!" shrieked Pearl.

"'Twas smooth as a smelt," Elmer averred dreamily, "and jest of a bigness to work, and work well, in a pinch. A woman like that would be some protection to a man, Pearl. I wish you could have seen how she clim up into those anchor chains. But I said to myself, 'That woman has got too much iron in her blood to go with my constitution!'

"But she's smart; Hat is smart. All is, a man never knows how to take her. But she's smart as a steel trap."

"Well, I wish she'd shut it then," said Pearl Higgins grimly.

Silence reigned; and in that silence could be heard the steeple clock ticking on the mantel and the sound of waves lapping under the house. They were living in Pearl's father's house. Pearl's father had been a seaman and wharf owner, and in his declining years had established a sea grill on one of his wharves, and lived up over it. To get to the Higgins home you ascended an outside staircase.

The subject of Hat Tyler had a fatal fascination for Pearl Higgins.

"Do you know what I heard downtown this morning?" she resumed. "They say Jim Rackby's going to make her skipper of the new schooner. After she's just lost one by not keeping her eyes open too! The luck of some women! I don't pretend to know how she does it. A great coarse thing like her ——"

"Still there's a different kind of a send-off to her, I was going to say," said Elmer. "Hat's a seaman, I'll say that for her."

"I guess there ain't much you won't say for her," Pearl retorted.

"Then again, when the Alfred run her down she had the right of way."

"I guess her weight give her that," countered his wife

Elmer got up and stared across the harbor at the new schooner which Hat was to command. The Minnie Williams sat on the ways resplendent, her masts of yellow Oregon pine tapering into a blue sky. A mellow clack of calking hammers rang across the water.

"Those ways are pitched pretty steep, it seems to me," he said. "When she goes she'll go with a flourish."

Among those who swore by Elmer for a man of wisdom was Jim Rackby, the owner of the schooner. Next day the two men met in her shadow. The ship had just been pumped full of water, and now the calking gang were going round staring up with open mouths to see where the water came out. Taking advantage of their absorption Jim Rackby asked Elmer in low tones whether he considered Hat Tyler a fit person to be intrusted with a ship.

"I don't know a better," Elmer answered in the same low tone.

"How about her losing this last ship?"

"I wouldn't say this to my wife, it would only aggravate her," said Elmer, grinding up a piece off his plug, "but the loss of that ship is only another example of what that woman can do in the way of pure calculation when she sets out to. There she had that good-for-nothing schooner on her hands. Why, she had to come in here on these very flats and squat and squirt mud up into her seams, trip after trip, as I've seen with my own eyes, to keep the cargo from falling out as much as anything, let alone water coming in; and as soon as the mud had washed out it was all hands on the pumps, boys, for dear life.

"Well, as I say, she took that ship out there in a fog, like a cat in a bag you might say, and filled up with paving stones to boot, and she planted her right there where the Alfred could come slap up against her and give the owners a chance to say 'Good morning' to the underwriters. And she owner of a good fourth at the time. Why, she's got dollars laid away now where you and I have got buttons And, mind you, the underwriters had as good as told her that that would be her last trip. The insurance was going to fall in as soon as she made port. Now ain't that what

(Continued on Page 113)

"Well, as I say, she took that ship out there in a fog, and she planted her right there where the Alfred could come slap up against her"

Taking Over Our Problems

By CORRA HARRIS

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WE HAVE discovered that war was not without its astounding and expensive blessings. For nearly two years we were relieved of many problems which every prosperous, cultured, ambitious and self-indulgent community develops along with its other enterprises. We did not solve them, you understand, because the only way to solve a problem is to solve yourself, which is a difficult business. The Government took over our problems about the time it drafted our able-bodied young men for the army. We were no longer adult citizens of a free country. We became the elder sons and daughters of a stern parent who assumed overnight the responsibility of managing affairs for us.

The price of food was fixed so that we need not waste our war energies and substance wrangling about that. And even the quantity we might buy of these foods was apportioned, so that we were forced to be economical and to cure ourselves of acidosis and dyspepsia on short rations of sugar and wheaten bread.

Then the Government took over the railroads and fuel supply. During the winter of 1917-1918 Wilsonville was allowed only half its normal supply of coal. This was a hardship, but not a problem. When you cannot get what you need it is simple enough to do without even if it kills you. The mortality in this case was small, but the increased energy of a community obliged to get up and do in order to keep warm was profitable and beneficial.

The Government raised passenger fares on the railroads, cut out tourist cars and taxed the luxury of travel until many otherwise idle people were obliged to remain at home and attend to business. Nobody in Wilsonville could afford to spend the winter in Florida.

The freight rates were raised time and again until in the early spring of 1919 it cost fifty-three cents to ship a sack of cement fifteen miles, which was three cents more than a sack of cement was worth in 1916. Formerly the slightest increase of freight rates flamed into a problem before the Interstate Commerce Commission. No one dared make a problem of these successive increases. They came upon us in the form of orders from Washington, not to be discussed but to be obeyed.

How the War Affected Wilsonville

PRESENTLY the chattering, clicking telephone and telegraph lines were taken over, and ten thousand long-distance conversations were interrupted. The people had been talking too much a word in this country, therefore they paid more and said less. For some reason this was the hardest thing we had to bear. There were mouth-to-mouth mutterings.

We who have developed the art of speech and the habit of talking despise to be silenced. We exhausted the vituperative capacity of the American tongue, but we submitted. When you submit to a thing it may be an outrage, but it is not a problem.

For years labor had been one of the most exasperating problems we had to deal with in Wilsonville. But when the Government placed a crown on the head of labor and a scepter in its hand and employed a special commission to raise its wages and keep a sugar teat in its mouth the burden of this problem was entirely lifted from our shoulders, because labor passed out of sight with its heel cocked up in the motor car that formerly belonged to us when we could afford the gasoline and the time to drive a car.

The removing of these erstwhile problems was not accomplished without a struggle on our part. People became attached to their burdens and problems as invalids do to the symptoms of their disorders. And the motion-picture corporations missed one of the most entertaining, diverting and instructive features of American life during the war when they failed to record on the screen some of the scenes incident to the passing of our problems and the confused expression with which we adjusted ourselves to the obedience and expense of allowing the Government to assume them.

It was accomplished in Wilsonville as a dentist extracts teeth—a wrench, a groan, and then a strange relief. Shortly after war was declared, in April of 1917, John Henniker came to town. He strode in like an old Shanghai rooster looking for another rooster. He found what he was looking for in the picture of Mr. Woodrow Wilson posted inside Cuthill's drug-store window. He had not read the papers. He did not know of the passage of the Espionage Act, which was designed among other things to censor the human tongue as the Epistle of St. James never contemplated.

Henniker struck an attitude much as if he combed his truculent wing with a side swipe of his spurs. He bent forward, crooked his elbows, clenched his hairy fists, stretched his red neck until his wrinkled sunburned nose almost touched the window, snarled and began an apostrophe to Mr. Wilson. It was far from complimentary. It was punctuated with descriptive adjectives sometimes used in the pulpit but never heard in polite society. People passed, but no one paused to listen. The cold calm eyes of the picture inside seemed to contemplate something beyond and far removed. The long chin looked more like a wedge than ever.

Henniker raised his voice. He had a text, he wanted an audience. About the time he finished telling Mr. Wilson what he thought of him and was repeating a sort of populist sentiment to the effect that this was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight a stranger clapped him on the shoulder. The last seen of Henniker he was boarding the train for Atlanta, properly cuffed and trussed and still accompanied by the stranger.

Wilsonville passed through a period of perforated silence after that; then men who had never talked religion began to talk patriotism as if it were the only piety worthy of a man. Persons naturally neutral became fierce partisans; pacifists raged and strained at the leash, praying in a loud voice only for a chance to fight.

We progressed that far in a very short time. But it is one thing to be a patriot and quite another thing to be told that you cannot have the bread you are able to buy and have always had. The wholesale dealers in Wilsonville did not take the regulation about flour seriously. It had been made by a man named Hoover somewhere up North. We pay very little attention to what comes from that section. They continued to please their customers.

Mr. Joseph Charles Mappin owns the largest plantation in Wilson County. He keeps his tenants by advancing them flour and other commodities on account during the crop seasons, and they advance him the crops in payment at the end of the year. It is not a fair exchange, but the only one that ever satisfies the negro tenant of the South. Mappin said enough of a thing was enough. He was willing to fight for his country, to bleed and die for it; but when they wanted to take the bread out of his mouth and his tenants' mouths—that was a horse of another color. To prove what he meant by this cryptic remark he drove into Wilsonville accompanied by his farm wagons and withdrew later in the day with two thousand pounds of flour piled high on these wagons!

The same afternoon we had the edifying spectacle of Mappin returning to town seated in a dingy car between two men who wore the black slouch hats almost universally affected by the sheriff class, no doubt because they give an air of fierceness to otherwise amiable countenances.

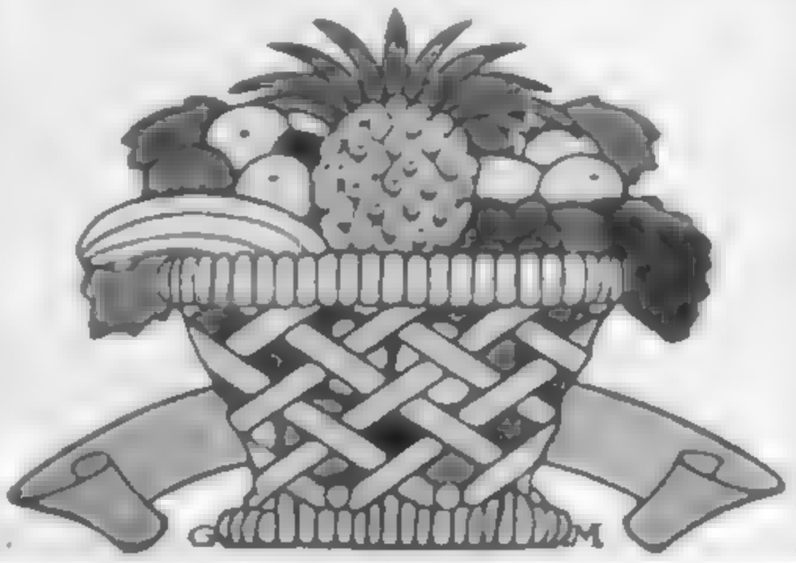
The two wagons, still loaded with flour, brought up the rear like a funeral cortège.

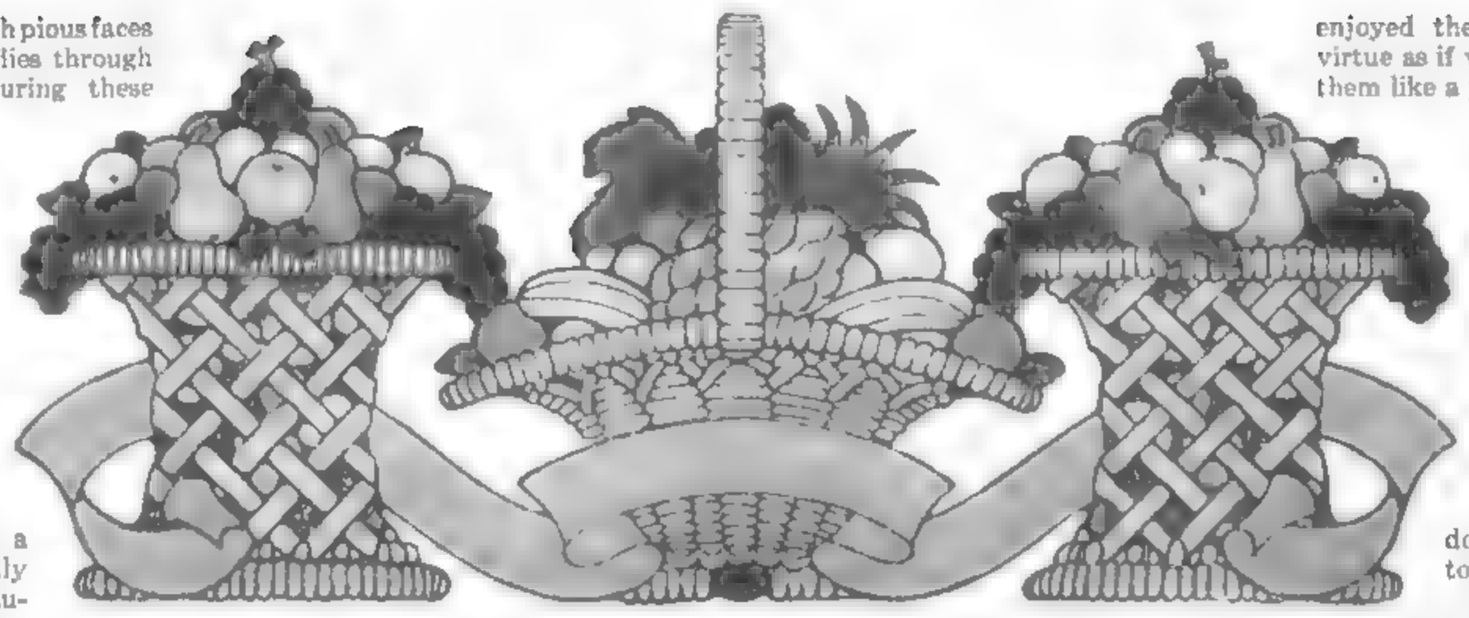
This matter was settled by the closing of our largest wholesale grocery for the duration of the war, and Mappin was allowed as a special privilege to contribute two hundred dollars to the Red Cross fund. Later, when he made out his income-tax returns, he claimed exemption for this involuntary donation and got away with it. We could talk about Mappin, and we did, being spurred on by the fact that no exemption was allowed for some of us who had contributed liberally to the support of soldiers' dependents when Washington delayed their allotments. But we made no derogatory comments concerning Washington. We confined our criticisms exclusively to Mappin, poor man, who was obliged to feed his indignant tenants on hog shorts.

Bears Become Bulls

THERE was a slight reaction, a sort of laying back of the ears and the planting of the forelegs of the community when the floating of Liberty Bonds became a very frequent enterprise. But those who needed the remedy were effectively cured of this negative disloyalty, when Jeptha Mayhew, a substantial citizen of Wilson County and very frugal with his capital, announced in a crowd round the war-relics train that these bonds would depreciate in value and he would be switched—mild translation—if he'd put his good money in such an investment. He was at once allowed the privilege of purchasing five thousand dollars' worth of bonds, and hastened to avail himself of the opportunity with no urging at all on the part of the agent. Other men who had been heard to express emphatic doubts about the value of these bonds immediately stultified themselves by following Mayhew's example, while the rest of us, who had bought them as a plain and decent duty, looked on and mused on this new and compelling definition of the word "privilege." It was one of the many ways of solving the problem of war expenses taken over and arranged for us by the Government. The only thing we had to do was to buy the bonds. It was simple. We did it with ever-increasing fervor.

The buyers of Liberty Bonds were divided into two kinds: those who were real patriots and those who felt obliged to prove that they were real patriots. The latter were in the minority, but their per-capita investment frequently far exceeded that of the guaranteed patriots. Pharisees do not choose street corners to prove their virtues; they are invariably forced to demonstrate them in public, else you never believe they have any virtues.





Bevies of pretty little girls with pious faces whirled like wreaths of butterflies through the streets of Wilsonville during these problem-lifting days, their soft little snub noses keened, their eyes lifted like wandering blue prayers to the faces of pedestrians. And either by being immortally kin to the father of their country or by the devilish shrewdnesses peculiar to the maiden child, they invariably spotted the doubtful citizen. They surrounded him, clung to him and besought him one at a time to buy Thrift Stamps. If the tormented man showed a parsimonious spirit or impatiently refused to gratify their importunate desire to serve their country by failing to buy these sweaty little stamps they went home and told their noble parents of this circumstance. After that he was a marked man. And when the next drive of whatever nature started his brethren took him aside and reasoned with him privately according to that Scripture which lays down careful instructions about what to do with the one among us overtaken in a fault.

Thus Wilson County and Wilsonville went over the top in every drive by fair means or any other means. The men especially were reduced to a state of sublime obedience. But the women, who are accustomed to this state through thousands of years of submission to the inevitable, commonly known as man, showed sporadic signs of rebellion.

Mrs. James Edward Chaster was the most notable example we had in Wilsonville of the insurrectionist against having her problems removed. She is a rich woman, originally from Ohio, never acclimated to the soft somnambulance of our Southern community, a large person, fiercely handsome, naturally truculent, and suffering from an education in women's rights far beyond the capacity of our times to afford. Chaster had married her in the thirty-fifth year of her maidenhood, brought her to Wilsonville, and, you may say, made us a present of her.

We could never do much with her, and she could do nothing at all with us. She became a kind of short circuit in the social life of Wilsonville. She had sensational moral instincts. She was always shocking our delicacies by getting up and out and standing for something. She blocked the peaceful parade of our old-fashioned vanities and virtues by raising issues and wanting to die by them. She took ells from our patience and would not yield a jot or tittle of her own convictions. She was conscientious, and never could understand that a properly disciplined conscience is decently adjustable to the consciences of other people. This made her one of the most exasperating savages known to human society.

Mr. Sands Shows His Grit

WHEN the war began she stood for loyalty and service with characteristic valiance and violence. We bore her tramplings because she was diligent and liberal with her money. She would undoubtedly have had the record for patriotic service if she had not suddenly revolted against the sugar allowance.

When each person was reduced to two pounds of sugar a month Mrs. Chaster refused to be reduced. She was by sugar as Mappin had been by flour. She was indignant when her grocerman declined to fill a modest order for sugar. She came by Red Acres and picked me up. We had an engagement at the Red Cross rooms. But she must attend to Sands, this grocerman, first. She explained what he had done. It was not as if she were one of those unscrupulous persons, extravagant in the use of sugar. On the contrary she was economical. Therefore she would not have sugar doled out to her in capsules by a grocerman. It amounted to that, didn't I think so? I thought; but not "so." I resisted, however, the agreeable instinct to nod assent, and remained unobtrusively silent. I am subject to attacks of sinful humor. I had one now as we spun along the road to Wilsonville. There are moments when the best of us contemplate with satisfaction the approaching discomfiture of an overbearing person, and I perceived that Mrs. Chaster was about to be demoted by her grocerman. Grocermen by this time had become the kitchen police of this country and were no longer to be profanely used by their customers.

The big car drew to the curb in front of Sands' store with its display of vegetables in one window and carefully censored canned goods in the other window. Mrs. Chaster descended. She was stern. She bore herself with a tremendous air. Sands stood in the doorway. He is a small man with a large nose, squirrel teeth, a receding chin and prominent pale blue eyes, whose cricket legs are completely concealed behind a long white apron tied behind. He was just Sands, darting about filling orders and offering apologies in exchange for his customers' complaints.

Mrs. Chaster said she would be back presently when she left the car; she said it would require only a minute to settle Sands. I had an excellent view of the scene which followed.

Sands withdrew from the door, but not in the manner of a man who retreats. Mrs. Chaster evidently came straight to the point. The castigating tones of her voice reached me in the car. But before she finished the first sentence Sands turned his back and walked off, twiddling his apron strings. The little man had this habit when he was upset of clasping his hands behind him and picking nervously at these strings with his fingers. But the effect he produced now, pacing off slightly bent, was not the one Mrs. Chaster expected. She recalled him.

He faced about, advanced discreetly and stood, not listening to what she said, but waiting. His pose was far from being martial. His long aprons made him ridiculous. Still he somehow conveyed the impression that he was this woman's superior officer. Dignity is a queer thing, never to be confounded with pride or insolence. It is always derived from a sense of rectitude and authority. Sands had dignity published on his mean little countenance. He was no longer Sands the grocerman, he was Sands the patriot. The penalty attached to violating food regulations had made him a brave and conscientious man. Also he had the Government back of him and only one sugarless woman in front of him. I have always said that the fear of punishment is one of the greatest moral forces we have. Add to that the strongest support possible to insure obedience and you have a combination which alters character and enhances human nature. Sands did not stand alone. Every other merchant in Wilsonville was with him in this business. Men who had never been scrupulous before became eminently scrupulous. And they enjoyed the accompanying sensations of virtue as if virtue had not been clapped on them like a pair of handcuffs.

So far the scene between them progressed like any other motion picture, with Mrs. Chaster registering most of the action, but now I heard her voice slightly lifted demanding to know of him how he expected her to do without sugar for two weeks? There was the coffee, for example.

The sweetening of the Chaster coffee was a matter of indifference to Sands. He was done with it. He had no more to say.

Mrs. Chaster returned to the car forcibly calm. She said that these food regulations had made the grocermen of this town perfectly insufferable.

There is more than one way to declare martial law. You may read the riot act and confine it to one community with a company of soldiers to enforce it; or you may make it apply effectively to a whole nation by taking over the personal affairs of that nation and conducting them exclusively for the purposes and emergencies of war. That happened in this country. For two years we were under martial law without mentioning the fact or getting it in the headlines of the press. We obeyed rules and regulations that would have caused a thousand riots in times of peace. The explanation is that this is a free country. The people made this Government and they own it. They were determined to uphold and defend what they had created. Public sentiment is the one invincible autocrat on this earth. And public sentiment was martial. Some very wonderful evangelistic word was needed to rouse this spirit in us, but once we caught the high note we held it so loyally that finally Washington had only to issue a request in order to be implicitly obeyed.

Wilsonville Under Martial Law

THIS happened in the case of gasoline. We were told that gasoline must be conserved, and Washington merely suggested that we conserve it by not using motor cars on the Sabbath day. It was an inconvenient way of keeping this day holy, but thousands of meddlesome patriots turned out on foot to see that we did it. Every road that entered Wilsonville was guarded by one or more frock-coated citizens who sacrificed the privileges of divine worship in order to save their country's gasoline. They did a thriving business. Every garage in Wilsonville was crowded with confiscated automobiles. Among them was Mrs. James Edward Chaster's handsome touring car. It loomed up in the dingy mass of skeeter roadsters and dusty flivvers like an elegant but misguided lady at a police night court. And it did not loom out again until Mrs. Chaster paid a fine commensurate with its elegance.

She was indignant. She said it was an outrage. If we had been ordered not to drive cars on Sunday she hoped she knew how to obey an order, but she regarded a mere request as optional, like accepting or declining an invitation. The reasoning was good from the feminine point of view, but for the duration of the war this point of view was too personal to be of general service. Women as well as men must do what they were told to do. When you do all you are told to do privately, as women must, it is very hard to be obliged to obey also in public before all men, like a Pharisee.

The women had the hot end of it all round. The food regulations fell heavily upon them. They were compelled to practice economies for which they were in no wise prepared. They were working like slaves in every branch of civilian war service, and two millions of their sons were facing the enemies' guns in France.

This was no time to remove another problem and impose another burden. Women live more than men do nature-kin to their little familiar problems. It is like being so completely cured of neuralgia that you have not a single symptom left to discuss with your friends. But that happened. They were suddenly bereaved of their dearest, most exasperating problem. This time the Government was only indirectly responsible. What

(Continued on Page 141)

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

By W. R. HOEFER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IT IS apparently a far cry from the tenets of Miss Susan B. Anthony to the potentiality of a .384 batting average. Yet this is a queer world, as folks are wont to remark; and, as the sport writers say, anything can happen in baseball.

It was the last half of the ninth inning, with two men gone and the bases crowded. The Grays needed only a run to tie the score, and any kind of a hit or break would do it and possibly win. Yet—shades of immortal bleacher gods—not a ripple of excitement stirred the lazy afternoon air of the big-league ball park.

Defeat seemed to stare gloomily at the huge baseball plant, and the crowd, sparsely dotting the immense stands and bleachers, stared apathetically at defeat. The peanut and popcorn butchers dozed shamelessly, the press-box occupants openly yawned, and even Pep McCune squatting silently in the third-base coacher's box failed to execute his famous war dance, pick up imaginary blades of grass with swift stabs at the ground or evince the slightest rage or hilarity at the proceedings. Instead he wearily nodded toward the Grays' bench and Ollie Jarvis trotted languidly out, tapped the plate three times in an absentminded way, and faced the pitcher with an air of tired fortitude.

The fans still stared silently and the peanut peddlers still dozed peacefully, for Ollie, the regular second baseman of the Grays, inspired slim hope in their weary souls. A .179 batting average for forty-eight games isn't conducive to wild elation when it presents itself in the well-known pinch, and of pinch hitters worthy of the name Pep McCune had none in active service.

Korb, the big left-hander, glanced at the little batter, wound up and fed him a curve, high and outside.

"Ba-a-all one," droned the umpire.

Next the big pitcher tried one low and inside. The little batter never moved.

"Ba-a-all two-o-o," drawled the arbiter.

The third was a slow one that floated lazily in and crossed the plate a bit low.

"Ba-all three-ee-ee," sang the umpire, his tone livening.

Three balls, no strikes and the bases clogged! Pep McCune began showing signs of life.

"Wait him out, Ollie. Make him pitch, boy. He can't get 'em over for ya. He's gonna walk a run in. Take the next one, kid," he bawled hopefully. But the crowd still remained blissfully listless and unimpressed by the situation, which showed how far down in fandom's estimation and the club standings the Grays had slid. The batter, however, came to life, wiggled his bat at the pitcher and shrilly dared him to stick one over, while the coacher at first base did a few steps in the coacher's box, let out a war whoop—he conceded that to the situation—and languidly called, "C'mon kid, let's go!"

But the big pitcher merely grinned good-naturedly at all this and hooked over two fast strikes as the bleacher denizens gazed placidly at the performance, the park attendants still dozed, the baseball scribes yawned more broadly and the two coachers indifferently subsided. A moment later the little batter grounded weakly to the shortstop, who whipped the ball over to first base; and the game was over—and the Grays had slid down another notch in the big-league race.

That evening Pep McCune and James Ellington Elkhart, the manager and owner, respectively, of the Grays, sat in the latter's rooms at the Hotel Algonquin and gloomily held a discussion, the subject apparently being, "If the other ball clubs don't all drop dead how soon will the Grays flop through the bottom of the league?"

"I wouldn't care so much if we really had a rotten ball club," groaned McCune, his heavy jaw drooping dolefully.

"Sixth place and still going down doesn't look like such a remarkably strong team," retorted the owner icily. "We've lost twelve out of the last fourteen games and have slid from third to sixth place in three weeks."

"Yeah, and look how we lost 'em," answered McCune, bristling. "Nine of 'em by one run. I got this team built up almost the way I want it, and it's a good one in spite of their standing. We need just one thing to make it start to win."

"Some ball games," suggested the other sarcastically.

"Some ball games is correct," said the manager, fight coming into his strong weather-beaten face. "And we need just one thing to get them games. A big-league second baseman with a big-league punch'll do it. Ollie's a nice little fielder, a swell little kid, good to his folks and everything, but he can't hit hard enough to bust a baby's balloon with a battle-ax. He had three chances to-day to crack the game wide open with just a dinky little hit, and he falls down worse'n a paralyzed cripple with a wooden leg each time. Just that one little extra wallop on the team would have copped most of them ten games for us in the last coupla weeks. We got a swell flock of pitchers—none better in the game; a sweet outfield and a nice infield except for second base, and we're almost copping every game. But we need that extra punch and lose out most every day by just one run."

"Well, go out and buy a second baseman," snapped the owner, biting his cigar savagely. "I'll pay big money for the right one. We've got to do something right away."

"The kind of guy I want can't be bought. They's only about three second baseman in the big leagues that'd do for us, and it'd take the last Liberty Loan and the next income tax with our grand stand chucked in for good measure to pry 'em away from the clubs that got 'em," explained McCune. "Ball clubs ain't letting loose of their star players."

"How about the scouts we have out? Can't they dig up a boy who can hit?" asked Elkhart.

"They'd hafta dig right through to China to get him," answered the manager. "If they was a big-league second sacker in the minors there'd be sixteen big-league club owners killed in the rush to get him, and the newspapers'd shove the League of Nations offen the front page to print the glad tidings. Star players are as scarce as the feathers on a turtle's back."

"Well, do something, and do it mighty quick!" snapped the owner. "The fans are getting sorer every day, and pretty soon we'll be lucky to have even the baseball writers out to the games."

"Oh, I'll do something pretty dog-gone quick!" groaned McCune as he left, "if it's only to drink a good big hooker of carbolic acid or flavor my hash with arsenic."

"Has This Here Votes-for-Women Ball Player Got Anything," Asked the Trainer With a Grin, "Besides a Yellow Uniform and a Bush-League Haircut?"

And then during the next few days, while he frantically wired his scouts, tried various infield combinations to increase hitting and made futile offers for a second baseman, McCune received daily unusual and puzzling letters.

"As if I ain't got troubles enough right now, some cheap bush-league josher is gotta kid me," wailed Pep after reading the third missive from the Far West. The letters were all dated from Blaine, Montana, on stationery of the Blaine Baseball Club, and signed by one Douglas, owner and manager of the club.

"Do you need a second baseman?" asked the first letter. There was nothing more in the letter itself. But in florid yellow type across the entire sheet were spread the words, Votes for Women.

"Do I need a second baseman?" roared McCune. "Why, dog-gone his blasted soul, even the Kaiser's wise I need a second baseman! And why pick on me for votes for women? I got enough trouble getting votes for my own ball team."

"Yes, I know you need a second baseman," stated the second letter, with the same slogan glaring across the letter sheet.

"Why, the big pie-eyed, bush-league boob!" howled McCune, reading the missive and hitting the ceiling. "The piking, small-town, corner-grocery, blankety-blank one-hundred-per-cent hayseed of a joker! He knows I need a second baseman. If they's any bird in the world that don't know it he must be doing a twenty-year stretch at solitary confinement in a Peruvian prison."

The third message briefly informed the manager, "I have a second baseman."

Came other brief messages from Douglas, stating, variously:

"You need this second baseman," "You can buy this second baseman," "Better hurry if you want to get this second baseman"—accompanied in each instance by the slogan, Votes for Women, in the usual vivid yellow type across the page.

"Who is this guy Douglas?" asked Sid Brewer, the baseball writer for the Evening Star, who traveled with the Grays, after reading the notes in the club offices.

"Some small-town nut who wants to sell me a bum player for good money," snorted the manager. "He's prob'ly married to one of them suffragettes and hasta give her this free advertising on the club stationery or else get a rolling-pin laid alongside his bean."

"He also probably studied advertising and is trying out the follow-up system on you," grinned Brewer.

"He can follow me up from here to hell and back again, but it won't do him no good," stated McCune. "But I'll tell the world this right now—if he don't cut out tryin' to kid me with his Votes-for-Women stuff, I'm gonna take a coupla days off to do the job and about ten years to pay for it, and sink a baseball bat so far into his bean they'll hafta blast it out."

A few days later a messenger boy handed Pep McCune a telegram that stated:

"If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will come to the mountain. Votes for Women." It was signed E. G. Douglas. And promptly at ten o'clock the next morning a card was handed in to McCune. He grinned maliciously as he read it, took off his coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves.

"Show him in," he said with grim quiet in his voice to the office boy.

A minute later the office door opened. At the sound McCune reached for the inkstand.

"So you're the tank-town josh artist who's gotta second baseman and a lotta small-time humor to slip me, huh?" said he without turning round. "I gotta good notion to bust you one just for luck, you ——"

"Oh, naughty, naughty, you dear, rough, old thing!" breathed a gentle voice from the doorway.

The manager swung round in his swivel chair and stared, mouth agape.

"Well—I'll—be—damned!" he stammered.

A good-looking, smartly dressed, brisk woman stepped into the room. She was no clinging-vine, weeping-willow, fuss-and-fluff type of woman, but a direct, businesslike and capable-looking creature, who stood firmly upon her own feet, small as they were, and coolly appraised the gruff baseball manager from near the doorway. He in turn

gazed quite as frankly at her, noted her fine, intelligent dark eyes, the wealth of red-brown hair that a smart little hat couldn't conceal, her general trimness and well-groomed appearance, and guessed her age at anywhere from thirty to thirty-six, and her business as anything from selling de-luxe editions of famous authors to disposing of delegalized stock of infamous promoters. And his guesses were both wrong.

"Why—er—excuse me; I was expecting a bird named Douglas," said McCune at last.

"I'm the bird," she replied in a pleasant voice and with a dazzling smile.

"E. G. Douglas?" he asked, surprised.

"Mrs. Evelyn G. Douglas," she replied, looking down at him quizzically.

"Say, what kind of a joke is this?" said McCune, a bit angrily. "Are you a capper for them suffs or are you a baseball manager? And what's your game? C'mon, slide it out! I been kidded enough and got troubles enough of my own."

She seated herself and turned to him.

"I'm both," she said briskly. "I'm a baseball manager because the job was wished on me, and I'm a suffragette from clear reasoning and choice. The Blaine Baseball Club was about the only property my husband left me when he died. The lawyers called it a liability, the town called it a nightmare, and the fans called it an awful bunch of cellar hounds. But I managed it as well as owned it. I'm also a leader of the suffrage movement in my state, and would you believe it, Mr. McCune, not a piece of correspondence leaves the club offices without our slogan on it!"

"I would believe it," stated McCune solemnly, "easy; but why don't you get a man to run the club for you?"

"My husband tried that," she replied. "He had four different managers and all the fans trying to run the club at different times, and the whole lot of them couldn't get it out of the second division. So I saw that I'd just have to take hold and run it for them if we were ever going to win a pennant. Besides, it was a good opportunity to show you lords and masters that a woman can take hold of even that kind of a thing and make it go."

"And did it go?"

"Of course," she replied with naïve unconcern. "It went all the way from last to third place the second year I had it, and the next season I went and just took the pennant right away from those men. In four years we've won two pennants and I've never finished below third place. And every time we win a baseball game we win a few more supporters for suffrage. Give the fans a winner and they'll do anything for you. But of course I'd had quite a bit of baseball experience through having a chronic tail-end bush-league ball club in the family for years."

McCune, his bad temper gone, gazed at her in admiration and chuckled deeply.

"Say, you're all right!" he stated emphatically. "I've seen all kinds of baseball managers in my time—good, bad and rotten; but you're the first female ball-yard boss I ever laid my lamps on. As the poet guy says, 'The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the club.' And so you're gonna try and sell me a player." The big-league manager gazed at the minor-league manager again and grinned.

"I'm going to sell you one," she corrected with directness. "Now let's get down to business."

McCune immediately became serious. Joking a good-looking woman about her ball club was all right enough, but buying a bush-league player from her, who probably didn't know a foul tip from a blind umpire, was another matter.

"Listen, Mrs. Douglas," said he earnestly, "I need a second baseman worse'n the Bullsheviki need a licking. I admit it. I'd give my right eye for the right one. But let's talk sense. I ain't gonna get him from a Class Double X outfit from the tall grass. Now I admire you a lot for what you've already put over in baseball, even in a prairie-dog league; it's considerable stunt for a woman to get away with. And I ain't trying to kid you about your ball team when I tell you what I'm gonna tell you. But the bird I need on this here team has gotta be a real star. He's gotta be able to field in bang-up style; he hasta be able to find a runner coming into second base without a search warrant when that guy's spikes are looking for his Adam's apple; he's gotta have a swell whip; and most of all he hasta be able to slam that old onion hard and frequent. Now your player might be able to field—the woods are as full of nice fielders as a high-school league is of errors. But the bird I need hasta hit round three hundred, and them kind of big-league second basemen are as scarce as summer underclothes in Alaska. Now it stands to reason I ain't gonna get this kind of a guy from any team that's sunk so deep in the sticks it'd take four detectives to find it."

"You aren't going to get the opportunity to," she replied impatiently, "unless you listen to me immediately. Some of you men think you know everything about everything. Why, your ball team is the joke of the league. You need exactly the player I have to make it a winner, and here I'm having the time of my life getting you to listen to me long enough to give you a chance of saving that minor-league outfit you have parading as a major-league team and to save your own job."

"But ——" he protested.

"Listen!" she commanded. And he listened.

"Now," she continued, "I've a second baseman who's one in a lifetime. He can cover more ground than at least twelve second basemen in the major leagues. He'll throw with the best of them, knows how to tag a base runner, and he ——"

"But the batting," broke in McCune insistently.

"As I was about to add," she went on, "he can outhit at least fourteen of the sixteen regular big-league second basemen."

"How can you tell?" asked McCune.

"I know a batter when I see one," she answered. "And he hit over five hundred two years ago."

"In a back-woods league where the village blacksmith is the umpire and a roundhouse curve fools the hicks," retorted Pep.

"If you can hit five hundred against a girls' college league you're hitting," said she; "and besides, he hit .434 last year with an army team in eighteen games against eight big-league pitchers."

"Luck," said McCune.

"And an expert calls him the greatest prospect in ten years."

"Bull," commented McCune.

"And he'll hit at least three hundred his first year up."

"Bunk."

"All right," she replied with some heat. "Now I'm going to give you just one more opportunity to get this boy, bolster up your awful bunch of big-league false alarms and save your job; I'm going to give you a chance to test, try and buy this boy in such a way that even a wonderfully wise, he-man, male, big-league Solomon with a sixth-place club just simply can't take any chance or get stung. But it's absolutely going to be your last, ultimate and final chance to have the kind of player a live baseball manager dreams about forced on you. After that I'm gone. The game is full of all kinds of managers, but there are mighty few real stars, and another club will be glad to get this boy."

"Well?" he grunted indifferently.

"Well," she replied crisply, "here's my offer: I'll send this boy on to you next week. Try him out for as long as you like; if he makes good keep him and pay my price, and if he's just a false alarm send him back and I'll pay the expenses."

"Fair enough. But leave me ask you a coupla questions first," answered McCune, showing some interest. "If he's so good why isn't some other club after him now?"

"They are. Milwaukee in the American Association wants to buy him outright; and two National League clubs want him on trial on tips they got from their own players who saw him in the Army."

"Then why don't you let him go?"

"If I ever let him loose in the Association where I couldn't keep my eye on him he'd burn up the grand stands with his speed, and the big-league clubs can't give me what I want for him," said she.

"You mean they won't," said he.

"I mean they can't," she insisted. "I want pretty good money for him, and I'm going to get it too. But I also want something else that only your club can get for me."

"All right; but if they know he's good and can't buy him from you how is it they don't put in a claim and grab him in the draft."

"Why, Mr. McCune, a smart big-league manager like you, with a sixth-place team, ought to know that since the minor leagues got up on their hind legs and showed the majors a little fight drafting isn't good form any more! And besides," she trilled sweetly, "they

(Continued on Page 153)

"So You're the Tank-Town Josh Artist Who's Gotta Second Baseman to Slip Me, Huh?" Said He Without Turning Round

"Oh, You Suff," "Here Comes Suffrage Ketchem," and "Suffering Suffragettes," Greeted His Every Appearance at Bat

THE DEN OF THE ZEPPELINS

By LEWIS R. FREEMAN

FOR all the barbarity of many of their raids there was splendid stuff in the officers and crews of the Zeppelins which engaged in the campaign of frightfulness against England, and it is idle to deny it. In a better cause or even in worthier work for an indifferent cause the skill and courage repeatedly displayed would have been epic. Considering what these airships faced on every one of their later raids—what their commanders and crews must have known were the odds against them after the night when the destruction of the Zeppelin over Cuffley in September, 1916, proved that the British had effectually solved the problem of igniting the hydrogen of the inner balonets—one cannot but conclude that the morale of the whole personnel must have been very high during even this trying period. If it had not been high there would undoubtedly have been mutinies at the airship stations, such as are known to have occurred on so many occasions among the submarine crews. Even in the light of present knowledge there is nothing to indicate that there had ever been serious trouble in getting Zeppelin crews for the most hazardous of raids. So far as could be gathered from our visits to the great airship stations of the North Sea littoral this morale prevailed to the last.

A German Zeppelin

Of the several German naval airship stations visited by parties from the Allied Commission the most important were Althorn, Nordholz and Tondern. The interest in the last was largely sentimental, due to the fact that it was practically wiped out last summer as the result of a bombing raid by aëroplanes launched from the Furious. It was known that little had been done to rehabilitate it as a service station since that time, and the commission's airship experts' desire to visit what was left of the sheds was actuated by a wish to see what damage had been done rather than by any feeling that the station really counted any longer as a base of Germany's naval air service.

The British Raid on Tondern

GERMANY had very ambitious plans for the development of the Althorn station, and it is probable that at one time it was intended that it should supersede even the mighty Nordholz as the premier home of naval Zeppelins. If such was really the intention, however, there is no doubt that it was effectually put an end to by a great fire and explosion which occurred there about the middle of last year, the material destruction from which—in sheds and Zeppelins—was vastly greater even than that from the British raid on Tondern.

The Germans speak of this disaster with a good deal of bitterness, usually alluding to the cause as mysterious, but rather giving the impression that they believe it to have been the work of Allied agents. If this is true the job will stand as a fair offset against any single piece of work of the same character that German agents perpetrated in France, Britain or America. Only the blowing up of the great Russian national arsenal in the second year of the war is comparable to it for the amount of material damage wrought. Althorn was still a station of some importance down to the end of the war, however, and that the Germans still expected to do important work from there was indicated by the fact that one of its new sheds housed the great L-71, the largest airship in the world at the present time.

But it was in the great Nordholz station that the airship subcommission was principally interested, not only for what it was at the moment—incomparably the greatest and most modern of German Zeppelin aërodromes—but also for what had been accomplished from there in the past, and even for what might conceivably be done from there in the future.

Nordholz is a name that would have been burned deep into the memories of south and east coast Britons had it been known three years ago, as it is now, that practically all the Zeppelin raids over England were launched from there. The popular idea at the time—which even appears to have persisted with most Londoners down to the present—was that airship stations had been constructed in Belgium, and that these alternated with those of Germany in dispatching raiders across the North Sea to England. A single glimpse of such a station as Nordholz is enough to show that the huge amount of labor and expense involved in building even a comparatively temporary aërodrome fit for regular Zeppelin work would have been fatal to the idea of establishing such installations in Belgium or anywhere else where Germany did not feel certain of remaining in fairly permanent control. The station at Jamboli, in Bulgaria, for instance, is known to have been able to dispose of only one or two Zeppelins, and considerable intervals between flights were imperative to keeping them in trim. It would never have been equal to the strain of steady raiding.

There were other German airship stations within cruising distance of England, but Nordholz was so much the best equipped, especially in the first years of the war, when Zeppelin raiding was the most active, that the most of the work, and by long odds the most effective of it, was done from there. There were grim tales to be told by that band of hard-eyed, straight-mouthed, bull-necked pilots—all that survived some scores of raids over England and some hundreds of reconnaissance flights over the North Sea—who received and conducted round the Naval Commission party, though we did not meet upon a footing that made it possible more than to listen to the account of an occasional incident suggested by something we were seeing at the moment.

The route which our party traversed from Wilhelmshaven to the Nordholz airship station—the latter lies six or eight miles south of the Elbe estuary in the vicinity of Cuxhaven—was a different one from any followed on our previous visits, all of which had taken us more to the south or east. It was through the same low-lying, diked-in country, however, where the water difficulty, unlike most other parts of the world, was one of drainage rather than of irrigation. Great Dutch windmills turned ponderously under the impulse of the light sea breeze as they pumped the water off the flooded land. Cultivation, as in the region traversed to the south, was at a standstill, but overflowing barns—great capacious structures they were, with brick walls and lofty thatched roofs—proved that the harvest had been a generous one.

Instead of routing our two-car special over the all-rail route via Bremen, distance and time were saved by leaving it at a small terminus opposite Bremerhaven, crossing to the latter by tug, and proceeding north in more or less direct line to our destination. Little time was lost in getting from one train to the other. The tug, which had been held in readiness for our arrival, cast off as soon as the last of the party had clambered over its side, and the short run across the gray-green tide of the estuary was made in less than a quarter of an hour. Four powerful army cars—far better machines, these, than the dirigible junk heaps we had been compelled to use at Wilhelmshaven—were waiting beside the slip, and another ten minutes of what struck me as very fast and reckless driving, considering it was through the main streets of a good-sized city, brought us to the station and another two-car special. Both going and returning it was the best-clicking lot of connections any of the parties made in the course of the whole visit, showing illuminatingly what our hosts could do in that line when they were minded to.

Swift as was our passage through the streets of Bremerhaven there was still opportunity to observe many evidences of the vigorous growth it had made in the decade preceding the outbreak of the war, and of the plans that had been made, too, in expectation of a continuation of that growth. Blocks and blocks of imposing new buildings—now but half tenanted—and the nuclei of what had been budding suburbs were more suggestive of the appearance of a western American mushroom metropolis after the collapse of a boom than a town of Europe. The railway station—a fine example of Germany's so-called new-art architecture—in its spacious waiting rooms, broad subways and commodious train sheds looked capable of serving the city of half a million or so which it had confidently been expected the Empire's second port would become at the end of another few years. As things have turned out Bremerhaven will at least have the consolation of knowing that it is not likely to be troubled with station crushes for some decades to come.

The Base at Nordholz

THE astonishingly well-dressed and orderly crowd of a thousand or more waiting outside the portal of the station in expectation of the arrival of a trainload of returning soldiers made no unfriendly demonstration of any character. On the contrary, indeed, as at Wilhelmshaven, a number of children waved their hands as our cars drove up, and a goodly number of men solemnly bared their heads as we filed past. The special, which awaited us at a platform reached after walking through a long vaulted subway running beneath the tracks, consisted, like the one we had left on the other side of the river, of an engine and two cars. The rolling stock of this one was in better shape than that of the other, however; and with a better-maintained roadbed to run over the last leg of our journey was covered at an average speed of more than thirty miles an hour—quite the fastest we traveled by train anywhere in Germany.

For the most of the way the line continued running through mile after mile of water-logged sea-level areas crossed by innumerable drainage canals and bricked roadways gridironing possible inundation with their raised embankments. At the end of an hour, however, the patches of standing water disappeared, and presently the bulk of the great sheds of Nordholz began to notch the northern sky line, where they stood crowning the crest of the first rising ground in the littoral between the Dutch frontier and the Elbe. With only a minute or two of delay in the Nordholz yards the train was switched to the airship station's own spur, and at the end of another mile had pulled

up on a siding directly opposite the main entrance.

The commander of the station with two or three other officers was waiting to receive us as we stepped out on the ground. Ranged up alongside this row of heel-clicking, frock-coated, bemedaled and besworded Zeppelin officers was an ancient individual of a type which seemed to recall the fatherly old Jehus of the piping days of Oberammergau. Every time the officers saluted he raised his hat, bowed low from the waist and exclaimed, "Good morning to you, gentlemen." When the last of us had been thus greeted he called out a comprehensive "This way to the carriages, gentlemen," and trotted off ahead, bellwether fashion, through the gate.

Here we found waiting four small brakes and a diminutive automobile, the sum total of the station's resources in rapid transit, according to the commander. Getting into the motor to precede us as pilot he asked the party to dispose itself as best it could in the horse-drawn vehicles. Then, with the old Jehu holding the reins of the first vehicle and men in air-service uniform—utter strangers to horses they were, too—tooling the other three we started off along a well-paved road.

A long row of very attractive red brick and tile houses of agreeably varied design were apparently the homes of married officers. Our way led past only the first five or six of them, but a stirring of lace curtains in every one of these told that we were running the gantlet of hostile glances.

An Enormous Base

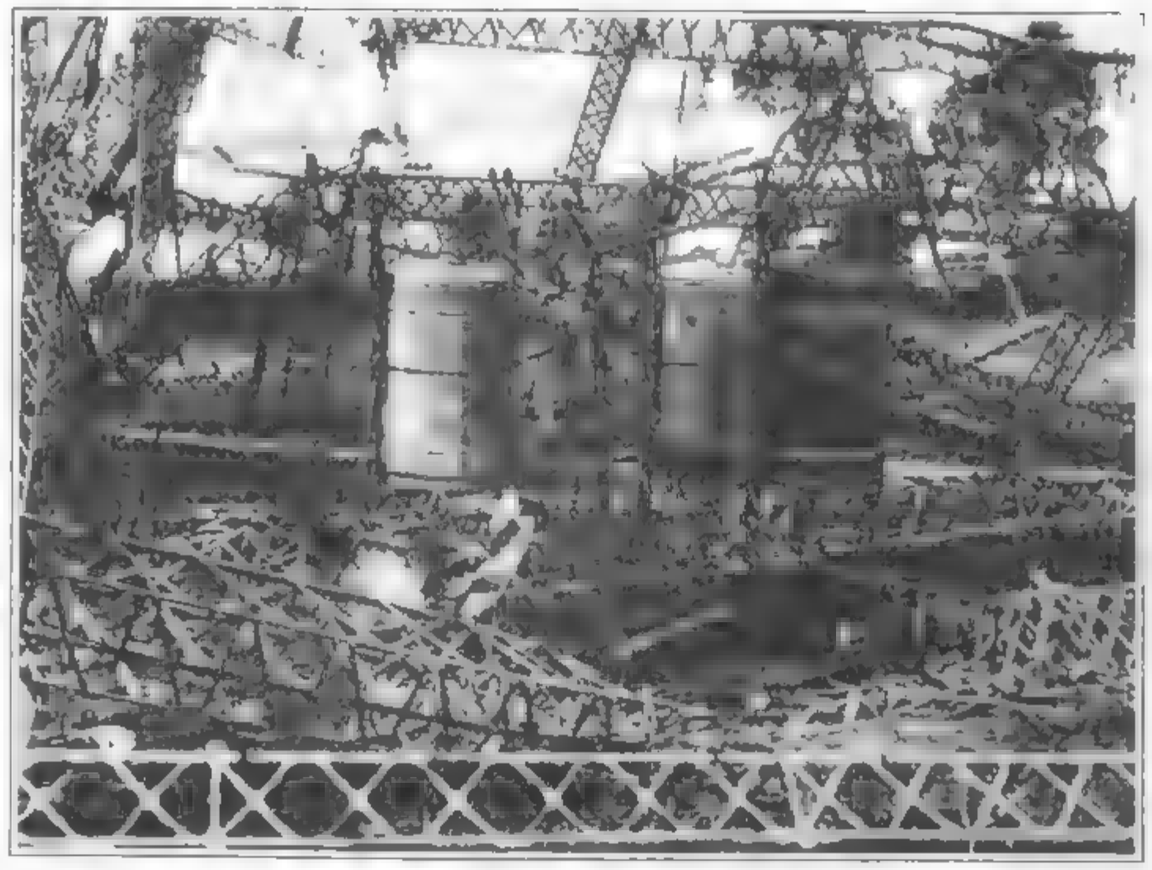
ONE glowering Frau—though in the seminegligée of a made-in-Germany kimono of pale mauve, her Brunhildian brow crowned with a permanently Marcelled coiffure of the kind one sees in hairdressers' windows disdained all cover, and so stepped out upon her veranda just in time to see the elder of her blond-braided offspring in the act of waving a teddy bear—or it may have been a woolly lamb or a dachshund—at the tail of the procession of invading *Engländer*. She was swooping—a mauve-tailed comet with a Gorgon head—on the luckless child who would fraternize as we turned a corner and the loom of a block of barracks shut the row from sight, but a series of shrill squeals piercing through the raucous grind of steel tires on asphalt pavement told that punishment swift and terrible was being meted out.

"More activity there than I saw in all of Bremerhaven," laconically observed the Yankee ensign sitting next me. "Who said the German woman is lacking in temperament?"

Driving through the barracks area where all the men in sight invariably saluted or stood at attention as we passed—and down an avenue between small but thickly set pines the road debouched into the open, and for the first time we saw all the sheds of the great station at comparatively close range. Then we were in a position to understand with what care the site had been chosen and laid out.

Occupying the only rising ground near the coast south of the Kiel Canal it is quite free from the constant inundations which threaten the alluvial plain along the sea. The sheds are visible from a great distance, but it is only when one draws near them that their truly gigantic size becomes evident. Of modern buildings of utility, such as factories and exhibition structures, I do not recall one that is so impressive as these in sheer immensity. Yet the proportions of the sheds are so good that constant comparison with some familiar object of known size, such as a man, alone puts them in their proper perspective.

The sheds are built in pairs, standing side by side, and on a plan which has brought each pair on the circumference of a circle two kilometers in diameter. The chord of the arc drawn from one pair of sheds to the next in sequence is a kilometer in length, while the same distance separates each pair on the circumference from the huge revolving shed in the center of the circle. The whole plan has something of the mystic symmetry of an ancient temple of the sun. Of the half dozen pairs of sheds necessary to complete the circle four had been constructed and were in use. Each shed was built to house two airships, or four for the pair. This gave a capacity of sixteen Zeppelins for the four pairs of sheds, while the two housed in the revolving shed in the center brought the total capacity of the station up to eighteen—a larger number, I believe, than were ever over England at one time.



A Super-Zeppelin Brought Down in England, Showing the Fuel Tanks

Scarcely less impressive than the immensity of the sheds and the broad conception of the general plan of the station was the solidity of construction. Everything, from the quarters of the men and the officers to the hangars themselves, seemed built for all time, and to play its part in the fulfillment of some far-reaching plan. Costly and scarce as asphalt must have been in Germany the many miles of roads connecting the various sheds were laid deep with it, and—as I had a chance to see where repairs were going on—on a heavy base of concrete. The sheds were steel-framed, concrete-floored, and with pressed asbestos sheet figuring extensively in their sides. All the daylight admitted—as we saw presently—filtered through great panes of yellow glass in the roof, shutting out the ultra-violet rays of the sun, which had been found to cause airship fabric to deteriorate rapidly.

The barracks of the men were of brick and concrete, and were built with no less regard for appearance than utility. So too the officers' quarters and the casino, and the large and comfortable-looking houses for married officers I have already mentioned. All had been built very recently, many in the by no means uneffective new-art style, to the simple solidity of which the Germans seemed to have turned in reaction from the Gothic. Beyond all doubt Germany was planning years ahead with Nordholz, as to both war and peace service. They were quite frank in speaking of the ambitions they still have in respect of the latter, and from casual remarks dropped once or twice by officers I should be very much surprised if their plans for developing the Zeppelin as a superwar machine have been entirely shelved.

The Back-Fire at Nordholz

THE road along which we drove to reach the first pair of sheds to be visited ran through extensive plantations of scraggly screw pines, which appear to have been set before the site was chosen for an air station—for the purpose of binding together the loose soil and preventing its shifting in the heavy winds. Wherever the trees had encroached too closely upon the hangars the plantations had been burned off. Over one considerable area the accumulations of ash in the depressions showed the destruction to have been comparatively recent, and this I learned had been burned over in the panic which followed the blowing up of the Tondern sheds by British bombing machines, in order to minimize the risk from the raid which Nordholz never ceased to expect down to the day of the armistice.

The staggering size of the great sheds became more and more impressive as we drew nearer, and when the procession finally turned and went clattering down the roadway between one of the pairs the towering walls at left and right blotted out the sky like the cliffs of a rocky cañon. Halfway through this great defile the officers of the station were waiting to receive and conduct us round. A hard, fit, capable-looking lot of chaps they were. Every one of them had at least one decoration, most of them many, and among these were two or three Orders Pour le Mérite, the German V.C. One at least of them—the great long-distance pilot, Von Butlar—was famous internationally, and few among

(Continued on Page 149)

A Zeppelin Crossing the North Sea

THE QUICKER THE DEAD

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

CASHUS ROBERSON, the dull-mahogany treasurer of The Over the River Burying Society, reflectively chewed the stump of a veteran pencil and frowned. He bent intensively over his ledger and engrossed himself in a problem of simple subtraction: "Th'ee hund'ed an' th'ee dollars an' twen'y cents, less'n a hund'ed an' fifty dollars leaves a hund'ed an' fifty-th'ee, twenty. Two mo' go an' die right soon an' the sassiety goes bust."

The prospect was far from pleasing. The Over the River Burying Society was bread and butter and considerable cake to the slender, wiry Cashus. Each week about seventy-five per cent of the society's thousand members paid their ten-cent dues and from each dime which clinked into the official coffers Cashus took unto himself one cent by way of commission. Weekly collections totaled between seventy-five and eighty dollars.

Too, there was the matter of prestige. His position, carrying with it the enviable perquisite of salary sans work, was of established eminence. Of course he did a bit of collecting now and then, but the society was not keen about forcing delinquent members to toe the mark. It operated on a hair-line margin and retained its solvency only through certain members who paid their dimes for years and then ceased to do so—the proceeds from such members standing on the books as net profit. Recently, though, there had been a decided bullish tendency to the mortuary market and the death rate among members in good standing had deflated the treasury of The Over the River Burying Society to an alarming point. One hundred and fifty-three dollars and twenty cents remained in the bank. The death of another thoughtless brother or sister before the next dues day would force the expenditure of one hundred and fifty dollars for a funeral and leave a balance of three twenty. After which the reappearance of the Grim Reaper meant flooie for the venerable organization.

The door of Cashus' musty office opened and an utterly black face, bordered by a nap of kinky hair, insinuated itself within the room. The owner of the face—a richly dark individual of pronounced embonpoint and apologetic manner—glanced round apprehensively.

"Is you alone, Cashus?"

"No."

The newcomer ducked. Cashus emitted a hoarse, humorous chuckle. "You is heah."

Rocksy Morton's leviathan tummy quivered with appreciation of the joke. "You is the foolin'es' man!"

"Come in an' close the do' shut. Then gimme a seegar an' tell me what you is got on yo' min' 'ceptin' water."

Rocksy sank wearily into a chair and wheezed sadly. He proffered a rank two-fer and appeared relieved when Cashus wisely refused it. "This am a sad an' sorriful wo'ld, Cashus."

"Huh! Is you on'y jes' now makin' that 'scovery?"

"You soun's pestymistic."

"Tha's my middle name, Rocksy."

"Lot you knows 'bout trouble, Cashus—you with a sof' job like what you is got."

"Is got ain't will have."

"Cashus Roberson—you makes me ti'ed. You is so contr'y that if'n they was a thousan' pretty girls in bathin' suits walkin' right outside that winder yonder long with one ol' fat 'ooman which ain't got no shape at all, you woul'n't see nothin' on'y the fat lady."

"If I was there, Rocksy—they'd all be fat wimmin. Besides that ain't got nothin' to do with it. How come you thinks you qualifies as a trouble expe't?"

Cashus Accelerated His Pace and His Smile and Finally Came to a Halt Before a Happily Ornate Establishment

"I ain't think it, Cashus; I knows."

"Tell which."

"I is in bad."

"That ain't nothin' new fo' you."

"On'y this time it's sho' nuff bad. Ise skeered, Cashus, that me'n my job is about to separate."

Cashus perked up. "You is got a pow'ful good job, Rocksy."

"Tha's why Ise sad."

"You an' yo' boss ——"

"Not yet. Soon."

"Splain yo'se'f, Rocksy. I is became interes'."

"It's bout'n that hund'ed an' fifty dollars which I owes the 'stallment man, Cashus. I soht of went wrong on a few paymints an' all which I owes him is jue now. An' you know well's me, Cashus, 'stallment men ain't got no hea't. He 'lows that if'n I ain't paid up in full by t'night he is gwine garnishee me t'-morry mawnin'."

"You woul'n't be the fust was ever garnisheed."

"No," gloomily, "n'r neither I woul'n't be the fust which my boss fires fo' same. Him an' garnisheein' ain't got no use fo' each other an' he is got a rule which says a 'ployee which gits garnisheed gits fi'ed ipsy fact'ry, an' if'n that aint 'nough trouble fo' one fat, ma'ied nigger, Cashus, I asts you what is?"

"You sho' come to the right place fo' sympathy, Rocksy. But anythin' but that, I ain't got it. An' if'n you wan's mo'n that Ise guessin' you'd better be travelin' on."

Rocksy's enormous face took on an expression of intransigent lugubriosity. "You is always got money, Cashus—an' you is always been a good frien' to me."

"If havin' money means bein' a good frien', Rocksy, then right heah an' now I becomes yo' wust enemy. Because money, Rocksy—money an' me has ceased an' stopped bein' frien's. Hones', if op'rations was sellin' fo' two bits I coul'n't git me a hair cut."

"Yo' sal'ry ——"

"They ain't on'y 'bout sev'n hund'ed an' fifty members been payin' they dimes Sat'dy's an' that means I ain't makin' on'y seven dollars an' a halft a week. An' they ain't no man c'n dress good an' save much money on that salary. You know that yo' ownse'f, Rocksy."

"But that makes bouten sevumty dollars net in the treasury come ev'ry Sat'dy, Cashus—an' you is the treasury."

Cashus spat disgustedly. "They ain't on'y a hund'ed an' fifty-th'ee, twen'y lef' in the bank now, Rocksy, an' tha's the Gawd's hones' truth. The members of this heah sassiety is been the most incumsiderate right recent. Reckon they is got the idee that they got to die because they fun'ral is all paid fo'. Why the way they been goin' an' dyin'—it ain't posutively decent, Rocksy—an' what with all we is had to be payin' out, the sassiety is mos' bust."

"Mos' ain't is."

"But mos' is mos' is, Rocksy, an' Ise tellin' you now that if'n two mo' members travels to Abryham's bosom right soon, one of 'em gwine travel 'bove groun', Rocksy, cause'n they won't be on'y th'ee dollars an' twen'y cents lef' to pay fo' the receiver which the sassiety will got to have when the news gets out."

"Ain't no mo' gwine die," stated Mr. Morton positively.

"How come you to think that?"

"I got a hunch."

"Hunch don' make no nev'min's to the Angel Gab'iel. When he toots a nigger comes a-runnin'."

"Besides," clinched the stout brother, "mo' is a'ready gone an' died on the sassiety than what had a right to, an' the odds is a hund'ed to one they is finish' fo' this season."

Cashus Roberson passed a weary hand across a dark-brown forehead. "It soun's right, Rocksy; but when they is a deman' fo' nigger angels on high them what picks 'em out ain't pretickeler which buryin' sassiety they comes from."

"Stististicks ——"

"How we know heavum uses the same stististicks we uses? An' besides, what The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety got to do with you gittin' garnisheed outen a job?"

Rocksy cleared his throat and strove to make his manner casual. He placed one large paw confidingly on Cashus' knee. "I soht of been thinkin', Cashus, that you an' me was such good frien's an' they aint gwine be no mo' deaths in the sassiety fo' a long time—that—er—a, well, that mebbe the sassiety would len' me that hund'ed an' fifty dollars which I needs countin' I ain't to git fired fo' bein' garnisheed."

Cashus laughed with ponderous sarcasm. "You talks like you been sniffin' happy-dus', Rocksy. The Over the River Burying Sassiety don' len' no money."

"I ain't astin' 'em to. But you is the treasurer an' you handles the money, an' if'n you was to borry that hund'ed an' fifty which you is in cha'ge of an' loaned it to me an' I was to pay it back, then they woul'n't nobody know nothin' 'bout it an' my job'd be safe. An' jobs ain't so free an' premuckerous like what they useter be befo' the war been over."

"Ain't it the truth, Rocksy? Ain't it now? But if'n I was to do what you wants an' they was to fin' me out they would be one job, Rocksy, which I woul'n't have no trouble gittin', an' that job, Rocksy, would be mendin' roads on the chain gang fo' britches of trus'."

"They ain't gwine fin' it out."

"I knowed a feller got 'lectrickuted countin' he thought that."

"Ain't you got the money?"

"Yeh—but s'posin' some fool nigger went an' died on me after I loant you the money?"

"Ain't no nigger gwine die."

"You an' Brother Death must of went to school together."

"An' even if someone did die, he woul'n't die right soon. Time nex' member dies they is gwine be 'nough paid in to fix him up so's they won't be no kick."

"You ain't doin' nothin' but makin' a whole passel of foolish talk, Rocksy Mo'ton. What you asts jes' cain't be did."

"If'n you was sho' they woul'n't nobody fin' out ——"

"That'd be diffe'ent, of co'se. But me an' shuah things ain't been on speakin' terms fo' the longes' time."

"Yeh. . . ." Rocksy's checkered vest heaved tumultuously. "An' when I gits fi'ed from where I is wo'kin' at an' has to go home an' tell Magnolia I ain't got no job no mo'. . . ."

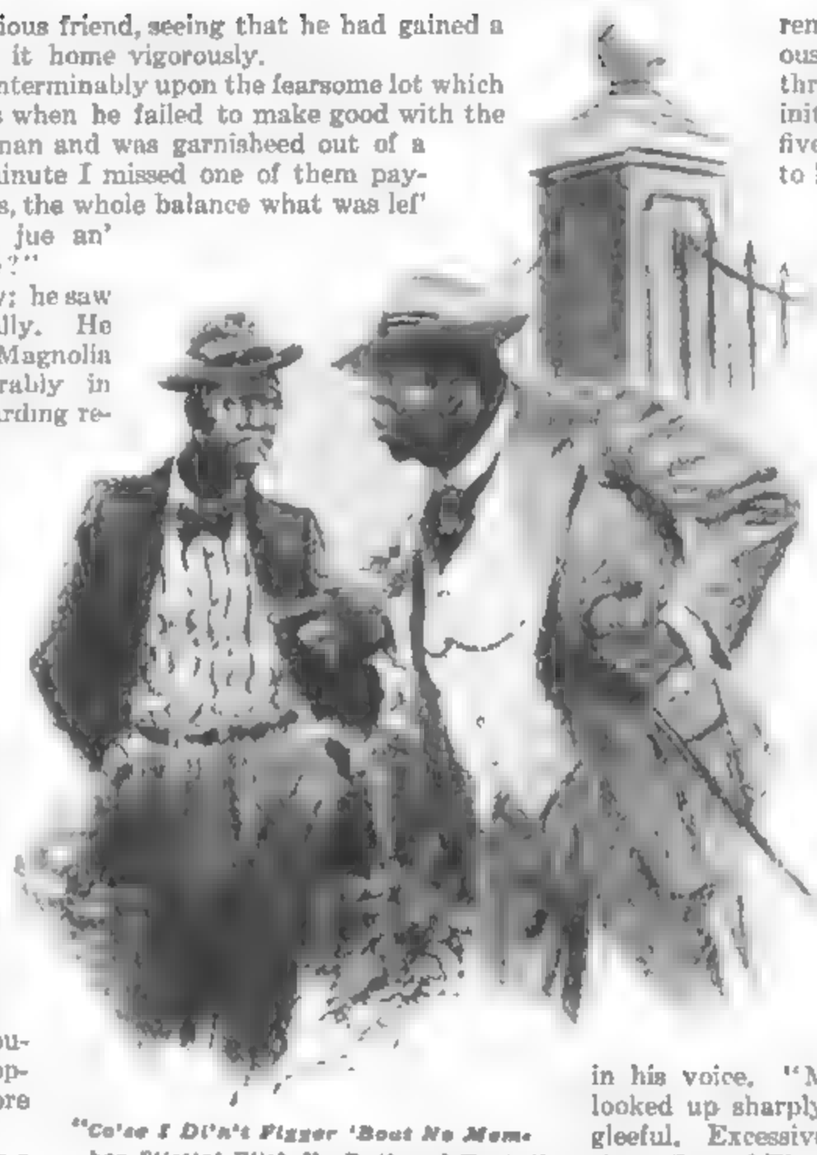
Cashus choked commiseratingly. He envisioned the Amazonian Magnolia Morton, wife of his portly friend. Magnolia was a creature of short patience, very little judicial temperament, and prompt action. And Cashus had loved Rocksy since boyhood. The idea of Rocksy's immediate future, should he become bereft of work, saddened Cashus. Rocksy was entirely too soft to stand a drubbing.

Cashus owed much to Rocksy: the delights of single blessedness, for instance. He had officiated as best man at the magnificent nuptials of Rocksy and Magnolia. Later he had been the family intimate—and as such he had viewed with horror the metamorphosis of a coy and blushing bride to a strong-arm house boss with tank-corps proclivities. Treating Rocksy rough and treating him frequent was about the best thing Magnolia did.

And so mention of Magnolia's unbridled fury was the last straw on Cashus' camel's back of friendship. He hesitated; he cogitated vaguely upon mortality tables and the laws of probability, which were strongly allied with Rocksy.

The impecunious friend, seeing that he had gained a point, drove it home vigorously.

He dwelt interminably upon the fearsome lot which would be his when he failed to make good with the installment man and was garnisheed out of a job. "The minute I missed one of them paymints, Cashus, the whole balance what was lef' over become jue an' payable. See?"



"Co'se I Di'n't Figger 'Bout No Member Flirtin' With No Railroad Train"

Cashus saw; he saw sympathetically. He knew that Magnolia was considerably in the dark regarding recent financial flyers of her portly husband. She did not know, for instance, that after doling out the five-dollar installments due the two Saturdays immediately past Rocksy had fallen by the wayside to be taken in by a few lodge brothers who manipulated the galloping ivories more expertly.

That was what hurt. Rocksy was in the unenviable fix of being forced into court without the equitable requisite of clean hands. And a picture of the militant Magnolia in action and spurred by thoroughly righteous wrath was the thing which melted to buttery consistency Cashus' naturally soft heart.

He fell. From first mention of Magnolia he had known that he would fall. Together the friends went to the Penny Prudential Savings Bank, where Cashus withdrew one hundred and fifty dollars of the society's money and turned it prayerfully over to his friend. He made the transfer reluctantly. He had an overpowering hunch that things were not going to run as smoothly as the optimistic Rocksy prophesied. Ethically, he was untroubled. Only fear of detection caused the apprehensive quivers.

Rocksy pocketed the money swiftly, bade an exceedingly brief farewell and streaked off in search of the loan man, the tail of his shiny Prince Albert coat flapping in the wind.

Cashus gazed after the fleeing figure of his friend, then he shrugged and turned away. The Rubicon once crossed, he ceased to worry. Worry is an annoying thing anyway, and Cashus found that there was sufficient to annoy him without bothering his head over a situation which could not be helped. Therefore, in the days which followed, he resigned himself to the Fates, passionately pleaded with Rocksy to beware of twin cubes, exacted a promise that the relieved job holder would fork over a five-dollar bill each Saturday night, and hurled himself with worthy zeal into the job of collecting ten cents per week from each of a thousand prospective corpses.

There was more than a little satisfaction in the knowledge that he had piloted Rocksy's matrimonial bark into fairly tranquil waters and that the ire of the loan man had been satisfied. Cashus found himself cast in the rôle of Good Samaritan and he liked it. But he did not fail to pray thrice daily that the Grim Reaper remember the mortality tables: "Ol' Death, you is done took the share what The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety owes you—now be a good spoht an' leave us alone fo' a whule."

The loan to Rocksy Morton was made on May tenth. On the seventeenth, after a week of arduous work and three hours of intensive figuring, Cashus took financial stock. He had collected during the week seventy-five dollars in dues. From that he deducted his seven dollars and a half commission and added to the remainder five dollars paid in by the copiously grateful Rocksy and the balance of three-twenty which had remained after the initial loan. The grand total was seventy-five dollars and seventy cents: sufficient to bury one-half a member.

Business continued roseate the following week when eight hundred and twenty members paid their dues, the cash on hand at the conclusion of the bookkeeping séance being one hundred and fifty-four dollars and fifty cents. Cashus surveyed the figures proudly, heaved a sigh of vast relief and lighted a gold-banded five-cent cigar.

"Now let 'em die," he soliloquized, "an' see if they c'n make me mad."

As if in answer to his challenge the door opened and Keefe Gaines, the perpetually smiling undertaker, slid into the room.

"Evenin', Brother Roberson."

"Same to you, Brother Gaines; how you makin' um?"

"Tol'able good, brother—mighty tol'able good."

Cashus smiled genially. At the present moment his horizon was unrippled.

"Same to me an' many of 'em, Brother Gaines. Seems as things is pow'ful perky fo' mos' ev'ybody heahabouts jes' now."

Brother Gaines t'chked and strove to conceal the professional elation which he feared might show in his voice. "Mos' ev'ybody," he amended. Cashus looked up sharply. Keefe Gaines appeared entirely too gleeful. Excessive joy on his part never augured well for the coffers of The Over the River Burying Society.

"'Ceptin' which?" inquired Cashus fearfully.

"You ain't heard?"

"No."

"Tha's what I come heah fo'."

The forelegs of Cashus' chair thumped angrily against the floor. "Splain yo'se'f, Brother Keefe Gaines, an' splain yo'se'f tho'ough"

"Don' git excited, Brother Roberson. 'Tain't nothin' on'y Brother November Spurling."

"Wha's he suff'rin' from?"

"Ain't suff'rin' from nothin'. He's daid!"

"U-u-ush!" The monosyllable whooshed from the treasurer's lungs. Brother November Spurling had been notoriously regular in payment of his weekly dimes. Cashus became vaguely aware that Keefe Gaines was speaking—speaking softly and happily:

"I is got my car downstairs, Brother Roberson, an' I been thinkin' you might come with me an' view them remains which the locomotive lef', same bein' proof of death. Then you c'n gimme yo' check fo' a hund'ed an' fifty dollars so's we c'n git to work on the body."

Within an hour the trip was completed, the society's check properly inscribed and the undertaker departed on his mission of making it possible for the dear defunct to rest in peace and his relatives and friends to enjoy the glories of a regal funeral.

Treasurer Cashus Roberson headached himself over the ledger of The Over the River Burying Society. He made a final sorrowful entry, muttering "They's one man, Brother Spurlin', which is mo'nin' fo' you, sho' nuff!"

MAY 24.	
We got in bank	154.50
Pado Keefe Gaines for funrel for brather nov. Spurling	150.00
Cash balance left	4.50

Brother November Spurling started off on the first leg of his journey to the colored happy hunting grounds amid much fervid din. En route from the cemetery to the house of mourning, Brothers Cashus Roberson and Rocksy Morton fell into step and drew away from the procession. Rocksy was a bit backward about meeting Cashus' worried eyes. He was acutely conscious of the fact that as a mortality prognosticator he was a flivver; and his benefactor was hopelessly holding the bag.

"Tough luck, Cashus," he sympathized when the strain of accusing silence had broken through his guilty reserve.

"'Longside of this heah come-to-pass, Rocksy, rooster gizzards is plumb tender."

"Co'se I di'n't figger 'bout no member flirtin' with no railroad train."

"N'r neither I di'n't, Rocksy. But as figgerers me an' you ain't no pretickeler successes, Rocksy. An' right now I is wo'ied on account they aint on'y fo'-fifty lef' in the treasu'y."

"No mo'n that?"

"Nary copper. An' if'n 'nother member gits co'ted by the devil you is gwine see one pas' treasurer headin' No'th an' travelin' fas'."

"Ise plumb sorry, Cashus."

"Plumb sorry ain't wuth no cash, Rocksy. 'Bout all you c'n do is to jine me in prayer that no members even gits the stummick ache."

Rocksy had an idea. He beamed with it. "Any members stay 'way from the fun'ral to-day, Cashus? They's a dollar fine fo' missin' one."

Cashus shook his head in gloomy negation. "They ain't never no nigger been bo'n which is gwine miss a fust-class fun'ral. We oughter make 'em pay a dollar to come. Be some hope then. Calvin Goins was the on'y member absent to-day an' he's been daid a month. An' he wa'n't a member nohow."

That night Treasurer Cashus Roberson slept fitfully. He had vivid dreams of a black-bearded gentleman with a scythe who hovered over a mass meeting of The Over the River Burying Society with a sign reading: "Cash on Hand, $4.50."

He waked, took one look out of the window and turned miserably toward the wall. The heavens were overcast with low-hanging, swiftly scudding, gray clouds. A clap of thunder reverberated across the city and an all-day summer rain pattered against the loose window panes.

(Continued on Page 91)

With Enormous Gusto the Little Surgeon Relieved the Child of the Paper. He Posed Proudly, Then Unfolded the Lucky Slip; Did It Slowly, Magnificently

Night Owls and Humming Birds

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

Above the Pandemonium Could be Heard the Clarion Call of the Major: "Go On With Her, Jodey; Go On With Her! It's the Old Game-Chicken Breed. Go On, You Jodey Boy; Go On!"

MAJOR AGAMEMNON MILES was a late arrival. He did not reach the track until the bugle was calling the horses to the post for the third race; and as he toiled hastily up the steps leading to the grand stand, closely attended by his factotum, the Humming Bird, he puffed and panted from the unusual exertion attendant upon his efforts.

"You're exceedin' the speed limit, major," counseled the Bird sympathetically; "you're showin' too much ambition. You ain't ready for a fast mile yet."

"Perhaps not," returned the major good-naturedly; "perhaps not. But after all, ambition is a good thing up to a certain point—providin' you don't forget that it ruined a few Presidents and mostly all of our policemen."

Men and women turned to regard Major Miles as he made a dignified progress to the box reserved for him. It is no exaggeration to state that he was a commanding figure in any company. When it came to a matter of apparel the major was a law unto himself. His somewhat rotund figure was clothed in garments that, though their cut and style might have belonged to another day and generation, still did not seem out of place when embellishing the major's person. No man's coat ever fitted him better than that of the major. It was prima-facie evidence of a creator who sensed the art of preserving the unities.

The major's waistcoat was fashioned from a fine imported silk mixture and was a double-breasted garment, cut low and displaying a wide expanse of immaculate shirt front. This more intimate adjunct to the major's tout ensemble was embellished by three pigeon-blood ruby studs. Major Miles' trousers terminated at a pair of shoes that were the very last word in the ritual of excellence. Any other man attired in antiquated habiliments might have looked out of keeping with the spirit of the times; but not so Major Miles.

The owner of all this magnificence settled himself comfortably and drew forth his glasses, the better to scan the program the Humming Bird had just passed to him. He took in his surroundings with the appreciative glance of one who is at peace with all mankind. The major was decidedly in his element.

"And so you decided to start the filly?" he interrogated at length. "Figured she needed a race or two to key her up for the big stake, I suppose?"

"That's the how of it, major," confirmed the Bird.

"I didn't know anything about it until I got your telegram," resumed the major; "then I boarded the first train. I couldn't deny myself the pleasure of seein' her go to the post for the first time. Ah, she's a rare good one! Little Jewelry—a rare good one! I've always been of the opinion that she is the best filly I ever raised."

"Ain't no doubt about that, major," soothed his companion; "ain't no doubt about that! I thought she needed a race or two to ready her up. They all do. You can't send 'em out cold turkey with stake horses."

"From your letters I judge she had been working well," vouchsafed the major.

"I never asked her a question she didn't answer right off the bat," hummed the Bird. "She needs just a little tightenin' an' she'll bid 'em all good-by."

"I was lucky to get here in time," puffed the major as he wiped his race glasses. "Everything was at sixes and sevens down on the farm, and I hated to leave."

The Humming Bird grinned back.

"Mighty good of you to come, major!" he exclaimed. "Though I don't know that it was exactly necessary, because she ain't within a week of a race yet. This is only a work-out. With another good gallop or two under her belt, she ought to be on edge for the big stake."

"Quite so, Bird; quite so," agreed the major. "Of course I surmise you know what you're doing; and certainly, in company like this, if she ain't ready she won't make much of a showin.' But supposin' she did? Good Lord! Have you figured on that end of it? Don't you think we ought to have a little bet on her in case of accident? I don't like the idea of her runnin' loose."

"You might as well throw your money out the window, major," counseled the Humming Bird airily. "How could she show anything? Why, here's this imported speed marvel, Oat Cake, with a feather on his back; an' Day Star is throwed in, with just enough to steady him. The filly is carryin' her weight. She'll be lucky if she's seventh or eighth."

"It looks that way certainly," agreed the major; "but I dunno, Bird—horses ain't like automobiles. You can't start or stop 'em with thirty cents' worth o' gasoline. It's the unlooked-for thing happenin' that makes folks go to horse races. In former years, whenever I had anything good under cover I nevah cared about experimentin' in public; but I guess you know what you're doin'; perhaps I'm a little old-fashioned."

"Not old-fashioned. Don't say that, major," corrected the Humming Bird suavely. "But things do change. All the great trainers now work their horses in races instead of trying to set the track on fire before daylight."

The major made no reply, because the horses were emerging from the paddock and his whole attention was concentrated on them.

"Ah!" he breathed. "Here she comes now. Here's Little Jewelry. Why, do you know, Bird, she has grown and thickened out since I saw her last! My gracious! She's as good-looking as her mother was in her best days."

He studied her closely as she walked daintily down the track, and again turned to his companion.

"If you hadn't told me," he intoned slowly—"if you hadn't told me she wasn't ready I'd 'a' said, 'There was a mare that was fit to run the race of a lifetime.'"

The Humming Bird laughed.

"It's just because you raised her yourself. Looks are awful deceptive, major," he vouchsafed. "Looks are awful deceptive. Why, if she was owned by anyone else you wouldn't ——"

"Yes," attested the major—"deceptive in womenfolk or watermelons, perhaps; but for me, I like a race horse that looks the part. How did you tell Jodey to ride her?"

"Didn't tell him nothin'," chirped the Bird—"just told him to let her run along in the bunch

until she got leg-weary, an' then ease her up. He knows enough not to punish her when he sees she's beaten. Why, major, I'd like to bet you a new hat that she'll stop for refreshments at the three-quarter pole! This bunch'll run her head off in the first mile an' she won't have nothin' left."

"Well, maybe not," returned the owner of Jewelry; "but when her mother won the Daisy Stakes she hadn't had a good gallop for a week. Sometimes, you know, a horse can be long of a race as well as short of one. In my opinion half of 'em work their horses to death. I knew a man once who had a great reputation for handlin' two-year-olds, but he nevah brought more than three or four to the races out of a string of thirty or more that he started with. Those he did bring were stars; they had to be good ones to stand his trainin'. If all the drug stores was to burn down some night there might be about a dozen real trainers left; but I doubt it."

"Oh, well; this is different," returned the Humming Bird optimistically. "If the filly isn't back of the first five I'll eat a bale of hay. Why——"

But the rest of the Humming Bird's dissertation on the finer phases of training was lost, because a roar from the upper stand proclaimed that the horses were off; and an instant afterward the field could be seen emerging from the chute that marked the commencement of a mile-and-a-quarter dash.

Major Miles screwed his glasses to his eyes and scanned the moving bunch closely.

"Jodey got her off pretty well!" he exclaimed. "She's layin' about sixth—an' on the outside. I'm glad he didn't take her into that bunch, because she's liable to get cut down in such a big field."

"Oh, he knows! Leave it to him," commented the Bird. "I might 'a' come out flat-footed an' told him not to make too much use of her; but I knew you wouldn't want that."

"No; certainly not!" interjected the major hastily. "Folks can say lots of things about me, but they can't ever truthfully aver that I tried to make an undertaker out of my jockey. My private graveyard ain't located on the race track. If you value my friendship, nevah once suggest to my rider to do anything shady. The only instructions I ever gave Jodey were to break away runnin', an' get back to the judge's stand as quick as he could."

Past the grand stand for the first time and up the back stretch sped the racers, with little change in their original positions except that, as the stragglers trailed out or were outpaced, Jodey Beam took Jewelry over closer to the rail, and thereby saved ground. The mare was moving along as if out for an exercising gallop.

"She's still hangin' to 'em," volunteered the Bird as the leaders passed the half-mile pole. "She'll crack about the upper turn somewheres."

The major turned a look upon the speaker. It was that of a man who brooked no contradiction.

"Listen to me, boy!" he exclaimed impressively. "Listen to me, boy! if I know the road home that filly hasn't started to run yet."

As the horses reached the bend Jodey made his first move—almost without an effort, and with more celerity than the telling of it, he shot the filly into third position. Round the curve she increased her advantage until she was lapped on the favorite Oat Cake. They turned into the stretch running as a team. A tyro could see that a battle royal was about to be staged. The Bird fairly collapsed.

"I'm ruined!" he moaned. "I'm the world's prize package in fools. You won't never forgive me, major; an' I ain't askin' you to."

But Major Miles was oblivious to all else. He was engaged in the pastime of all pastimes, known as rooting; and the major was some rooter when he started. Gone was that dignified demeanor, for, with more celerity than might have been expected from a rotund gentleman of his years, he had climbed upon a chair and was gesticulating wildly in the general direction of the home stretch.

"Only Money Talks Round Here. You Can't Cash In on Conversation"

"Come on, you Jewelry!" beseeched the major in stentorian tones. "Feed 'em to the lions! Eat 'em up! Ride her, Jodey; ride her! Oh, you black boy, ride—if you never rode before!"

It was different with the Humming Bird. His lean face had assumed an ashen hue and his hands gripped nervously at the bench before him. He started to say something, but his voice trailed away off into a whisper.

"Lord!" he droned. "She's scramblin' the eggs—that's what she is! When the Old Man comes out of his trance it'll be time for me to hit the high spots."

But the major, unmindful of ultimate consequences, continued his exhortations. When the horses had reached the drawgate the two leaders were running head and head, so closely locked that they might have been coupled together. It was one of those soul-stirring finishes that pry men and women loose from their personalities and mother the joy of fierce combat.

"Now you got him, Jodey!" entreated the major. "Don't let go of her head, boy; put down your whip an' hand-ride her, Jodey. Don't forget your education. She'll give you her heart, boy. All you got to do is to ask fo' it."

Both riders were doing their utmost and Jodey Bean was not belying his reputation as a demon finisher. Shorty Sheridan, on the imported horse, was manifesting every evidence of superb horsemanship, and he never made a mistake.

Pandemonium broke loose as the rivals swept down toward the judge's stand. Only a few lengths more and the race would be decided. Whatever way that decision went would be a matter of inches. It might be in the very last nod. Women shrieked and men cheered madly. And above this pandemonium, rising and falling, could be heard the clarion call of the major: "Go on with her, Jodey; go on with her! It's the old game-chicken breed—the old blue hen's baby. Go on, you Jodey boy; go on!"

And now the horses had flashed past the judge's stand, and what had been bedlam a second before died away to a solemn hush. Even the men in the press stand, from their coign of vantage, could not agree upon the winner. And then, while the spectators stood on tiptoe, the numbers slowly slid into place on the indication board, and Jewelry's was topmost. A rank outsider had won and a three-to-five favorite, considered to be one of the best handicapped horses in the West, had been beaten by an unknown filly, who, according to racing rules, had conceded him seven pounds in actual weight.

From all quarters men and women crowded round the major to congratulate him. It was as myrrh and frankincense to his soul. Gone was all thought of gain or ultimate profit. Pride of achievement was uppermost, and the major rose and scintillated while the Humming Bird sat motionless and wondered.

"Now let 'em go and talk about their imported horses!" exulted the major to those about him. "It's the same intellectuals that refused the immortal Lexington a place in the English studbook. This is the answer to carry back to the folks across the pond. No! No! We thought she wasn't ready an' didn't have a cent on her; but—great King—if you was to pave the way with five-pound notes between here an' London you couldn't begin to purchase the feelin' of joy an' pride I've got.

"Yes, indeed; I raised her my own self. She belongs in the King's House. She's a daughter of Simplicity, an' her grandmammy was Vanity, whose dam was Wait-a-While, by Procrastination. That's blood an' breedin' fo' you, gentlemen! It's the kind that has manufactured the glorious history of our native state."

Finally the congratulating crowd trailed away and the Humming Bird found his voice.

"Gee, major," he lamented, "I ain't got th' gimick of it yet! Here I just tossed off a fortune for you with my blamed foolishness. I—I thought I'd be roasted to a frazzle. I—I don't understand!"

"Ah!" breathed Major Miles as he lit a cigar and emitted a huge sigh of contentment. "Of course yo' don't, Bird; because yo' nevah bred an' owned a filly like Jewelry."

But still the Humming Bird refused to be comforted. And while Major Miles sat bolt upright, his whole countenance beaming with satisfaction, the Bird cowered behind him all humped up, with his head bowed between his hands. No need for any summing up by those who would add to and subtract from human nature in its various manifestations. The Bird was registering agony of spirit, and that personified.

"A fellow who don't make mistakes once in a while," comforted the major, "ain't human."

The Bird nodded, but did not reply.

"No indeedy," continued the owner of Jewelry; "I never saw a perfect man yet that was fit company for man or beast. As a rule, he won't drink liquor—and he can't eat hay."

The Humming Bird smiled feebly at the latter sally; but he had lost all his old assurance.

"I didn't ought to have taken no chances," he protested. "I should of waited."

"Perhaps so," agreed the major; "but most of the mistakes we make in this world arise out of the best intentions. Now you take my friend Cassius B. McCaleb. I remember one time he came down to Louisville and got to dallyin' with the moonbeams. In fact, the next mornin' he was still feelin' a little shaky; but he thought that, in order to keep Mrs. McCaleb from askin'

(Continued on Page 134)

John Henry's Dressing Gown

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

FOR five minutes Mrs. James Gibson Patton, widowed mother-in-law of Mr. John Henry Wall, had been gazing at her son-in-law with an expression which roused keen apprehension in the mind of that astute gentleman.

Something, he knew, was behind the long thoughtful calculating regard—something that had to do with him; something that would inevitably disturb, perhaps even temporarily shatter, the peaceful routine of his life. In short, Mrs. Patton was obviously in the throes of what she optimistically termed "an idea." And Mrs. Patton's ideas were ponderous affairs, of far-reaching cataclysmic effect; and John Henry Wall was usually their victim. Gazing at her comfortable pink sofa cushion of a face, almost unlined by its seventy-five years, but dented now, as it were, by the impacts of thought, John Henry Wall shivered. Yes, something was up—but what?

He dropped his newspaper in his lap and glanced across the reading table at his wife, but found no reassurance. Henrietta Wall was deep in a new novel, whose pages she held close to her kind, gray, near-sighted eyes. To her husband the book seemed a barrier, deliberately raised alike against him and the unknown danger that threatened him. Did Henrietta know what the idea was? He thought not, and he was right.

The idea, only then in its labor pains, was presented to Mrs. Wall ten minutes later, as a newborn thing, when her husband had left the room.

"Henrietta," said Mrs. Patton suddenly.

"Yes, mother?"

With an effort Mrs. Wall detached her attention from the new story and dutifully fastened it on her parent.

"I've got an idea."

"Yes, dear?" But Henrietta experienced an odd depression and a sudden anxiety on behalf of her husband.

"I think you ought to give John Henry a birthday present."

"Why, mother, you know I always ——"

"His birthday is next week," continued the old lady, ignoring the interruption, "and I notice that he needs a new silk dressing gown."

John Henry's wife sighed. There were moments when the undutiful reflection occurred to her that she would appreciate the privilege of managing her own life, even in the matter of its trivial details. This was one of those moments.

"I've noticed that too," she said at last, "but I can't possibly get him the kind he would like. Dressing gowns are frightfully expensive just now, you know, and John is very fussy about what he wears. The sort of silk dressing gown he would like would cost at least fifty dollars."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Patton's voice was briskly decisive. "I've been pricing them at the special sales. I can get a very suitable one for twenty-five or thirty dollars."

"Well, I can't." Mrs. Wall occasionally revealed that despite her easeful habits of mind she was her mother's daughter. "I can't spend fifty dollars on a dressing gown," she explained patiently, "and John wouldn't want me to just now. I'll get him ——"

"You will get him," said Mrs. Patton pleasantly but very firmly, "a silk dressing gown."

"But, mother ——"

"And I will pay for it."

"But, mother ——"

"Don't interrupt. I've got it all thought out. It won't be my present. It will be from you. I'm going to give you thirty-five dollars to get John a new dressing gown. Then, for once at least in your life, you will be giving him a present he won't have to pay for himself the first of the following month."

Mrs. Wall's soft cheeks flushed a little. "It's very good of you, mother," she said rather stiffly; "but in the first place I don't let John pay for the gifts I give him. I save for them out of my allowance. And in the second place ——"

"It's his money. It's the same thing in the end." Mrs. Patton, hurrying to her goal, was not to be sidetracked by argument. "I'll get the dressing gown to-morrow."

"I know you mean it kindly, mother, but ——"

The Next Morning Mrs. Wall Privately Confided Her Anxieties to Her Younger Sister, Margaret

"What were you planning to get for him?"

"Why—why—a few books I know he wants, and ——"

"Then we'll consider it settled. I've been looking round, and I know where I can find a very handsome and suitable gown."

"May I go with you and help to select it?"

The inquiry was Mrs. Wall's last shot in the losing battle. Mother's taste and John Henry's were appallingly far apart in the matter of men's apparel.

"That isn't at all necessary. I know just what I want," said Mrs. Patton. "Now I'll go home and get a good night's sleep, so that I can start out early."

"Well, it's awfully good of you," said her daughter feebly, "and of course John will appreciate your thought, but ——"

"John won't know anything about my thought," said the old lady placidly. "The gift will be from you. I'm getting it for you to give your husband. I don't figure in the matter at all."

"Oh." This was a new departure, and young Mrs. Wall was touched. She rose and kissed her mother. "It's just sweet of you!" she declared, more warmly than she had yet spoken.

Mrs. Patton smiled complacently. "It will be the first real gift you have ever made him," she reminded the younger woman; "and you know it's your tenth anniversary too. That calls for something special, it seemed to me. I've been giving it a great deal of thought." She uttered the last word with a solemnity that capitalized it. She had a vast respect for her own mental processes, and exacted acquiescence in them, if not respect, from others.

"You really are a dear, mother." Mrs. Wall kissed her again. "I shall be very proud to give John the dressing gown, and it's wonderful of you to think of it. But you'll remember, won't you," she added anxiously, "that he doesn't like vivid colors? And he simply hates reds and greens."

"I guess I know what John Henry likes." Mrs. Patton's tone was superior. "I haven't studied him for ten years without learning something about his tastes."

Mrs. Wall let it rest at that, but the next morning she privately confided her anxieties to her younger sister, Margaret, who had run down from college for a week-end visit. It was due to this information that Margaret was able to take an intelligent part in a complication which presented itself two hours later when she unexpectedly met her brother-in-law in an uptown department store.

"What are you doing here?" she buoyantly demanded. "I didn't suppose you ever ventured into these places."

"I've been buying some shirts and a new dressing gown," Henry admitted. "I rather blew myself too," he complacently added. "I saw exactly the dressing gown I wanted in a window as I was passing. I came in, bought it, and ordered it sent home. What's the matter?"

Miss Margaret Patton had sunk weakly upon a chair.

"Wait a minute!" she urged, trying to think. "You've rather balled things up. I'm afraid I'll have to let you into the secret."

She did; and a beatific grin, which he promptly suppressed, broke over the round features of John Henry Wall.

"Got ahead of 'em that time," he cheerfully chuckled. "You know, Margaret, there isn't one chance in a thousand that either of 'em would have selected the kind of thing I want."

His airy assumption that the episode was over rather nettled the girl.

"They'll be frightfully disappointed," she reminded him coldly. "Both of them. And mother bought the gown this morning; or is buying it this minute. She left our apartment right after breakfast to plunge into the shops."

John Henry sobered. "Humph! That is rather bad," he conceded.

Knowing the determined nature of Mrs. Patton he privately told himself that it was very bad indeed, and that the only thing that could be worse would be to wear for two years a dressing gown selected by his mother-in-law. He had a depressing knowledge of the eccentricities of Mrs. Patton's taste. She had revealed them to him at intervals in the form of flamboyant silk socks and blazing ties. On the other hand his life struggle for ten years, as he had once admitted to his brother, had been to keep his mother-in-law from running him as well as his wife and his home.

In managing the latter the determined old lady was fairly successful. She could see no point of view but her own, and her daughter usually yielded issues that came up, in a successful effort to keep the peace. But in John Henry Wall Mrs. Patton had met her match. Tolerantly, good-humoredly, he continued to do as he pleased, but at the expense of a display of tact and restraint the exercise of which was getting sadly on his nerves. Now, facing Margaret, he thought fast, and that agile servant, his mind, exerted itself to meet his need.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he decided. "We'll make everybody happy. I'll keep my own gown, and we'll let Henrietta think it's the one your mother got."

"But how about mother? You can't fool her. She'll want to see the gown, you know, and see you in it."

John Henry groaned. He couldn't help it. He knew just how often and how patiently he would have to circle before the family in the gown of Mrs. Patton's choice. He knew the degree of proprietary light her eyes would

hold as she regarded it and him. And he'd hate the thing he was sure of that. And he liked so much the gown he had just bought!

His jaw set. He was a kindly good-humored man, but he had and cherished a vein of obstinacy which when aroused in him was rarely overcome by others. It had been his most powerful weapon in the ten-year struggle for independence which he had waged since he married Mrs. Patton's older daughter.

"She'll be in fifty-five dollars," he muttered. "That's what I paid for this one."

Under the expression of Margaret's young eyes he flushed. Then his resolution hardened.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he began—and she knew it was what they would do—"I'll call your mother up on the telephone and explain. I'll fix things all right. Meantime you find out from her where she bought the other gown, and stop the delivery of it."

He took it for granted that his orders would be obeyed, and they were. Ten minutes later he was talking to his mother-in-law over the wire. She mentioned at once that she was tired out, for she had been shopping all morning and had only just got home.

"I want to tell you how sorry I am about a mix-up that has happened," he began. "Margaret tells me that Henrietta was planning to give me a beautiful dressing gown for my birthday, and that you were financing the scheme."

"Margaret had no right ——" began an excited voice.

He went on imperturbably. "She had to tell me because she discovered that I had already bought myself a dressing gown some time ago."

"You had!" Mrs. Patton's voice expressed indignation.

"Yep. And of course it's too late to send it back now," blithely continued her son-in-law. "So my idea is that you countermand your order, and we'll let Henrietta think the gown I bought is the one you got for her to give to me."

"We-ell"—Mrs. Patton's voice was strongly reluctant—"I don't quite know what to say. But if you'll tell me the amount I suppose I can send you my check ——"

"Not a bit of it! The gown I got was frightfully extravagant—fifty-five dollars. I couldn't think of letting anyone but myself spend that much money on me. But Henrietta won't know anything about the price, of course, and I'll make her think it's all her gift and a tremendous surprise and delight to me."

"Well—it doesn't seem quite right ——"

John Henry smiled to himself. He knew the day was won.

"It's right as rain," he robustly assured her. "I appreciate it exactly as much as if you had got it for Henrietta. The situation is going to make me feel comfy, too, and that's a good thing—for my conscience was pricking a bit. And when you hear my yelps of surprise and delight when it's unpacked you'll discover a new talent in me."

Mrs. Patton was still thoughtful as she hung up the receiver. She had been willing to spend thirty-five dollars for a handsome gift for John Henry, but she had a frugal soul and it was rather nice to have all the appreciation that would follow the gift, and at the same time to retain the thirty-five dollars.

On the evening of his birthday Mr. John Henry Wall's dinner table was decorated by a birthday cake with blazing candles. Subsequently with shy delight his wife presented him with her birthday gift—a beautiful silk dressing gown. When it had come home addressed to him she had opened the box with quivering apprehension, and at sight of the perfect garment within—rich, elegant, and so absolutely John Henry's kind of thing—she had flown to her mother, who happened to be calling, and half strangled that lady in the exuberance of her relief and delight.

After the birthday dinner, a very special banquet with all his favorite dishes, and graced of course by the presence of Mrs. Patton, John Henry himself neatly duplicated his wife's reception of the gift.

"By Jove," he cried with shining eyes, "this is simply ripping! The best-looking gown I've ever seen! Never liked one so much in my life. I've simply got to kiss my wife and the lady that brought her into the world!" He kissed both women on each cheek and smiled into Mrs. Patton's twinkling eyes.

"And you won't get a bill for your present, either," chortled his wife gayly; a remark which made the two conspirators look suddenly self-conscious.

That night in the drowsy interval before sleep settled upon her Mrs. Wall was suddenly moved to a conjugal confidence.

"John," she said, "I'm going to tell you something."

"Yes?" John's voice was dreamy.

"It wasn't really I who gave you that perfectly beautiful dressing gown. It was mother. She bought it for me to give to you, so I could make you a real present."

"Good old girl!" John Henry called himself back from the gate of dreams to utter the words with gusto.

"It was awfully generous of her," his wife added.

"You bet it was! It was great!"

"John."

"Yes, dear?"

"I've—I've—sometimes been afraid you didn't like mother."

"What!"

John Henry's voice expressed surprise, horror and genuine resentment of an unjust charge. He did not dislike Mrs. Patton. He only abysmally feared her.

"I know you're always awfully nice to her—kind and considerate, and all that. But—you've never let her get really near to you. You do like her, don't you?"

"You bet I do!"

"I'm so glad!" The head he loved nestled in the hollow of John Henry's shoulder. "She must have paid fifty or sixty dollars for that gown."

"Guess she did," corroborated her husband.

The next instant he was followed out on the rocking sea of sleep by a hail from the mainland—a hail distant but clear, and to be oft repeated in his future waking hours.

"We must make it up to her," murmured Mrs. John Henry Wall drowsily.

"John," said Mrs. Wall three days later, "I have a favor to ask—a big one."

"Fire away, my dear," her husband invited. He was experiencing the sense of well-being that filled him when he and Henrietta were alone in the evening—a condition not so frequent, he thought, as it should have been. Mrs. Patton lived just round the corner.

"You—you haven't forgotten that we're going to Atlantic City for the week-end?"

"To celebrate our anniversary? You bet I haven't."

"Well—I—I want you to take mother too."

"Wh-what?"

"It would delight her so!" urged Mrs. Patton's daughter, tactfully ignoring her husband's dropped jaw. "She simply adores Atlantic City; and to go there as our guest for three days would do her so much good. Besides, it would flatter her to be asked, and since she gave you that beautiful dressing gown I feel ——"

John Henry Wall sighed and immediately and brightly smiled. He did owe the old girl something, he inwardly conceded, for upsetting her little apple cart, and of course he must make return. But if it could have taken some other form!

"Of course we'll take her if she wants to go," he cheerfully acquiesced. "Telephone her right off if you like."

He was rewarded by Henrietta's delight. Her mother was equally enthusiastic, but there was no question that for John Henry Wall the joy of the week-end was somewhat eclipsed. In the first place Mrs. Patton had assumed a new manner—one of affection and abysmal understanding, combined with maternal authority.

"John simply adores you," Henrietta had unwisely told her; and Mrs. Patton was joyously living up to her conception of the responsibilities of her rôle.

John Henry had a robust masculine dislike to being fussed over except by the one woman whose pleasure and privilege it was to fuss over him; and even this fussing he reserved for private enjoyment. To be waited on in public by a devoted and active old lady who dropped footstools at his feet as if they were hand grenades, packed cushions behind his back as if she were stuffing a mattress, and through it all successfully conveyed the impression that she was working her way by eager service on an exacting taskmaster did not appeal to John Henry. He bore it heroically, however, at Atlantic City, and even after the return home. Under it he felt his loved independence dying. He found himself adopting his wife's peace-at-any-price attitude. Also, to his immense surprise, he eventually found a certain comfort in it. "The old girl," as he still disrespectfully and privately called his mother-in-law, was astonishingly considerate. She revealed an understanding of him which was as perfect as it was unexpected. He began to enjoy her talk—her caustic comments on events, her uncompromising directions, her clear common sense. He never learned to enjoy her proprietary manner.

"But after all," as his wife often said, "she gave you that beautiful dressing gown."

Within two months his wife presented him with a new opportunity to shine as a devoted son-in-law.

"Mother's birthday comes next week, Henry," she remarked tentatively after they had gone to bed.

Henry made an acquiescent sound, but the outpost guardian of his soul sent him a warning signal.

"Getting on toward eighty, isn't she?" he muttered.

"She'll be seventy-six. Don't you think we ought to give her something really handsome? You know that dressing gown ——"

Henry sighed and made a swift calculation. Mrs. Patton's little outing at Atlantic City

(Concluded on Page 158)

To be Waited on in Public Did Not Appeal to John Henry

JUNGLE LAUGHTER

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Two Little Figures Clung Together in the Opening—and Just at One Side a Dark Ungainly Shape!

HOW Skag was laid by the heels in the snare of his own interest in Jungle Laughter is a strange tale. It lies over against the mud wall of the English caste system in India.

It is to be understood that a civil officer of high rank in that country is a man whose word is law. His least suggestion is imperative. The usages of his household may not be questioned if one is wise.

Police Commissioner Hichens was such a man. He was stationed in Bombay and there is nothing better in appointment in all India. His responsibilities were heavy, like those of an empire. Personally he was austere; entirely unapproachable. Of his home life no one knew anything whatever, outside the very few of equal rank.

It was understood that the mother of his two small children had died more than a year before. Some indiscreet person had mooted that she was not sent home in time. Still, European women do not live long in that climate anyway; and it is common knowledge that to maintain a family requires several successive mothers.

The present Mrs. Hichens was but recently a bride. Within a few weeks of her landing Bombay fever had begun to destroy the more intangible qualities of her beauty, which could not be permitted. But it does not take long for the most exalted official to discover that Bombay fever resembles the Supreme Being in that it is no respecter of persons. It was not even so nearly convenient to send this Mrs. Hichens home as it had been to send that Mrs. Hichens home; and that had been quite out of the question.

But the Western Ghats furnish a very good barricade against Bombay fever. Devoutly inclined persons have even intimated that they were especially placed there for the convenience of men who are much attached to their homes.

Extending a thousand miles parallel with the coast, from five to forty miles inland, built mostly of pinnacles and peaks rising a few hundred or a few thousand feet from near sea level, more rugged than any mountains of their size in the world, the Western Ghats are like a section of the Himalayas in miniature. The railroad line-up has a reversing station, proclaimed far and wide to be the most splendid piece of railroad engineering on earth. That there are several more splendid in the Rocky Mountains is unimportant.

Just over the top, about seventy miles from Bombay, are Khandalla, and Lanowli, and, farther on, Poona. Poona is a military station, sometimes too far.

Lanowli is a railroad station, which means that no one lives there who is fit to associate with a police commissioner's wife.

But Khandalla is no station at all, being only a small mountain village, with three or four abandoned bungalows far apart from each other. Heaven knows who built them in the beginning; but, whoever it was, they must have done it too late, because there is a neglected grave or two near each one.

The native agents got in every good argument for the bungalows, but Police Commissioner Hichens was not persuaded. He seemed to have a constitutional antipathy to those bungalows. The truth was, the first Mrs. Hichens had died in one of them.

No; the bungalows might be safer and dryer and warmer at night; they might be cleaner and healthier and more comfortable all the time; but he wanted a tent, and he meant to put it where he wanted it.

So, at great expense of time and labor on the part of natives, but very little expenditure of money on his part, he succeeded in hoisting a tent from Bombay to the top of the Western Ghats of a size and of an age and of a strength that suggested a military mess camp.

The tent was set up in the Jungle at the edge of Khandalla. The servants would find quarters in Khandalla Village—a cook, a cook's servant boy, and a butler for the entire household; a boy for the small son; an ayah for the wee girl, and a very expensive ayah for the lady herself.

If an ayah is expensive enough she is usually a very intelligent person, thoroughly informed on most general subjects pertaining to her own country and entirely competent to impart that information. It is understood that she will always interpret the native standpoint relative to any matter under discussion. Her value as a servant may be great, but her value as an instructor will be greater.

It was necessary that each of the ayahs should be wife to one of the menservants; but it is always possible to make a temporary arrangement of that sort to accommodate the customs of a high official.

So the present Mrs. Hichens was to be established in the tent, very comfortably matted as to the floor and furnished with all necessary appointments of a satisfying quality and wealthy appearance. Men of high rank must do all things with a certain pomp and circumstance, otherwise the ignorant might sometimes forget their rank. And rank must never be allowed to be forgotten.

Police Commissioner Hichens would spend all week-ends with her; that is to say, he would leave Bombay by the first train going up after court closed on Saturday and would be obliged to take the Sunday evening train down. The two children so recently come into the care of a second mother would be occupied and entertained by their servants; and the little girl, not quite three years old, would be under the additional guardianship of a Great Dane dog, who had once belonged to her own mother.

It will be observed that the Great Dane is spoken of as a personality. He was so. He seemed to have quite fixed conclusions about the family. He ignored the servants—except Bhanah the cook, who was a servant as far out of the ordinary as the lady's own ayah. He tolerated the small boy. He approved of the new lady. He never ceased to mourn for his dead mistress—especially in the presence of the man.

He would extend his great length on the floor in a low couchant position, not too close to where the man sat, and search the strong human face with eyes more strong. Without the twitch of a muscle anywhere in his whole body he would endure the man's gaze, as long as the man chose, with a level look of cold untiring rebuke. There was no anger in it, no flash of light, no flame of passion; but it had a way of eating in.

The servants bear common witness that it is the only thing they have ever known to drive the sahib away from the delightful relaxations of his own home, which he claimed as a sanctuary from the stress and grind of his official days. But the Great Dane, Nels, had done it more than once. Afterward the sahib would sometimes take Nels on a hunting furlough.

It was the first Mrs. Hichens who took the puppy with her when she went to India with Police Commissioner Hichens; and before she died he was made to promise her, on his honor, that he would care for and protect Nels as if Nels were his own son so long as Nels should live.

There was no help for it, especially as it was quite well known among the servants that on the very day of her death she had made the sahib, with his own hands, lay the sleeping child over on the bed underneath Nels' outstretched paws; because this was done in the presence of the baby's ayah and of her own ayah also, and therefore two witnesses had heard her say:

"Nels, I am giving my baby to you. The sahib, her father, is not able to be with her much; but you are to care for my baby for me. Do you understand, my dear?" She often called Nels "My dear," with a peculiar inflection on the dear and an upward lilt of tone.

And Nels had agreed, because he pressed the little body hard and lifted up his big gray head and cried a long low cry. And the lady had laughed a little and wiped glistening tears from her death-misted face, for her baby would be—not quite alone.

So all the servants knew Nels had owned the child from that day. Now it is not a wise thing to antagonize a body of East Indian servants in matters they consider sacred; and Police Commissioner Hichens was a lawyer and a judge and a wise man.

He might fear Nels as he feared death itself, the two being equivalent in his mind; but he might not destroy Nels with his own hand nor let it be known that he had caused the great dog's death. Still, if he took Nels with him on hunting furloughs, as often as possible setting him to charge most deadly game, there was always the possibility of an accident.

To many it seemed strange that the present Mrs. Hichens, a regal young English thing, was made to live in a lonely tent well back among dense jungle growths, quite out of sight or call, away from any human habitation, with her husband's little son and little daughter and a Great Dane dog. Certainly, the servants were about during the daytime—as much out of sight as possible, according to their good teaching. But at night there were no servants about; they were all far away, at the other end of the village, because the natives who lived at this side were low caste.

And it was at night the thing developed—a slow-driving inquisition, night after night. It drove her through and beyond the deadly fever lassitude. She was not building up out of it; she was beaten down below it. She was beaten through all the successive stages of breaking nerves. She used all the known arguments, all the intellectual methods, to sustain pure courage, to hold herself immune. She used them all up.

At first, when her husband came up for his week-ends he was quite evidently pleased with his arrangement. And it would take a self-confidence that had long since gone a-glimmering out of her to break in on his enthusiasm with any criticism of his provisions for her comfort; certainly no criticism on any basis of noise. It has been said that Police Commissioner Hichens was an unapproachable man; and some things are impossible. One can die, you know, any death. But some things are entirely impossible.

The day came when she dragged her weary weight up from the couch and drove her unsteady frame along the new pathway through jungle thickets toward the village. The idea had been gnawing in her consciousness for days—to find the nearest house or hut, or any kind of place where human beings lived, so as to have it in her mind where to run when the time came. It had come to that. It went in circles through her brain; when the time came to run she positively must know where to run.

Her progress was slow and painful. When her limbs shook so she could not stand alone she leaned against a tree. She must not lie down on the ground on account of the centipedes and scorpions.

"Hello!"

Startled a little, she turned toward the voice—a man's voice, very low. It came from somewhere behind her. She broke away from her support and the fever surge caught her and whipped her from head to foot. Her balance was going. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you."

She was kept from falling by the arm of the stranger.

"No. It's the fever. I assure you it's the fever."

Now he just steadied her with one hand. The fever was filling her brain with a dull haze. . . . He was slender and not tall. He was much bronzed. She could see only his eyes and his mouth. He spoke again:

"Why are you alone in this Jungle with this kind of fever?"

The words dropped into her consciousness—even, smooth—like pebbles gently released into water.

Then the blackness of outer darkness came up between.

That was how the present Mrs. Hichens began to know Skag. He carried her back along the path, fresh-marked by her own footsteps, to the tent. Next afternoon he called to learn how she was. He had a sheaf of wild mountain lilac blooms in his hand.

"Oh, lovely! I haven't seen lilacs since I left England."

"They make me think of my mother," he said, giving the flowers into her hands.

"I should so much like to hear about your mother."

Skag had not the habit of much speaking, but he found it easy to tell this English girl about the mother who had died when he was a child. She leaned against banked pillows and watched the changes flow across his face. They were almost startling, and yet so clean, so wholesome, that she felt inwardly refreshed, as by a breath from mountain heights.

He went before sunset. After he had gone she asked her ayah to find out about who he was and whatever concerning him.

When Police Commissioner Hichens came up that week-end he was so seriously dissatisfied with the tediousness of her recovery that she had no inclination at all to tell him about having gone out from the tent on her own unsteady feet. Certainly, it would be calamitous for him to hear of her having been carried in by a perfect stranger. For which reason she called her ayah while the sahib was in his bath before dinner and said to her hurriedly:

"Ayah, will you do a thing for my sake?"

"To the shedding of my blood, Thou Shining."

"Then guard from the master that he shall not learn of my going out or of the stranger who appeared."

"He shall never learn. Never while he lives shall he learn, unless from your own lips."

"Will all the other servants help you, ayah dear?"

"It is already considered and determined among us. He shall never learn from us."

"Why are you all so good to me?"

"Because by the hand of our master, who is our father and our mother, our bodies live; but by the grace of thy soul our hearts are glad. It is better to have joy in the heart one day than to endure upon the fatness which grows out of a full stomach for ten years!"

"Oh, ayah, don't tell me things like that, because they are never to be forgotten."

"That is a great saying, O Flower of Life; a saying come down from many generations. My people have found in it much food. The most poor among us go empty many days by the strength in it. And it is known that holy men have lived long years of holy life, without any satisfaction to the body at all, dwelling in that courage by which the unutterable of suffering may be endured—entirely by the memory of one day."

The ayah's voice finished in the tone of ceremony; and she moved smoothly from the room, unconscious that she had not been dismissed.

The following evening, after the police commissioner had gone down, the ayah brought a report concerning the stranger. His name was Sanford Hantee Sahib. He was an American sahib. He did not consort with any of his own people or with Europeans. Of all human beings he had only one friend and associate, Cadman Sahib, who was a great man among men—as was well known by even the ignorant. Cadman Sahib had been heard to call him Skag; but Cadman Sahib would permit no one to call him by that title except himself. Therefore it was a sealed title, to pronounce which few were worthy. Five days before, Sanford Hantee Sahib had come by train from far in the interior—beyond the Grass Jungle country—to meet an Indian sahib of high rank, in the railroad service, at Poona. It was an appointment personal to himself; no one knew the purpose. Also, why Cadman Sahib had not come together with him was not known; unless ——

"Oh, ayah! I don't care a bit about Cadman Sahib. Will you be good enough? What about the man? Now go on."

"Most illustrious lady, the thing is an exaltation. My head is at your feet. One such as I should not approach power like his, save turning fresh from a bath."

"Ayah, dear! I am prepared."

"He has the power to control all wild animals. So great is his power that not long ago, when he and his so fortunate friend, Cadman Sahib, had both fallen into a tiger pit trap, and a mighty young tiger in his full strength had come after them, falling bodily down upon them, and being full of fright and fury had turned upon them to destroy them, beholding his master's face, the beast had become subject to him in the instant and had sat quietly before him the whole night, without moving to hurt them. What man will require more than this?"

"For heaven's sake! What a tale! But, ayah, what sort of man is he?"

"Who shall be able to know what sort of man? Is it not enough?"

"We require much more than that."

"Lady, I—who am not as you are—I have not bathed since dawn. Surely calamity will fall on me if I set my tongue to the nature of such a one."

"If he is holy, then he will be willing to help."

"The knowledge of him among men is that he is that."

"Then, ayah, I shall take the danger of calamity away from you; for I have need. Speak."

"It is known that he resembles the most high masters themselves in that he is always kind! And yet there was a strange saying that he permitted his friend, Cadman Sahib, to destroy the head of a mighty serpent, which had feasted upon the creatures and children of a Grass Jungle village. Now these things could not both be true at the same time unless he had taken a vow to protect the children of men. In that case his presence in the land was a benediction beyond the benediction of twenty years of full rains. He might even be one of the high gods, incarnated to serve Vishnu, the Great Preserver, if what they said was true—that he had been recognized by Neela Dev, the Blue God king of all the elephants—in his own place!"

"Then, ayah, fasten it all into one word."

"That he is a very great mystic. Not one of the yogis who are unclean and scrap-fed, but a true mystic—a master and an adept in one of the greatest of all powers."

"Have no fear! I alone shall carry the burden of speaking."

Since there are few more potent benedictions than "Have no fear!" the ayah withdrew in deep content.

While Skag sat in the tent next day the police commissioner's wife said to him: "I have learned that you are a wonder man."

"That is a mistake."

"Is it true that you and a friend spent the night in a pit trap with a living unchained tiger, and that he did not hurt you?"

"A part of a night—yes."

"Can you explain it on any ordinary grounds?"

"Maybe not quite ordinary. I traveled several years with a circus in America; and I learned to handle animals—especially the big cats of different sorts."

"How do you do it?"

"A man does it by first mastering the wild animals in himself. Then he must have learned never to be afraid."

"Is that all?"

(Continued on Page 161)

"The Next Call Is a Laugh—a Harsh Laugh. The Effect Is to Terrorize and Paralyze Its Prey"

Who Gets Americanized Anyway?

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHAT sort of fellow—Charlie Brent? Oh, a typical young inhabitant of the Eastern "Muster" belt. Never west or south of Philadelphia, to live. Pretty much an American of the quantity-production kind turned out by our colleges and technical schools. Trained mentally to the last ounce for his special work—conscientious, progressive, idealistic about his own job close at hand, and about big human issues like the League of Nations. Comfortable American home in an American suburb, little American wife, couple of American children, rising salary, growing ability, something put thriftily aside for emergencies and the falling curve of life. But decidedly overspecialized, too close an office life since college, hardly any experience roughing it with people as they are pitchforked into the world.

When the startled city woke up to the fact that a real soviet on Russian lines was being organized down on its East Side, Charlie Brent's employer was one of the business leaders who undertook to do something about it.

What they undertook to do went under the broad term of Americanization at first, and they started with a survey. Social workers investigated the East Side, with its fifty-seven nationalities. They visited factories, political leaders, priests, disentangled local groups, enumerated the Russians, the Italians, the Czechoslovaks, the Poles. They ascertained how many could speak English, how many read or wrote it, how many could not, how many were American citizens or wished to be.

Learning to Teach English

THEN they began bringing together little groups to learn English, and here is where Charlie Brent got into the game. There was a call for volunteers to teach. Charlie's boss held a conference of department heads and put the proposition before them as it had been put to him. A few Americans were wanted to go down on the East Side one or two nights each week, take a class of foreign-born men, mostly laborers, and drill them in English. At the outset probably such a class would not include anyone who could speak English at all, and certainly nobody with a vocabulary of more than a hundred words, and those mostly slang and swear words. Skill in teaching was not required, because any intelligent volunteer could be shown how in two or three lessons.

It was rather a queer proposition, the boss admitted—didn't have time to take it up himself. But obviously unless something was done about this Americanization problem nobody could tell how far Bolshevism might go.

Charlie volunteered, and was told to report to a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. He began by sitting in a class himself, and learning to teach English according to the method developed by Dr. Peter Roberts. This involved little strain upon the intellect. After three lessons Charlie Brent was ready to step before a class of Italians, Poles or Russians speaking not a word of English, and begin Americanizing, though he did not know a single word of his pupils' own language.

One night his own teacher took him down to a Polish church and started him in with a class of men whose ages ran from twenty to sixty, showed him how to take hold, and then left him, saying that this was his class now, and that he would teach two nights a week, and get along all right.

Whereupon Charlie Brent began Americanizing—himself.

The first lesson was a leaflet printed in primer type, with something more than a dozen simple English phrases under the heading Getting Up in the Morning. His Poles sat before him, husky chaps, crowded in the children's seats, shy but attentive, with nothing whatever in the way of lesson papers to bother them. Charlie had the only lesson paper, and his job was to repeat the phrases and illustrate them by motions and with various objects, and by squares and circles on the blackboard.

Dr. Peter Roberts originated this system of teaching English about ten years ago, and the national Y plunged upon it with a first investment of twenty-eight dollars to print one thousand lesson leaflets, and tried it out in night classes. It proved so successful and popular that it is now expanded in a series of pamphlets, beginning with simple English and extending to reading courses and civics, to prepare people of foreign birth for naturalization. When war demonstrated the need for Americanization, first in the Army and later industrially, the Roberts method was found to be about the most practical and quickest system of its kind.

It follows simple principles. The ear rather than the eye is the organ of language. We learned to talk our own language by hearing it spoken as children before seeing printed words. The book French you learned at school does well enough for reading, but no Frenchman understands when you speak it, and your untrained ear does not comprehend his speech. Then, the lessons deal with common everyday English that men can use in their everyday affairs—going to work, telling time, eating their meals. Each sentence suggests the next sentence, and bears on the lesson theme. Each sentence teaches at least one new word and shows how to link it up in everyday speech for everyday purposes. Each sentence is chosen with a view to being acted out by the teacher, with motions and stage properties, like cups and spoons, so that while the pupil hears the words and learns to pronounce them he sees the action or the object.

"I awake from sleep," began Charlie, reading the first sentence.

"Oy avake from sleep!"

"Oy avake from szleep!"

"Aw avoik I'm schlup!"

"I awoik frun szszszle-e-e-ep!"

Promptly the class barked back the first sentence as Charlie illustrated it by stretching his arms. He repeated it again and again; and with hearing and repetition the chorus, with its odd foreign vowels and sibilants, began to blend into something approximately like his own pronunciation.

"Very good," he said, encouraging them. "Now one by one—you say it!" he said, pointing to one of the class. "What is your name?"

And then he got a lesson himself.

"Tadeusz Szwajkartsko," was the answer.

It sounded even more obscure than it looks. In the foundry where he works Tadeusz Szwajkartsko was nicknamed "Tom McCarty" by a timekeeper, and for all industrial purposes is classified as Number 6938. The awkward-looking "deusz's and szwaj's" became in his speech much more pleasant than they look—but baffling both to the teacher's ear and to his voice.

"I am going to learn to call these fellows correctly by their names," declared Charlie to himself, and stopped right there to take his little Polish lesson, repeating the name until he had it approximately. Nothing could have been finer than the courtesy of that class while the teacher stumbled over its own native language. Charlie demonstrated that he was not a know-it-all.

"Now, Tadeusz Szwajkartsko, you say 'I awake from sleep.'" And he drilled him several times, and then went on to the next pupil.

"I open my eyes."

"I look for my watch."

"I find my watch."

"I see what time it is."

"It is six o'clock."

At the end of that lesson the class was fairly familiar with two dozen English words for everyday things. It had learned by listening and watching. As Charlie said "I find my watch," he took out the timepiece and held it up and pointed to six o'clock. Washing one's face, combing one's hair and putting on garments were all illustrated. Then this whole lesson was shown in print on a large chart, and each sentence gone over until repetition tied the word to the action, and the printed words began to be familiar.

A Lesson in Table Talk

WHEN he saw how pantomime helped things along Charlie came to the next lesson lugging a suitcase packed with stuff from home, to illustrate a table lesson. This session dealt with words like table, chair, tablecloth, napkin, plate, knife, fork, spoon, cup, saucer, salt, pepper. He set the table before his class and had them illustrate by acting out a pantomime breakfast. "I take a chair the knife is steel—the spoon is on the table—the cup and saucer are made of china."

"What does Tadeusz take?"

"A chair," shouted the class.

"What is made of steel?"

"The knife, the fork!"

"And the cup is made of—what?"

"China," came back the chorus.

One evening while this work was still new to him Charlie left the office thoroughly tired out, and especially "fed up on people." He would have given a day's salary to skip his class that night and go home, where nobody could ask him another question. But he bucked up to the volunteer teaching job and took the trolley down to the Polish church. It was raining and the East Side looked especially drab and drippy. There was a larger class than usual that night. Others had heard about it, and some of the first pupils were already parading their English after a half dozen lessons. Charlie unpacked his stage properties and went to work.

Then something unexpected happened.

The interest and good will of the class stimulated him like a tonic. Within five minutes he felt thoroughly

(Continued on Page 32)

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

George Leaped From His Rail Like a Hunted Grasshopper, and Swung Himself Out

YOUR true golfer is a man who, knowing that life is short and perfection hard to attain, neglects no opportunity of practicing his chosen sport, allowing neither wind nor weather nor any external influence to keep him from it. There is a story, with an excellent moral lesson, of a golfer whose wife had determined to leave him forever. "Will nothing alter your decision?" he says. "Will nothing induce you to stay? Well, then, while you're packing I think I'll go out on the lawn and rub up my putting a bit."

George Bevan was of this turn of mind. He might be in love; Romance might have sealed him for her own; but that was no reason for blinding himself to the fact that his long game was bound to suffer if he neglected to keep himself up to the mark. His first act on arriving at Belpher Village had been to ascertain whether there was a links in the neighborhood; and thither, on the morning after his visit to the castle and the delivery of the two notes, he repaired.

At the hour of the day which he had selected the clubhouse was empty and he had just resigned himself to a solitary game when, with a whirr and a rattle, a gray racing-car drove up and from it emerged the same long young man whom, a couple of days earlier, he had seen wriggle out from underneath the same machine. It was Reggie Byng's habit, also, not to allow anything, even love, to interfere with golf; and not even the prospect of hanging about the castle grounds in the hope of catching a glimpse of Alice Faraday and exchanging timorous words with her had been enough to keep him from the links.

Reggie surveyed George with a friendly eye. He had a dim recollection of having seen him before somewhere at some time or other, and Reggie had the pleasing disposition which caused him to rank anybody whom he had seen somewhere at some time or other as a bosom friend.

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!" he observed.

"Good morning," said George.

"Waiting for somebody?"

"No."

"How about it, then? Shall we stagger forth?"

"Delighted."

George found himself speculating upon Reggie. He was unable to place him. That he was a friend of Maud he knew, and guessed that he was also a resident of the castle. He would have liked to question Reggie, to probe him, to collect from him inside information as to the progress of events within the castle walls, but it is a peculiarity of golf, as of love, that it temporarily changes the natures of its victims; and Reggie, a confirmed babbler off the links, became while in action a stern, silent, intent person, his whole being centered on the game. With the exception of a casual remark of a technical nature when he met George on the various tees and an occasional expletive when things went wrong with his ball, he eschewed conversation. It was not till the end of the round that he became himself again.

"If I'd known you were such hot stuff," he declared as George holed his eighteenth putt from a distance of ten feet, "I'd have got you to give me a stroke or two."

"I was on my game to-day," said George modestly. "Sometimes I slice as if I were cutting bread and can't putt to hit a haystack."

"Let me know when one of those times comes along, and I'll take you on again. I don't know when I've seen anything fruitier than the way you got out of the bunker at the fifteenth. It reminded me of a match I saw between . . . " Reggie became technical. At the end of his observations he climbed into the gray car.

"Can I drop you anywhere?"

"Thanks," said George, "if it's not taking you out of your way."

"I'm staying at Belpher Castle."

"I live quite near there. Perhaps you'd care to come in and have a drink on your way?"

"A ripe scheme!" agreed Reggie. Ten minutes in the gray car ate up the distance between the links and George's cottage. Reggie Byng passed these minutes, in the intervals of eluding carts and foiling the apparently suicidal intentions of some stray fowls, in jerky conversation on the subject of his iron-shots, with which he expressed a deep dissatisfaction.

"Topping little place! Absolutely!" was the verdict he pronounced on the exterior of the cottage, as he followed George in. "I've often thought it would be a rather sound scheme to settle down in this sort of shanty and keep chickens and grow a honey-colored beard and have soup and jelly brought to you by the vicar's wife, and so forth. Nothing to worry you then! Do you live all alone here?"

George was busy squirting seltzer into his guest's glass.

"Yes. Mrs. Platt comes in and cooks for me—the farmer's wife next door."

An exclamation from the other caused him to look up. Reggie Byng was staring at him, wide-eyed.

"Great Scott—Mrs. Platt! Then you're the chappie!"

George found himself unequal to the intellectual pressure of the conversation.

"The chappie?"

"The chappie there's all the row about. The mater was just telling me that you lived here."

"Is there a row about me?"

"Is there what!" Reggie's manner became solicitous. "I say, my dear old sportsman, I don't want to be the bearer of bad tidings and what not, if you know what I mean, but didn't you know there was a certain amount of angry passions rising and so forth because of you? At the castle, I mean? I don't want to seem to be discussing your private affairs, and all that sort of thing, but what I mean is—well, you don't expect you can come charging in the way you have without touching the family on the raw a bit. The daughter of the house falls in love with you; the son of the house languishes in chokey because he has a row with you in Piccadilly; and on top of all that you come here and camp out at the castle gates! Naturally the family are a bit peeved! Only natural, eh? I mean to say, what?"

George listened to this address in bewilderment. Maud in love with him! It sounded incredible. That he should love her after their one meeting was a different thing altogether. That was perfectly natural and in order. But that he should have had the incredible luck to win her affection—the thing struck him as grotesque and ridiculous.

"In love with me?" he cried. "What on earth do you mean?"

Reggie's bewilderment equaled his own.

"Well, dash it all, old top, it surely isn't news to you? She must have told you. Why, she told me!"

"Told you? Am I going mad?"

"Absolutely! I mean, absolutely not! Look here." Reggie hesitated. The subject was delicate. But, once started, it might as well be proceeded with to some conclusion. A fellow couldn't go on talking about his iron-shots after this, just as if nothing had happened. This was a time for the laying down of cards, the opening of hearts. "I say, you know," he went on, feeling his way, "you'll probably think it deuced rummy of me talking like this—perfect stranger and what not—don't even know each other's names."

"Mine's Bevan, if that'll be any help."

"Thanks very much, old chap. Great help! Mine's Byng. Reggie Byng. Well, as we're all pals here and the meeting's tiled and so forth, I'll start by saying that the mater is most deucedly set on my marrying Lady Maud. Been pals all our lives, you know. Children together, and all that sort of rot. Now there's nobody I think a more corking sportsman than Maud, if you know what I mean, but—this is where the catch comes in—I'm most frightfully in love with somebody else. Hopeless, and all that sort of thing, but still there it is. And all the while the mater behind me with a bradawl, sicking me on to propose to Maud, who wouldn't have me if I were the only fellow on earth. You can't imagine, my dear old chap, what a relief it was to both of us when she told me the other day that she was in love with you and wouldn't dream of looking at anybody else. I tell you I went singing about the place!"

George felt inclined to imitate his excellent example. A burst of song was the only adequate expression of the mood of heavenly happiness which this young man's revelations had brought upon him. The whole world seemed different. Wings seemed to sprout from Reggie's shapely shoulders. The air was filled with soft music. Even the wall paper seemed moderately attractive.

He mixed himself a second highball. It was the next best thing to singing.

"I see," he said. It was difficult to say anything. Reggie was regarding him enviously.

"I wish I knew how the deuce fellows set about making a girl fall in love with them. Other chappies seem to do it, but I can't even start. She seems to sort of gaze through me, don't you know. She kind of looks at me as if I were more to be pitied than censured, but as if she thought I

really ought to do something about it. Of course she's a devilish brainy girl and I'm a fearful chump. Makes it kind of hopeless, what?"

George, in his new-born happiness, found a pleasure in encouraging a less lucky mortal.

"Not a bit. You ought to——"

"Yes?" said Reggie eagerly.

George shook his head.

"No, I don't know," he said.

"Nor do I, dash it!" said Reggie.

George pondered.

"It seems to me it's purely a question of luck. Either you're lucky or you're not. Look at me, for instance. What is there about me to make a wonderful girl love me?"

"Nothing! I see what you mean. At least, what I mean to say is ——"

"No. You were right the first time. It's all a question of luck. There's nothing anyone can do."

"I hang about a good deal and get in her way," said Reggie. "She's always tripping over me. I thought that might help a bit."

"It might, of course."

"But, on the other hand, when we do meet I can't think of anything to say."

"That's bad."

"Deuced funny thing. I'm not what you'd call a silent sort of chappie by nature. But when I'm with her—I don't know. It's rum!" He drained his glass and rose. "Well, I suppose I may as well be staggering. Don't get up. Have another game one of these days, what?"

"Splendid. Any time you like."

"Well, so long."

"Good-by."

George gave himself up to glowing thoughts. For the first time in his life he seemed to be vividly aware of his own existence. It was as if he were some newly created thing. Everything around him and everything he did had taken on a strange and novel interest. He seemed to notice the ticking of the clock for the first time. When he raised his glass the action had a curious air of newness. All his senses were oddly alert. He could even ——

"How would it be," inquired Reggie, appearing in the doorway like part of a conjuring trick, "if I gave her a flower or two every now and then? Just thought of it as I was starting the car. She's fond of flowers."

"Fine!" said George heartily. He had not heard a word. The alertness of sense which had come to him was accompanied by a strange inability to attend to other people's speech. This would no doubt pass, but meanwhile it made him a poor listener.

"Well, it's worth trying," said Reggie. "I'll give it a whirl. Toodleoo!"

"Good-by."

"Pip-pip!"

Reggie withdrew, and presently came the noise of the car starting. George returned to his thoughts.

Time, as we understand it, ceases to exist for a man in such circumstances. Whether it was a minute later or several hours, George did not know; but presently he was aware of a small boy standing beside him, a golden-haired boy with blue eyes, who wore the uniform of a page. He came out of his trance. This, he recognized, was the boy to whom he had given the note for Maud. He was different from any other intruder. He meant something in George's scheme of things.

"'Ullo!" said the youth.

"Hullo Alphonso!" said George.

"My name's not Alphonso."

"Well, you be very careful or it soon may be."

"Got a note for yer from Lidy Mord."

"You'll find some cake and ginger ale in the kitchen," said the grateful George. "Give it a trial."

"Not 'arf!" said the stripling.

XI

GEORGE opened the letter with trembling and reverent fingers.

Dear Mr. Besan: Thank you ever so much for your note, which Albert gave to me. How very, very kind ——

"Hey, mister!"

George looked up testily. The boy Albert had reappeared.

"What's the matter? Can't you find the cake?"

"I've found the kike," rejoined Albert, adducing proof of the statement in the shape of a massive slice, from which he took a substantial bite to assist thought. "But I can't find the ginger ile."

George waved him away. This interruption at such a moment was annoying.

"Look for it, child, look for it! Sniff for it! Bay on its trail! It's somewhere about."

"'Wri'!" mumbled Albert through the cake. He flicked a crumb off his cheek with a tongue which would have excited the interest of an anteater. "I like ginger ile."

"Well, go and bathe in it."

"'Wri'!"

"This," Said Plummer Somberly, Gazing Over the Rail Into the Darkness, "Is the Place Where That Fellow What's-His-Name Jumped Off in the Reign of Thingummy, Isn't It?"

George returned to his letter.

Dear Mr. Besan: Thank you ever so much for your note, which Albert gave me. How very, very kind of you to come here like this——

"Hey, mister!"

"Good heavens!" George glared. "What's the matter now? Haven't you found that ginger ale yet?"

"I've found the ginger ile right enough, but I can't find the thing."

"The thing? What thing?"

"The thing. The thing wot you open ginger ile with."

"Oh, you mean the thing? It's in the middle drawer of the dresser. Use your eyes, my boy!"

"'Wri'!"

George gave an overwrought sigh and began the letter again.

Dear Mr. Besan: Thank you ever so much for your note, which Albert gave me. How very, very kind of you to come here like this and to say that you would help me. And how clever of you to find me after I was so secretive that day in the cab! You really can help me, if you are willing. It's too long to explain in a note, but I am in great trouble, and there is nobody except you to help me. I will explain everything when I see you. The difficulty will be to slip away from home. They are watching me every moment, I'm afraid. But I will try my hardest to see you very soon. Yours sincerely,

MAUD MARSH.

Just for a moment, it must be confessed, the tone of the letter a little damped George. He could not have said just what he had expected, but certainly Reggie's revelations had prepared him for something rather warmer, something more in the style in which a girl would write to the man she loved. The next moment, however, he saw how foolish any such expectation had been. How on earth could any reasonable man expect a girl to let herself go at this stage of the proceedings? It was for him to make the first move. Naturally she wasn't going to reveal her feelings until he had revealed his. George raised the letter to his lips and kissed it vigorously.

"Hey, mister!"

George started guiltily. The blush of shame overspread his cheeks. The room seemed to echo with the sound of that fatuous kiss.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty!" he called, snapping his fingers and repeating the incriminating noise. "I was just calling my cat," he explained with dignity. "You didn't see her in there, did you?"

Albert's blue eyes met his in a derisive stare. The lid of the left one fluttered. It was but too plain that Albert was not convinced.

"A little black cat with a white shirt front," babbled George perseveringly. "She's usually either here or there or—or somewhere. Kitty! kitty! kitty!"

The cupid's bow of Albert's mouth parted. He uttered one word:

"Swank!"

There was a tense silence. What Albert was thinking one cannot say. The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. What George was thinking was that the late King Herod had been unjustly blamed for a policy which had been both statesmanlike and in the interests of the public. He was blaming the mawkish sentimentality of the modern legal system which ranks the evisceration and secret burial of small boys as a crime.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"I've a good mind to ——"

Albert waved a deprecating hand.

"It's all right, mister. I'm yer friend."

"You are, are you? Well, don't let it get about. I've got a reputation to keep up."

"I'm yer friend, I tell you. I can help yer. I want to help yer!"

George's views on infanticide underwent a slight modification. After all, he felt, much must be excused to youth. Youth thinks it funny to see a man kissing a letter. It is not funny, of course, it is beautiful; but it's no good arguing the point. Let youth have its snigger, provided, after it has finished sniggering, it intends to buckle to and be of practical assistance. Albert, as an ally, was not to be despised. George did not know what Albert's duties as a page boy were, but they seemed to be of a nature that gave him plenty of leisure and freedom; and a friendly resident of the castle with leisure and freedom was just what he needed.

"That's very good of you," he said, twisting his reluctant features into a smile.

"I can 'elp!" persisted Albert. "Got a cigaroot?"

"Do you smoke, child?"

"When I get 'old of a cigaroot I do."

"I'm sorry I can't oblige you. I don't smoke cigarettes."

"Then I'll 'ave to 'ave one of my own," said Albert moodily.

He reached into the mysteries of his pocket and produced a piece of string, a knife, the wishbone of a fowl, two marbles, a crushed cigarette and a match. Replacing the string, the knife, the wishbone and the marbles he ignited the match against the tightest part of his person and lit the cigarette.

"I can 'elp yer. I know the ropes."

"And smoke them," said George, wincing.

"Pardon?"

"Nothing."

Albert took an enjoyable whiff.

"I know all about yer."

"You do?"

"You and Lidy Mord."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"I was listening at the key'ole while the row was goin' on."

"There was a row, was there?"

A faint smile of retrospective enjoyment lit up Albert's face.

"An orful row! Shoutin' and yellin' and cussin' all over the shop. About you and Lidy Mord."

"And you drank it in, eh?"

"Pardon?"

"I say, you listened?"

"Not 'arf, I listened! Seein' I'd just drawn you in the sweepstike, of course I listened—not 'arf!"

George did not follow him here.

"The sweepstike? What's a sweepstike?"

"Why, a thing you put names in 'ats and draw 'em, and the one that gets the winning name wins the money."

"Oh, you mean a sweepstake!"

"That's wot I said—a sweepstike."

George was still puzzled.

"But I don't understand. How do you mean you drew me in a sweepstike—I mean a sweepstake? What sweepstake?"

"Down in the servants' 'all. Keggs, the butler, started it. I 'eard 'im say he always 'ad one every place 'e was in

as a butler—leastways, whenever there was any dorters of the 'ouse. There's always a chance, when there's a 'ouse-party, of one of the dorters of the 'ouse gettin' married to one of the gents in the party, so Keggs 'e puts all of the gents' names in an 'at, and you pay five shillings for a chance, and the one that draws the winning name gets the money. And if the dorter of the 'ouse don't get married that time, the money's put away and added to the pool for the next 'ouse party."

George gasped. This revelation of life below stairs in the stately homes of England took his breath away. Then astonishment gave way to indignation.

"Do you mean to tell me that you—you worms made Lady Maud the—the prize of a sweepstake!"

Albert was hurt.

"Who're you calling worms?"

George perceived the need of diplomacy. After all much depended on this child's good will.

"I was referring to the butler—what's his name—Keggs."

"'E ain't a worm, e's a serpint." Albert drew at his cigarette. His brow darkened!, "'E does the drawing, Keggs does, and I'd like to know 'ow it is 'e always manages to cop the fav'rit!"

Albert chuckled. "But this time I done him proper. 'E didn't want me in the thing at all—said I was too young. Tried to do the drawin' without me. 'Clip that boy one side of the 'ead!' 'e says, 'and turn 'im out!' 'e says. I says, 'Yus, you will!' I says. 'And wot price me goin' to 'is lordship and blowing the gaff?' I says. 'E says, 'Oh, orl right!' 'e says. "'Ave it yer own way!' 'e says. 'Where's yer five shillings?' 'e says. "'Ere you are!' I says. 'Oh, very well,' 'e says. 'But you'll 'ave to draw last,' 'e says, 'bein' the youngest.' Well, they started drawing the names, and of course Keggs 'as to draw Mr. Byng ——"

"Oh, he drew Mr. Byng, did he?"

"Yus. And everyone knew Reggie was the fav'rit. Smiled all over his fat face, the old serpint did! and when it come to my turn, 'e says to me; 'Sorry, Elbert!' 'e says, 'but there ain't no more names. They've give out!' 'Oh, they 'ave, 'ave they?' I says. 'Well, wot's the matter with giving a fellow a sporting chance?' I says. "'Ow do you mean?' 'e says. 'Why, write me out a ticket marked "Mr. X.",' I says. 'Then if 'er lidyship marries anyone not in the 'ouse party, I cop!' 'Orl right,' 'e says, 'but you know the conditions of this 'ere sweep. Nothin' don't count, only wot tikes plice during the two weeks of the 'ouse party,' 'e says. 'Orl right,' I says. 'Write me ticket. It's a fair sportin' venture.' So 'e writes me out me ticket, with 'Mr X.' on it, and I says to them all, I say, 'I'd like to 'ave witnesses,' I says, 'to this 'ere thing. Do all you gents agree that if anyone not in the 'ouse party, and whose name ain't on one of the other tickets, marries 'er lidyship, I get the pool?' I says. They all says that's right, and then I says to 'em all straight out, I says, 'I 'appen to know,' I says, 'that 'er lidyship is in love with a gent that's not in the party at all—an American gent,' I says. They wouldn't believe it at first but, when Keggs 'ad put two and two together and thought of one or two things that 'ad 'appened, 'e turned as white as a sheet and said it was a swindle and wanted the drawin' done over again, but the others say 'No,' they says, 'it's quite fair,' they says, and one of 'em offered me ten bob slap out for my ticket. But I stuck to it, I did.

"And that," concluded Albert, throwing the cigarette into the fireplace just in time to prevent a scorched finger—"that's why I'm going to 'elp yer!"

There is probably no attitude of mind harder for the average man to maintain than that of aloof disapproval. George was an average man, and during the degrading recital just concluded he had found himself slipping. At first he had been revolted, then, in spite of himself, amused, and now, when all the facts were before him, he could induce his mind to think of nothing else than his good fortune in securing as an ally one who appeared to combine a precocious intelligence with a helpful lack of scruple. War is war and love is love, and in each the practical man inclines to demand from his fellow workers the punch rather than a lofty soul. A page boy replete with the finer feelings would have been useless in this crisis. Albert, who seemed on the evidence of a short but sufficient acquaintance to be a lad who would not recognize the finer feelings if they were handed to him on a plate with watercress round them, promised to be invaluable. Something in his manner told George that the child was bursting with schemes for his benefit.

"Have some more cake, Albert," he said ingratiatingly. The boy shook his head.

"Do," urged George. "Just a little slice."

"There ain't no little slice," replied Albert with regret. "I've ate it all." He sighed and resumed: "I gotta scheme!"

"Fine! What is it?"

Albert knitted his brows.

"It's like this: You want to see 'er lidyship, but you can't come to the castle and she can't come to you, not with 'er fat brother doggin' of 'er footsteps. That's it, ain't it? Or am I a liar?"

George hastened to reassure him.

"That is exactly it. What's the answer?"

"I'll tell yer wot you can do. There's the big ball to-night 'cos of its bein' 'Is Nibs' coming of age to-morrow. All the county'll be 'ere ——"

"You think I could slip in and be taken for a guest?"

Albert snorted contempt.

"No, I don't think nothin' of the kind, not bein' a fat-head." George apologized. "But wot you could do's this. I 'eard Keggs torkin' to the 'ousekeeper about 'avin' to get in a lot of temp'y waiters to 'elp out for the night."

George reached forward and patted Albert on the head.

"Don't muss my 'air now," warned that youth coldly.

"Albert, you're one of the great thinkers of the age. I could get into the castle as a waiter, and you could tell Lady Maud I was there, and we could arrange a meeting. Machiavelli couldn't have thought of anything smoother."

"Mac who?"

"One of your ancestors. Great schemer in his day. But one moment."

"Now what?"

"How am I to get engaged? How do I get the job?"

"That's orl right. I'll tell the 'ousekeeper you're my cousin, been a waiter in America at the best restaurongs 'ome for a 'oliday, but'll come in for one night to oblige. They'll pay yer a quid."

"I'll hand it over to you."

"Just," said Albert approvingly, "wot I was goin' to suggest meself."

"Then I'll leave all the arrangements to you."

"You'd better, if you don't want to mike a mess of everything. All you've got to do is to come to the servants' entrance at eight sharp to-night and say you're my cousin."

"That's an awful thing to ask anyone to say."

"Pardon?"

"Nothing!"

XII

THE great ball in honor of Lord Belpher's coming of age was at its height. The reporter of the Belpher Intelligencer and Farmers' Guide, who was present in his official capacity and had been allowed by butler Keggs to take a peep at the scene through a side door, justly observed in his account of the proceedings next day that the "*tout ensemble* was fairylike," and described the company

(Continued on Page 116)

"'I 'appen to Know,' I Says, 'That 'er Lidyship is in Love With a Gent That's Not in the Party at All—an American Gent,' I Says"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 31, 1919

Boy Scout Week

THE second week in June is to be Boy Scout Week—partly for the following reasons:

Three hundred and seventy-eight thousand boys are now enrolled in the organization and nearly a hundred thousand older, assisting persons, of whom only two hundred and fifty are paid in money, the remainder taking their pay in satisfaction. In four Liberty Loan campaigns the boys took nearly two million subscriptions for a total of two hundred and seventy-eight million dollars. Their sales of War Savings Stamps exceed two million in number and fifty million dollars in money. As a war work they located twenty million board feet of standing walnut, collected a hundred carloads of fruit pits, made twelve thousand war gardens ——

But we are not going to copy the whole page. They did their share. Their activities were decidedly valuable to the nation as a direct aid in winning the war. Wherefore the nation is invited to turn its attention intensively to the Boy Scouts for the second week in June. For that week the thing is to make the boys feel that the nation is aware of them, proud of them, and acknowledges that they bore their creditable part in winning the war.

But these activities were also incalculably valuable to the nation as sound and liberal education of the boys themselves. They linked those boys up intimately with the great exigent business of the adult world and made them an intimate part of it.

Boys who sold Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps saw the wheels go round, not in a textbook, schoolroom model, but in the real machine.

The Boy Scouts is one of the best educational inventions we know of, and well worth the attention of the nation for fifty-two weeks in a year. After this celebration the thing is to sustain a stimulating interest in a wholesome, formative enterprise that is not military or sectarian or political, but just normal boy, with his abounding energies sluiced along ways that they naturally want to go and ought to go.

The Old Game

CONGRESSMAN MANN, of Illinois, is perfectly able, we understand, to buy such steer flesh and horseflesh as his fancy may dictate; but in a good-natured moment he permitted Swift & Co. to enrich him with a beefsteak—which was of no more intrinsic importance than the color of the necktie Mr. Mann happened to be wearing that day. But in the game of politics it counted as an error against him. So when the Republican caucus came to choose a speaker it sternly sacrificed Mr. Mann in favor of Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts. And having performed that sacrificial act out in the open for the edification of the public the caucus modestly retired to the wings and mostly handed the organization of the House over to Mr. Mann and his followers—as Congressman Longworth and various other insurgents indignantly point out.

Which is a straw that shows how the congressional wind is trying to blow. By sticking to the seniority rule in appointing committee chairmen, by retaining all the useless old committees, by this little Mann incident and by other signs, a majority of the Republican membership seems minded to play the sordid old game. Probably that majority knows what happened in Taft's administration—the old game and an ever-growing insurgency until finally the party was split wide open.

We beg them to sit down and ponder that precedent while there is yet time.

There are two conflicting ideas about the duty of a congressman: One is to make Congress as serviceable as possible to the nation -with budget reform, modernized procedure, the ablest men put in places of power. The other is to make Congress as serviceable as possible to the men who compose it and to the organization of the dominant party—with pork, patronage, unlimited senatorial debate, seniority, a sticking for prestige at every point, as many jobs to be filled as possible. The two ideas are hostile and mutually exclusive. There is going to be a show-down and the former idea is going to prevail. If the Republican majority does not believe that, it is coming in for another painful experience. Never had a party majority a better opportunity to create enduring good will. Watch this new Congress carefully. You can soon tell whether it is trying to make good or not.

Dissecting the Dragon

"SO HE went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales, like a fish . . . he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion."

That is in the old Pilgrim's Progress. But there is a new and more or less popular romance in which you meet with a monster like that on every other page. The authors of the current work of fiction do not call their fiend Apollyon. They call him Bourgeois Profiteer. Taking anybody at all who has made a great deal of money, by a few practiced strokes of the pen they fit him out with a scaly tail, bat wings, horns and the well-known red-fire effect as used in the opera of Siegfried, thereby making him into a horrendous beast at which their own hair stands on end week in and week out.

The other day there died in New York a man who possessed all the necessary qualifications for dragonship because he had committed the dreadful crime of amassing a fortune of thirty or more million dollars. For the purposes of shilling-shocker economics he thereby became the modern Apollyon, vomiting fiery darts and crunching dead men's bones. Fortunately we are able to put this particular example of the monster on the dissecting table and see of what he was really made.

The obituary notices say he was born on a farm, with no advantage of money or position, and received rather slight formal education. As a youth he went to work in a village store at a dollar a week and he followed that humble vocation for several years. In time he was struck by the notion that a store devoted exclusively to selling articles for five and ten cents would prove popular, and presently he succeeded in borrowing three hundred dollars with which to put this idea into practice. The experiment soon failed and the borrowed capital was lost. But he still believed the idea was sound, and after a while scraped together another meager handful of dollars, with which he tried again—and made a great fortune.

He had no monopoly of anything, but operated from first to last in a field wide open to competition. Indeed, he had many vigorous and able competitors. Hardly any of the innumerable articles he sold could be called a necessity of life. Nobody was under the slightest compulsion to buy a penny's worth of goods of him. Millions did buy simply because they wanted to and found it to their advantage. By this special method of handling a certain line of goods he gave them a better penny's worth than they had got before or they would not have flocked to him. No sane mind can avoid that conclusion. His patrons must have profited while he profited or he could not have held them a day.

By socialist logic—and the logic of those who teach socialism without admitting it—somebody must have been poorer because this man was finally thirty million dollars richer. But who, in fact, was poorer? He invented or developed a new contact between production and consumption; made it easier, for example, to get clothespins and mouse traps. The natural presumption is that the effect of his operations was to raise wages by creating new demands for labor, and at the same time to cheapen goods to the consumer.

His motive in undertaking the operations was profit—and in the eyes of Professor Lenine and his American sympathizers that damns the whole enterprise. The sin consists in the profit, irrespective of the effect of the operations upon other people.

Many thousands of persons, first and last, are now engaged in making and selling boxes containing a mechanism which will reproduce any given sound. A plumber covets one of those boxes, pays a few dollars for it, carries it home and causes it to reproduce some songs as rendered by popular performers of musical comedy. That tickles the plumber and his family; but if we were able to view human life from the lofty height to which a gas bag can so easily attain, we should no doubt say the plumber's jingling box was a foolish affair and that he would better spend his spare time and money in some other way.

Just because that box can be made and sold at a profit many thousands of people are engaged in making and selling it, and many hundreds of thousands think it worth the money they pay for it. If things are not to be made and sold for a profit but only for their real usefulness there must obviously be somewhere a court, or various courts—presumably composed of three very practical politicians and three very impractical college professors—to sit in judgment and say what things are sufficiently useful to warrant their being made, and what are not. Probably the court would condemn the plumber's box, and a thousand other things that are now made simply because people are willing to pay for them, and out of that willingness arises the opportunity for profit, which is all that is necessary, under this benighted régime, to start the wheels turning. To cut off that simple but effectual motive for production and distribution is to embark on an uncharted sea with a compass that points in all directions at once in order to insure perfect equality.

It is true that under Professor Lenine's régime no plumber is at a loss to know what to buy with a few spare dollars, for no plumber has a few spare dollars. The only surplus, individually or collectively, consists of fool ideas, one of the foolest of them being that there is something inherently wrong in a profit.

It was in the Valley of Humiliation that Christian met Apollyon. If he had met, instead, a fellow countryman with a vacant smile who urged him to throw away his good American clothes and smear himself with red ink the valley might have been even deeper.

A Reminiscence

FROM a letter lately to hand we take the liberty of quoting this much:

I went to Leadville in '79 and was a miner for many years before going into another line, so I think I am competent to look at this social question fairly and without prejudice from both sides. In the old days among the "old boys" the doctrine of discontent was unknown. We heard nothing about social classes, for the prospector of to-day might be the mine owner of to-morrow and the mine owner of to-day might be following a jack loaded with all his earthly possessions to-morrow. And there were no soap-box orators to tell us we were "wage slaves." Last summer I went out into the hills and over the old trails. I found everything changed. Men were receiving three times the wages we received in the old days, yet the doctrine of discontent and class hatred was preached everywhere. The fellowship I had known in another generation between employers and employees had passed away. Everywhere I went there was talk of the "proletariat." Sometimes they didn't know whether "proletariat" was a new brand of liquor or a symptom of the flu. They only knew it was a good mouthful of a word.

What mainly caused the change which our correspondent here pictures? Perhaps you will say: "The passing of free, equal opportunity; no miner to-day hopes to become a mine owner to-morrow." Yet we affirm that never, not even in Leadville in '79, were there greater opportunities for material success than there are to-day. We affirm that the record of those who have got themselves into the Who's Who of material success in the last five years or ten years or twenty years will prove it. By far the greater part of them started, figuratively speaking, as mere miners. And men who are starting as mere miners to-day will fill most of the Who's Who of material success twenty years hence. Very few of those miners of '79 did actually become owners of valuable mines. Probably ninety-nine per cent of them got not only two-thirds less money but less comfort and luxury than the miners of to-day.

If miners to-day are talking class war and proletariat the main cause, we believe, is simply bad management. The pioneer days had to go. Life as a gamble, roaming the hills after a jack in quest of millions, could not have lasted very long. If all Colorado had been socialized or communized, it would still have had to settle down into humdrum organized industry—systematically busying itself with producing the wealth in sight instead of wandering over the mountains looking for more. A large population could not sustain itself in any other way.

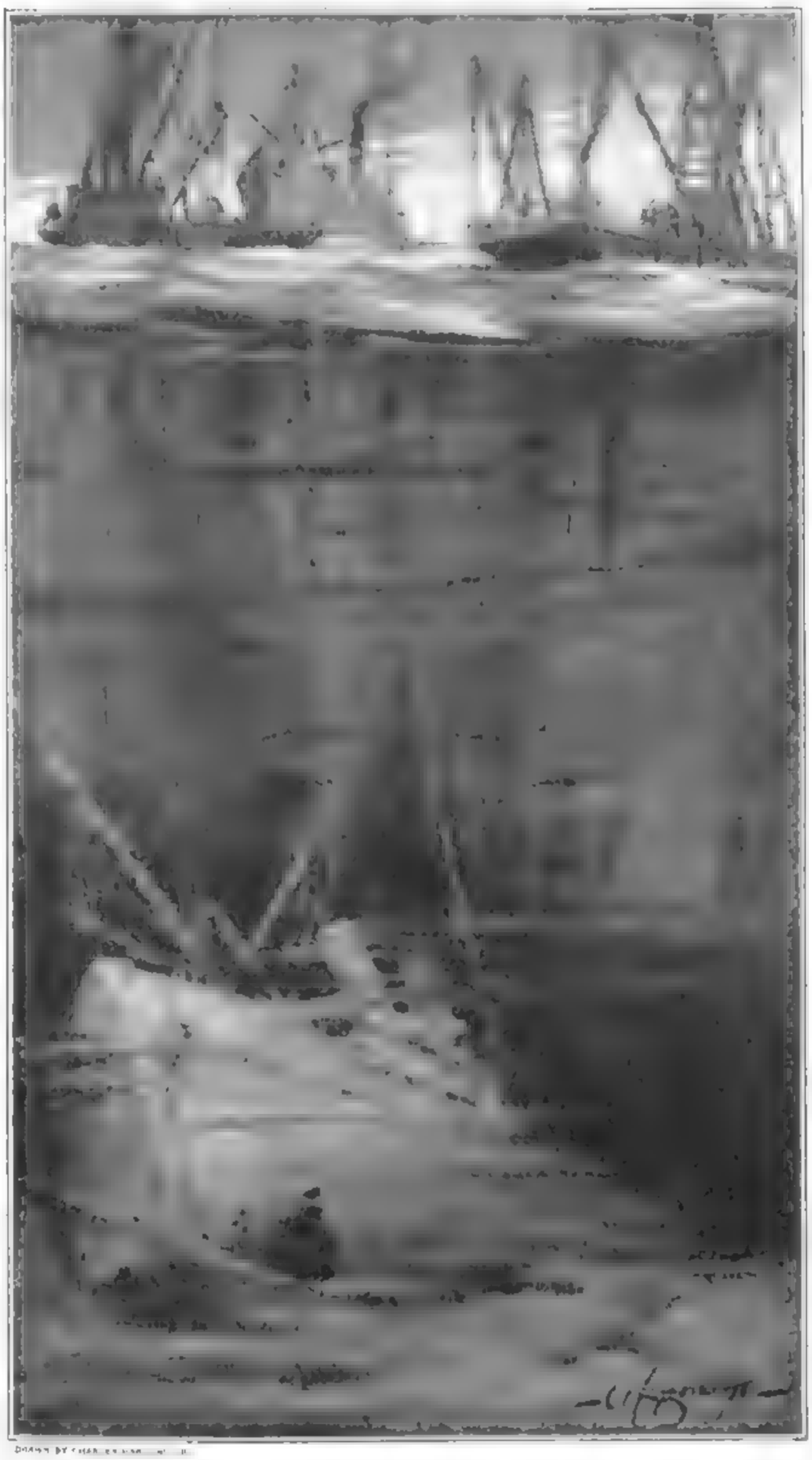
But when it did settle down into systematized industry employers and employees lost touch through the bad management of the employers. They ought to have made it their business to keep in touch—to understand their labor, consult it, listen to it, make it sensible of a vital common interest. Pretty much they simply bought it in the market as so many horse power of human muscle at so much a pound, and for the rest left it to the soap-box orators. That is the great mistake which they must now repair. The answer to the soap-box class war and proletariat stuff is fair and just treatment for labor.

A Permanent Military Policy for the United States

By Newton D. Baker
SECRETARY OF WAR

THE close of the present world war and the prospect of early demobilization of our Army suggest for consideration the future military policy of the United States Government. At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution provision was made for the Federal Army and the militia of the states, but the development of America's military policy has of course been largely local; that is to say, our national problems have not been enough like those of European nations to suggest any close approximation of our military establishment to those maintained by them. Their proximity to one another, the speed necessary for mobilization upon the outbreak of war, the necessity of maintaining large forces at vital frontier points against sudden invasion, the diplomatic and historic traditions of these nations—are all points of variance The United States has, meantime, had a problem from which most European nations have been free—namely: The necessity of maintaining widely scattered and relatively small frontier outposts for service in the event of Indian disturbances.

Meantime the traditional policy of the United States has unvaryingly been abstention from the international rivalries and interests which abroad have been thought to necessitate the maintenance of large armed forces and the general military instruction of whole populations. As a consequence the Regular Army of the United States has always been relatively small, and our theory has been reliance upon the Navy as the first line of defense in international difficulty, with the small group of the Regular Army, thoroughly trained, absorbing in time of stress the National Guard forces of the several states as a semitrained body, and ultimately expanding its own organization, thus reënforced, by the absorption of volunteers into a National Army equal to the demand of the emergency to be faced.



Outgrown Army Posts

WITH this policy in view there have been organized throughout the United States various army posts, which as our civilization proceeded westward have followed the frontier until we now have practically everywhere in the country relatively small holdings of land equipped with barrack and other post buildings, none of them of suitable size to accommodate or train the large tactical units into which modern armies are necessarily organized. These brigade, regimental, and company posts impose a constant high cost of maintenance; they divide the Army into organizations of such size as to make maneuver and drill impossible upon any scale commensurate with the time at the disposal of soldiers occupying these places. All of the larger more difficult elements of staff work and maneuver when large bodies of troops are evolved over great stretches of country are impossible. As a consequence, in the event of an emergency even the Regular Army of the United States when brought together consists of an aggregation of military units that have never been associated and maneuvered in bodies so large as the basal tactical unit of the division, and the staff work necessary for such operations has been theoretically studied but not practically applied.

The need for these outlying and scattered military posts has almost if not entirely disappeared. It is necessary for the National Government to control and safeguard the international frontier on the Texas-Mexico boundary. In a few places the possibility of Indian disturbances may be said still to exist, but for the most part the entire equipment of the Army in the matter of posts, forts and reservations has become unadapted to the organization and training of such a Regular Army as ought to be maintained by the country as a trained nucleus for a force to be created by expansion under modern conditions. It would seem, therefore, since the investment of the Federal Government in these posts and forts is very large, and since many of them are upon land which has become valuable for residential or industrial purposes, that a comprehensive plan ought to be made to divert these places to more profitable uses, and substitute for them as places of residence for the peacetime Army fewer military establishments involving very much larger areas and capable of accommodating tactical units of such size as to permit complete training and all the evolution which modern war demands, and also to give an actual and continuing opportunity for the exercise of staff control and organization.

It is entirely possible that special organizations, like the Air Service, Field Artillery, Corps and Army Artillery, would need opportunities for independent training, but the reservations set aside for the training of basal tactical units ought to be sufficiently large to permit maneuver in concert by the complete division with all of its ancillary services, so that the training at least for a part of the time would comprehend all of the coördinations to be expected in actual operations.

Corps and Army Artillery will, of course, in major operations be supplemented by forces drawn from the coast defenses; this element of training ought therefore to be a part of the regular plan of training for the Coast Artillery, and periodical association of Army and Corps Artillery organized with divisions in maneuver ought to be brought about. Special ranges and fields for the perfection of indirect artillery fire and barrage, and for rifle and machine gun training, will be necessary; but all these elements, it ought constantly to be remembered, are to be used in association with the basal tactical unit, and the exercise of these special arms ought as a matter of constant training to be had for a minimum part of each training year with the complete division or even corps maneuver.

The Strategic Unit

THE use of motorized ordnance, the use of motor transportation and the field supply of large bodies of troops ought all to be illustrated by actual operations upon these reservations, and the size of the reservations needed is illustrated by enumerating the several activities which must be brought into complete coördination in order to have a practical maneuver in any faithful way represent what the soldier is to expect and what the Army is to expect under conditions of war. It would therefore be highly desirable if the places selected for these great reservations could be in portions of the country where land is of low agricultural and industrial value, and where adjacent nonarable land in large areas would be available for maneuvers more extensive than those ordinarily conducted by the division. This would seem to suggest the selection with reference to forest reservations, waste lands and other holdings of the Federal Government which so far as can be foreseen are not likely to be developed into agricultural or settled sections.

The size of the permanent Regular Army cannot now be determined. Obviously it depends upon two considerations: First, a just forecast of the international obligations of the United States; second, the size of the Regular Army should be such as to afford adequate representation to the several arms. Adequacy in this regard means that in each arm there should be at least as many men as are necessary to perfection of training in that arm, and the whole Army should be of such size and so organized as to comprise within itself a unit which to be expanded needs only to be duplicated. Other things being equal, therefore, the Army should consist of a unit—or as many units as the military necessities of the country require—so organized and so complete that the expansion of the military forces of the nation would be brought about by simply multiplying units of the type already perfected, and aggregating them into additional groups of like character with groups already in existence, so that no new functions or coördinations would be necessary.

These reflections, if sound, lead to an Army consisting of the strategic unit, or division, and military camps and accommodations for the residence of men in groups of substantially thirty thousand each. Such groups become in effect cities, and their places of residence must of course have modern sanitary facilities, and particularly modern recreational facilities, all of which should be organized and conducted by the Army as a part of the regular system of army training and discipline. This gives an opportunity for recreations in the Army differing from those in civil life, and for forms of athletic diversion which have a tendency to improve both the physical and coöperative spirit of the entire group rather than of selected individuals as is the case in modern college athletics, where the wrong man is persistently trained by selection of the physically fittest, while the physically feeble are remitted to the bleachers.

These army recreations ought, however, to be under the control and discipline of the Army for two other reasons: In the first place they ought to be made to integrate directly with the system of instruction and the general mode of life in such camps, and this can be effectively brought

about only by a single control; and in the second place all the denominational and institutional rivalries which lead to duplication and conflict will be avoided if the Army does these things for itself rather than through the agency of various philanthropic and benevolent organizations of a voluntary character, which necessarily have a religious or sectarian purpose in addition to their general benevolent activity. The strictly religious side of the life of the Army in such camps should be intrusted to the chaplains, and the size of that body should be adequate to insure representation of all the major divisions of religious belief so as to leave religious affiliation practically to the free election of the soldiers themselves.

The important question with regard to the peacetime Army of the United States is the mode of securing a sufficient number of enlisted men. The alternatives are volunteering and conscription. For the present purpose it is assumed that conscription is inadmissible except in times of war or other public emergency, and that the peacetime Army of the United States must be raised by volunteering. As a matter of fact the expense of the conscription plan would be quite out of proportion to the number of men to be secured for the peacetime Regular Army, and whatever may be the view of the country on universal training or service it seems fairly clear that the application of the principles of conscription to the peacetime Army—that is to say, to men who are under obligation to remain for a definite number of years in the military establishment—would be unjust.

If then the Army is to be made up by volunteering there is only one way to secure the necessary number, and that is to make service in the Army so attractive that men will seek it. There is again a choice of methods. One is increase of pay and emoluments, and the other is the presentation of opportunity which will appeal to young men as educational opportunity appeals to them.

By the first of these suggested alternatives the Army would be brought into competition with industry on the basis of pay purely as a commercial or industrial proposition. Service would be regarded as "work," enlistment as a "job," and the whole spirit of doing something for America would be absent.

The second plan, however, presents possibilities of the most inviting kind. The peacetime Army should in fact be made up of young men from eighteen to twenty-one years of age. Their period of enlistment should probably be for three years, and enlistment ought to be limited to the years eighteen to nineteen so that the termination of the three-year period would come at the ages of twenty-one and twenty-two. This would bring into the Army young men at their most impressionable age, and let them out of the Army before it is too late for them to begin to make permanent careers or to form permanent alliances and associations. It would also create an Army of men below the normal age for marriage and their Army experience would be during the later years of adolescence, when mental and physical occupation are an adequate answer to the sex demands which later become insistent and embarrassing in dealing with large groups of unmarried men.

How to Make the Army Attractive

TO MAKE three years in the Army attractive to men of the right type from eighteen to twenty-one it is entirely clear that the three years must be filled with opportunities for self-improvement and lead to graduation with such training as will insure success in industry or occupations to the men who have deferred apprenticeship for service. No sum of money which the Government could give its soldiers would be worth so much to them as a trade; nor in the long run would any sum of money prove attractive in securing men for the Army, as compared with such educational facilities as would develop the special aptitudes of the men into usable and salable trade or commercial skill, or preparation for further study.

The great camps, therefore, in addition to being places for military instruction should have elaborate trade and other schools. The system of personnel classification which we have used in the present war discloses two facts for us: First, the relative numbers of men skilled in various trades needed in the Army itself; second, among various men in the Army the special aptitudes of each for trade, commercial or other education. An amplification of this system of classification with the personal preferences and elections of the soldiers would enable us in so large a body of men to afford facilities for practically every preference and talent, and the effect would be that at the end of three years given to his country's service the soldier would not only have become trained and disciplined as a military man, and be for ten or more years a permanent asset in the event of emergency, but he would also have acquired some useful trade or training in commerce or agriculture which would make him a permanent asset to the nation in civil life, or perhaps have begun to lay the foundation for a professional career. The military establishment would therefore become attractive as being substantially matriculation in a college or technical institute, and the Government would have as a consequence not only an Army constantly ready to be enlarged into emergency proportions but also a vast body of men adequately and competently trained for civil pursuits as an incident to their necessary detention for military service. Such a plan would also facilitate promotions from the ranks into the commissioned personnel of the Army.

Our experience in the present war has shown us that after a start is made large numbers of men can be mobilized, trained intensively, and made in three to six months into effective soldiers. The indispensable prerequisite, however, is an adequate body of trained officers. The officers must be of two general kinds: First, those specially and persistently trained, who make a career of military science, keep abreast of the technical requirements of warfare, and apply the discoveries of science and the inventions of mechanics to both the offensive and defensive equipment of the Army; second, a very much larger body of officers who can immediately take up the training of men, and for this they must themselves be acquainted with army procedure and have that knowledge of sanitation and military discipline, supply, and so on, which enables them both to receive rapidly from professional soldiers the latest developments of science and to transmit them intelligently to men in training.

Linking Military and Civil Science

WEST POINT must, of course, continue the primary source for the development of professional soldiers, but West Point itself and the system of which it is but the beginning need modification and expansion to bring them into harmony with the modern state of education; for after all the military profession is simply a calling in which the manifold arts and sciences of civil life are applied intensively to a particular and restricted object. As, therefore, human knowledge grows and is specialized, those who are to comprehend it and make this special application of it cannot adhere to a fixed and ancient system of instruction, but must be brought into contact with all that modern education develops. West Point should therefore continue to be a school in which young men selected for special aptitude can be trained for the career of professional soldiers. The number of graduates from the academy should be increased by cutting down the length of the course certainly to three years, and later study may show the wisdom of increasing the admission requirements and limiting the course to two years; but there should be a great growth and development in the post-graduate schools which are already established in the Army for specialized training. The Coast Artillery School, the School of Fire, the Staff Schools, the Engineer School should all be strengthened; and other schools should be established, as, for instance, an aëronautical school.

To these specializing schools should be sent both the graduates from the Military Academy and such officers as are admitted from the ranks or from civil life into the permanent military establishment. In addition to being schools of instruction, however, these post-graduate schools should be schools of research, and every incentive should be held out to both the faculties and bodies of students to develop useful novelties in the application of science to warfare with a view to increasing the offensive and defensive efficiency of the Army.

It is important, however, to emphasize at this point the need of the closest affiliation of these post-graduate institutions of research and instruction with corresponding civilian educational agencies. Practically every branch of military science justifying specialized training is immediately related to sciences and arts used in civil life and taught in great civilian colleges and schools; physics, chemistry, mathematics, electricity, mechanics are all sciences about which professions have been organized and schools established for their study, development and application. The Army should not rely upon the pursuit of these sciences by its own scientists alone, but coöperative relations bringing about interchanges of service, information and personnel should be built up so that the masters of these sciences in civil life would be constantly associated with the army groups specially interested in their application.

The twofold value involved in this is that it will keep the Army abreast of scientific developments, and also that it will keep the collegiate and university world in close touch with the military needs of the country and enable those institutions so to mold their instruction as to render their graduates the more readily serviceable and available in the event of a national emergency. The importance of this is illustrated by our experience in the present war; the colleges of the country produced vast bodies of young men, trained in the various sciences, who came into the Army bringing not only wholesome, strong and sound bodies, trained in the fields of college athletics, but minds disciplined by sound education and ready to carry forward into warfare the technical and scientific training they had already received. The relationship ought never to be broken, but ought rather to be developed and constantly maintained in a fresh and mutually helpful manner.

The very much larger body of officers needed for the training of troops we have found can be developed with great rapidity in intensive training camps in the event of a national emergency. The material particularly valuable for this purpose should be the body of young men who have attended schools in which military training is given, and who have thus had an opportunity to acquire the elements which cause entirely untrained men embarrassment and loss of time to acquire. The policy of the War Department should therefore be to encourage military training in schools, and increase both in number and efficiency the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and particularly to give that system a definiteness which would lead to the attachment of its graduates to the military service as reserve officers, with occasional opportunities provided for the retention of what they have learned by active association with the troops of the Regular Army in maneuvers, garrison life, and attendance upon the special post-graduate schools.

The policy of the Federal Government with regard to the National Guard should continue to be one of encouragement. The young men receiving military training under the foregoing plan upon being discharged from the Regular Army service will on entering upon selected vocations of life naturally become members of the National Guard of their respective states and carry with them that military experience which will be of inestimable value to this organized militia. The National Guard should be brought into helpful contact with the Regular Army in maneuvers with sufficient frequency to afford the members opportunity to acquire modern experience and instruction.

In any plan formulated to carry out this suggestion specific attention should be given to the establishment of relations between both the officers and the men of the Guard and those of the Regular Army which will be free from class feeling. The Regular Army ought to be brought to look upon the National Guard as an available reserve ready at the call of the Government to bring its members and its experience into the Regular Army as valuable material immediately available, when the necessity arises, while the officers and men of the National Guard ought to be encouraged to regard the Regular Army as associates devoting their time to military matters as a career, and therefore naturally having larger experience, but no access to the opportunities of military life superior to those given to members of the Guard except as experience, technical knowledge and merit determine.

Vacation Training

I DO NOT discuss in these comments the question of universal military training, because I think it important to withhold the formation of definite views on that subject until the promulgation of the treaties which are being worked out in the Peace Conference. We must all recognize the very profound changes which have gone on in the world as the result of this war. The opinion of mankind generally has been modified and is being modified by events of which as yet some consequences are not clear, and the reorganization of society that is now taking place will involve views on this subject which must be ascertained, debated, and applied with frankness and openness of mind. This war has taught us that the prolonged periods of training once deemed necessary in any adequate system of universal training are not necessary. It is possible, therefore, to devise a system which will give helpful and valuable military training to the youth of the country by the use of practically vacation periods without seriously interfering with education in colleges or in trade, and this can be done with obvious advantage to the youth of the country itself. It would seem too clear for controversy that regularity of life and habits, ordered coöperation, and the creation of strong community ideals among young men associated in military training are national and personal assets of the highest value.

The observations made above with regard to the development of the Regular Army are entirely consistent with the adoption of a policy by Congress, if that course should seem wise, which will bring the great body of the youths of the country under this wholesome discipline and thus prepare the whole body of men of military age for rapid assimilation into a large army should the national interest require. We have seen what miracles can be accomplished without the benefits of preliminary study and experimentation, but under the stimulus of a great national emergency. In planning for a permanent organization we shall lack this vivid stimulation, but we shall have and should profit by the opportunity for careful study, both of our own military experience during the war and of the experience, both in war and in peace, of our neighbors. Whether our youth should be under the undivided control of the military branches of the Government for such a period or whether the responsibility should be shared by other departments of the Government is a question upon which the War Department should be prepared to give a carefully considered judgment.

It is my belief that, properly safeguarded, a policy could be adopted and put into operation without the creation of any aggressive or militaristic ideals; in fact, the operation of such a system would probably have exactly the opposite

(Concluded on Page 165)

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In a French Looking-Glass

By DAVID T. MASON

Pontenx School Children on Their Way to Take Part in the Franco-American Celebration of July 4, 1918

TRAVELERS of the olden days in that part of Southwestern France lying between Bordeaux and the Spanish frontier describe a most forlorn region; a country of sand plains, of thorny brush, of marshes, of sand dunes slowly driven by the wind overwhelming the feeble works of man; a place so barren and inhospitable that, as an old proverb has it "a bird attempting to fly across the Landes must carry its food on its wings"; a most unhealthful territory, inhabited by a few sickly people maintaining a dreary life by the grazing of sheep. Many of us remember in the old geography the picture of the Shepherd of the Landes, as this part of France is commonly known; the shepherd appears mounted on stilts, clad in sheepskins, busy with his knitting as the little band of sheep about him browse on the scanty forage.

This picturesque but uninviting state of affairs is believed by many still to exist in the Landes; a geography published as recently as 1918 portrays conditions as they were a century ago. A prodigious change has been brought about in the Landes. The careful toil of man unceasingly applied during the last three-quarters of a century has transformed a dreary waste into one of the richest parts of France; but so quietly has the work proceeded that the change is not yet widely realized. Marshes have been drained. Planted pine forests have conquered the dunes and now occupy about four-fifths of the land surface. The region is now one of the most healthful in all France. The little farms with which the forests are dotted at frequent intervals are protected by the woods and are nourished by the underbrush cut from beneath the trees and spread upon the agricultural land; without this enrichment the cultivated land would be worthless. A close-knit forest and farm industry has made the people prosperous.

The war with its enormous demands for timber has shown more clearly than ever before the wisdom of France in establishing and caring for her forests. It is curious to reflect that during the very years in which France with a forest policy was laboriously converting a desert into a great pine forest in the Landes we of the United States for lack of a forest policy were energetically turning pine forests into deserts by the millions of acres on the sand plains of Michigan and elsewhere.

With the American Expeditionary Forces in France there were approximately eighteen thousand Engineer-Forestry troops. Several thousand of these were assigned to work in different parts of the maritime pine forests of the Landes. One battalion, to which the writer was attached, was stationed at Pontenx-les-Forges, a village near the shore of the Atlantic about sixty miles southwest of Bordeaux.

The kindness of the French of this vicinity toward the Americans resulted in many international friendships. In Pontenx the writer had the good fortune to become well acquainted with the schoolmaster and his wife, M. and Mme. Dourthe. In January of 1919 the school children from nine to thirteen years of age as part of their work wrote compositions describing the visit of the Americans. The children, unsuspecting that the compositions would reach American readers, were quite frank in their discussion of the American soldiers. The Dourthes very generously presented the writer with the set of compositions, thirty-five in all. The best—that of André Lalanne—is presented in full; the more interesting parts of others are given.

The subject of the compositions is: American soldiers have been among us for more than a year. What shall we say of them in after-years to our children?

ANDRÉ LALANNE [*age eleven*]:

At four o'clock one morning toward the end of October, 1917, the American soldiers arrived at Pontenx in a special train. They camped temporarily in a field near the railway station. Soon the village people and especially the children went to see the Americans. The soldiers smiled at us and said a few words in English which none of us could understand. The children who were there received quantities of cake and sandwiches. Many exclaimed, "How big they are!" They were, indeed, big devils. Their clean-shaven faces were kindly in expression. Some of them had knives stuck in their putties. Sentinels paced up and down with rifles on their shoulders. Cooks were heating water for coffee, some of which they offered to us. Motor trucks were passing loaded with all sorts of material such as tents, beds, axes and sacks.

They pitched camp with admirable ingenuity and comfort. Immediately there sprang up the rows of tents of khaki cloth, then the kitchens, very well constructed, with their stoves of brick, the bakery, the storehouses, the stables, the tents of the officers, of the commandant; all were established in the shade of the pine forest or under huge oaks. Next the soldiers set to work to make their tents more comfortable; they made all sorts of tables, chairs and armchairs out of wood.

At the Pontenx railway station a large piece of land covered with pine trees, briars and brush was cleared and graded by the Americans; here they installed their own railway station, an immense platform, stables, warehouses, a garage for the motors, a depot for oil and gasoline. They constructed a well-furnished repair shop also, where many men tirelessly operated lathes which bored and cut iron. The belts, pulleys and escaping steam made an infernal noise. Motor cars arrived there for repair, but went away again quickly. The Americans have no regard for expense; this shop cost many thousand francs; it has been enlarged and is more and more useful.

In the forest near Sainte-Eulalie there rapidly appeared sawmills such as the Landais had never before seen. Thousands of trees were felled, cut into piling, transported to the railway station and shipped to the port of Bassens near Bordeaux. In these sawmills a carriage moved by steam presents the logs to the enormous circular saw. The sawdust forms an immense pile. Even though they haul it away constantly the sawed lumber also makes big piles. They transport to the railway station whole trunks of pine trees, which many horses are able to move only with difficulty. Along the highway leading to Sainte-Eulalie there comes one team after another loaded with the pines.

Horses could not transport so much wood, so the Americans built a narrow-gauge railroad along the edge of the highway. A little later a locomotive passed along the road. After that long trains of little cars loaded with lumber passed through Pontenx, crossed a stream on a trestle and arrived at the American railway station. Here the unloading was done by a crane operated by horses. An American train runs on the main-line railway from Mimizan to Labouheyre to transport the lumber from the American mills at Mimizan, Aureilhan, Pontenx and Bourricos. The switching is done without a hitch; the conductor signals with his arms; the locomotive obeys, coupling up with the loaded cars on one track and leaving the empty cars standing on another track, all with a precision which is the envy of the French engineers, who, alas, are not masters of the art of handling trains.

When working the Americans wear a jumper of coarse blue cloth, overalls of the same material with cloth suspenders, and a little blue hat. They also wear the indispensable gloves or mittens without fingers, which they all have—they do not wish to have blisters. This leads one to believe that in their own country these men are used to working only in offices or in schools. They move the big pine logs with iron canthooks without the least fatigue.

For recreation after the day's work some amuse themselves in camp; others go to the Y. M. C. A., where they pass the evening watching the moving pictures, at billiards or in the reading room. Here they smoke, laugh, sing and make their purchases of dainties, candies, cakes and chewing gum. Some play baseball and others go in for boxing. There is also music and dancing. They write to their parents.

The Americans have very strict discipline. They are punished for the smallest offense. There are a number of those under punishment who work on the highway or who pump the water for the shower baths at the headquarters' camp; they do the hardest work in the camp.

The Americans enjoy the company of the French and with all their might they set about learning our language. They visit the houses where there are young people or girls, and there the Americans learn French and the French learn English. They also visit the farms and the forests in the vicinity, where they look at the livestock and the poultry. They speak of America, of its fields, of its factories, of its agricultural machinery. They speak also of the

(Continued on Page 34)

American Lumberjacks With Their Heads Clipped to Stand the Hot Summer of the Landes

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The writer is indebted to Prof. P. B. Fay, of the University of California, and to his students in French for assistance in translation.

The words that Colorado swapped with Michigan

"I CAN'T escape you, Michigan", said Colorado to Michigan the other day. "Why, one of the biggest things in my life is that automobile you built for me. And almost every time I sit or sleep, your furniture whispers in my ear 'Made in Michigan.' As a token of my heavy obligation, have this OWL Cigar."

"As for that," said Michigan as he lit up, "I never got so much enjoyment from my car as last summer while touring through your wonderful country and stopping at your fine resorts. You will manufacture more and more as years go by, but I hope you'll never let success in that field make you forget the natural beauties of your state."

❦ ❦ ❦

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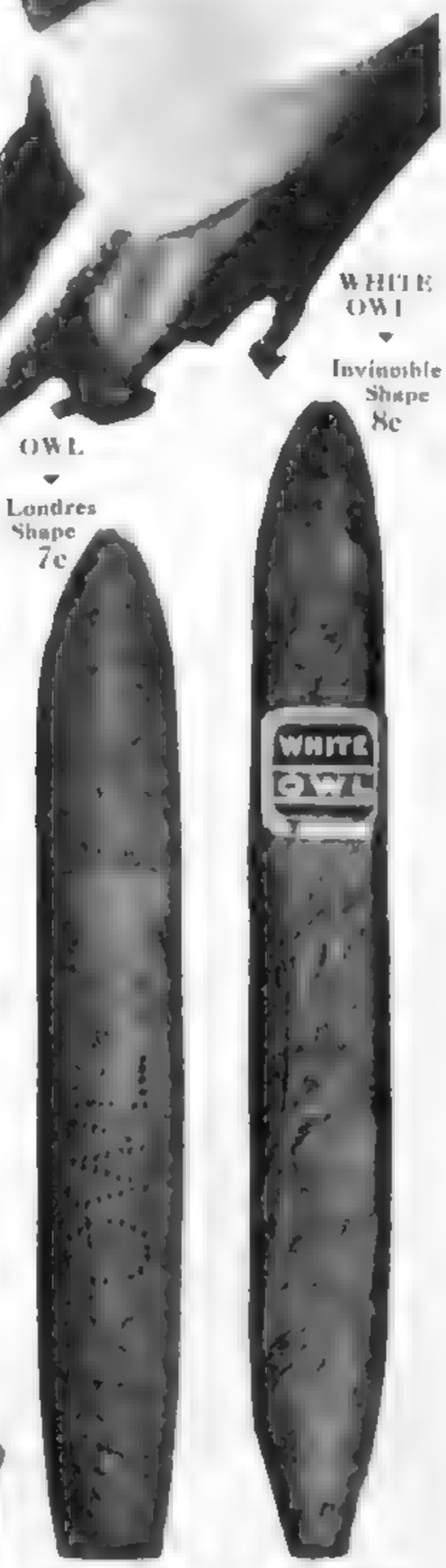

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(Continued from Page 32)

great men of the United States, of the war in Cuba. They bring gifts of fruit, of books. They speak of their families.

The Americans are sincere. They love their country, their family, and above all their mothers. They are always showing photographs of their mothers, fathers, wives, children, and of their homes. Nor do their parents forget them; the soldiers receive packages and numerous letters, and they send them also. The other day a soldier showed us a silk handkerchief, beautifully embroidered, which he had bought for his mother as he told us. With regard to the voyage across the Atlantic one soldier told us, "When we were about to sail my mother was very much afraid of the crossing on account of the submarines."

The Americans are gentlemanly and good; they are workers, and are generally honest; we like them well. But some have the fault of drinking too much, and on pay day there is more or less drunkenness; and on Monday morning the punished are not lacking.*

The Americans are very fond of children. The other day one of them went into a hotel and ordered dinner for three—a soldier, himself and his corporal. At noon they went to dinner, but there were only two American soldiers. The innkeeper asked: "Where is the corporal?" The American replied "He is there," pointing to a little French youngster whose sleeve was decorated with two chevrons.

The Americans have taught us to work. They have given us lessons in politeness, in cleanliness, in concentration of thought and in devotion.

LEO CASSOU [*age nine*]:

The most important thing the Americans lacked when they first arrived at Pontenx was a sawmill. That did not discourage them. They chose a place for one near Bourricos; then after much work and perseverance they completed a marvelous building covered with tar paper. This kept them very busy until it was finished; but in the meantime they used some French sawmills. When their own mill was finished they installed steam machinery which sawed the lumber and turned it out on rollers by means of which it was carried to the railway cars.

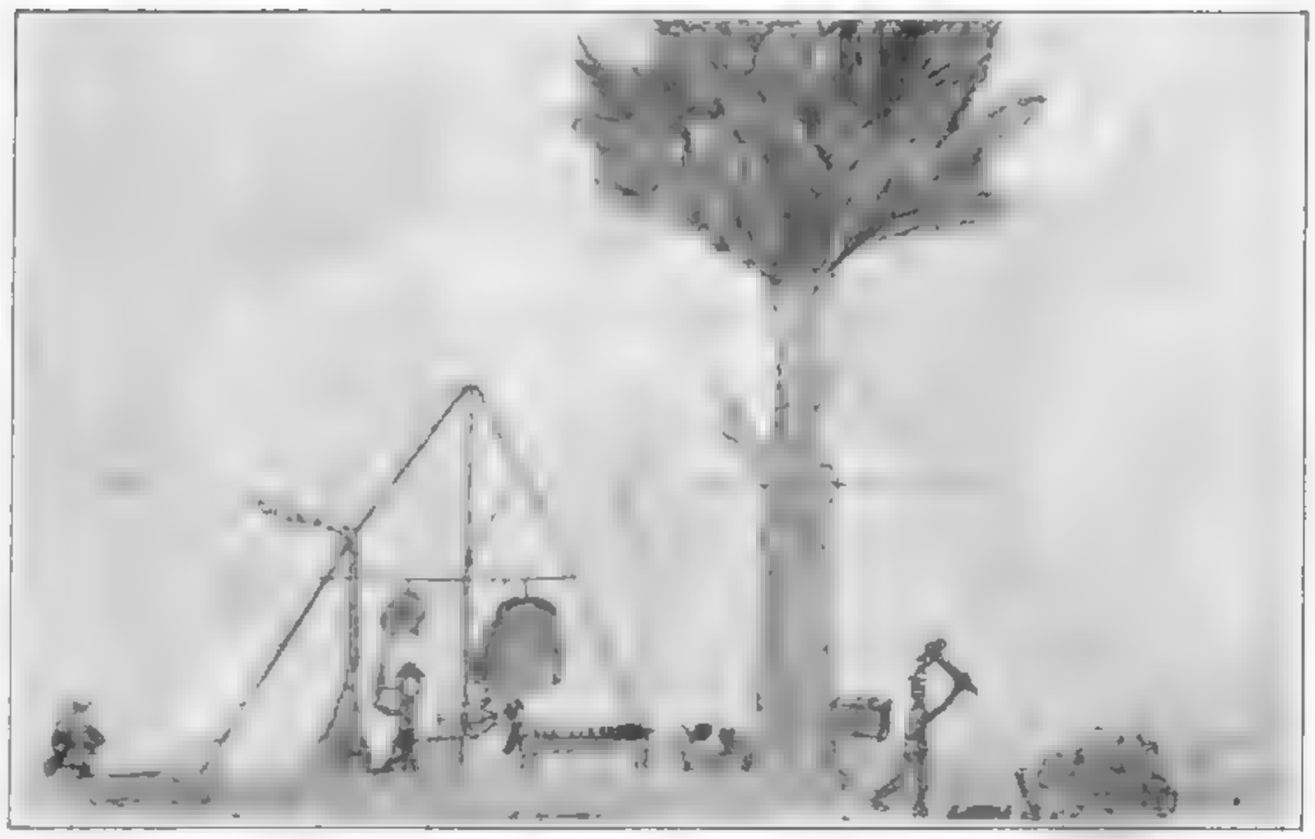
The Americans are well disciplined. They fear the military police and the jail. At first there were a few who drank too much, but they have been corrected.

The Americans have great love for their mothers. They are very grateful for favors, polite, well mannered, industrious, but some are intemperate. They have taught us politeness. They have given us an example of sobriety, for there are many of them who drink nothing but water.

MARTHE GAVINI [*age twelve*]:

During the day on which the Americans arrived I said to myself, "It is good, the action which America is taking.

*A comparatively small number of men did drink too much at times. However, in view of the habits of lumberjacks there was remarkably little drunkenness. One man in uniform, drunk, attracts more attention than a regiment of sober men.



She remembers Lafayette and Rochambeau." Then suddenly I understood the sacrifice America was making, and I admired her defenders.

Their camps are pleasant to visit. The tents stand in very straight lines. Each tent bears a number. Sometimes one notices a chair in front of a tent; or better still a board nailed to a tree on which there is a washbasin or a toothbrush. The Americans are very friendly with the French.

When they visit a family they always bring dainties to the children. Many Americans spend their evenings with families that remind them of their own which they left so long ago.

We have learned from them how to work, to be more polite, more hygienic, more enterprising, more industrious, greater friends of progress.

PAUL LESCOUSSE [*age eleven*]:

From the Americans we have learned politeness anew; formerly the French were very polite, but recently not so much so. They have taught us to work with machines, for we have not such fine machines as they have. They are perhaps a little better educated than we are, for I know none of them who is not able to read and write.

ANDRÉ FROUSTEY [*age twelve*]:

The Americans began by setting up their camps. Motor trucks brought the canvas and stakes, and left them on a slope covered with oak trees, with a small stream running near by for the soldiers to bathe in. Each tent was placed in a sort of island with a ditch round it. During the first few days they slept on the ground; later they built bedsteads of wood, with shelves at the head for books, tobacco, brush and comb, and other little things. Every morning they took all their bedding out and hung it on wires they had stretched in front of their tents. They put up small tents for the officers. Then they constructed buildings for the kitchen and for the officers to eat in. They built an office for the major of the battalion.

At an American sawmill one sees that nearly everything is done by steam or by horses, while in our own sawmills nearly everything is done by hand.

The Americans are good. They give candy to the children, spoiling them a little too much, perhaps, for the children are very familiar with them. They are very obliging, and gladly help anyone. They also have a few faults; there are some who allow themselves to be a little too intemperate, even though they are severely punished for it.

The Americans have taught us many things, especially in industry. They have shown us implements of which we knew nothing, and machines much more complicated than ours. They have taught us to use machines and horses instead of doing everything with our hands as we have been doing. Some of us younger ones have been learning to speak "American," but only the most ordinary words, and not at all freely.

LEON CABANNES [*age twelve*]:

A few days after the Americans arrived I went to visit one of their camps. I saw a hundred tents well aligned. Some of the soldiers were setting up tents; some were clearing ground to make place for others; some were making wooden bedsteads. All of this interested me very much. After a while twelve o'clock struck. I was just about to leave when an American took me by the arm and led me to the kitchen, where he had me eat. The kitchen was a large

(Continued on Page 36)

Sketches of Engineer-Forestry Troops in Camp at Pontenx-les-Forges Made by French School Children

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(Continued from Page 34)

half-open tent where they cooked their food on a sort of stove which they had made themselves. At the side, hanging from pegs, there were large pieces of meat covered with muslin. While going to the kitchen I saw on a little platform shaped like a sugar loaf a wooden chair which revolved; at first I did not know what this could be; after a few moments I saw a man sitting in the chair having his hair cut.

A few months later I heard a humming and blowing of whistles every morning, every evening, every night. I wanted to see what this was all about, and one Thursday I went. When I reached the camp I was astonished to see huge smoking chimneys held in place by long ropes of iron attached to strong pines. And under this great building there were furnaces. The belts rubbed one against the other. It was a sawmill. Under the sawmill was a large wagon to which fine horses were harnessed, waiting for the wagon to be filled with sawdust, which came through a conveyor.

The American soldiers who are at Pontenx are usually tall and strong. They are intelligent and very enterprising. They are not afraid, as we are, of large expenditures.

The Americans have taught us a great deal about working; they do not toil hard; they do everything with machinery; they run their little sawmills with electricity. They are good, polite and clean. We will not forget them.

ADRIENNE VILLENAVE [*age ten*]:

The Americans make good cakes; some are covered with chocolate. They also make pies. Their bread is white and better than ours, but it is tasteless. They like ours better because it is more savory.

When their little narrow-gauge cars arrive at the railway station a crane lifts the load of lumber like a feather and places it on the big cars of the main railway line. And they do this without ever getting tired.

MARCELLE LARRIEU [*age thirteen*]:

The Americans are very polite; they bow to everyone. They are very kind and generous. When they see little children they give them bonbons and chocolates. They are very neat. Every morning they have a shower bath or wash themselves with a great deal of water. But they are a little jealous of one another, and are very fond of eating.

JEAN CARVALHO [*age thirteen*]:

Yesterday, as I was going to school, I saw an American call two little refugees who were coming out of their house. The children went to him, and he gave them each a box of candy.

EDOUARD GAITTE [*age thirteen*]:

One day I went for a walk to the American sawmill at Bourricos. I saw a large engine, then a huge circular saw for sawing the logs. There is a big carriage which carries the logs past the saw as they are sawed; instead of being pushed by men the men ride back and forth on the carriage as the boards are sawed from the log. The Americans do as much work with their mills in an hour as the French do in a day. Beyond, the circular saw rollers, which never stop revolving, carry away the slabs to another circular saw which cuts them up into small pieces. Under the mill there are some belts which rub one against another; there also are chains passing along wooden troughs to carry sawdust to the fires under the boilers.

An American comes to our house every Sunday. He is an engineer called Bova. His father and mother are Italians; he is an American. He speaks a little like the Italians—for "*Samedi*" he says "*Satima.*" He is very agreeable. I know another of them; he is a negro who cooks for the officers. When I go to the kitchen he gives me cookies. Saturday he gave me a big tart. He has been at the Front; he received a bullet in his hand and a bayonet wound in the back of his head. He is very big. Last night he gave me some tobacco to eat, telling me that it was chocolate. He is always capering round teasing his companion, who is also a negro. When he sees me he gives the military salute.

ROGER LAGREOULE [*age twelve*]:

On my way to school the day the Americans arrived in Pontenx two friends said to me, "Look! The Americans arrived this morning, and gave us boxes of cakes and white bread." Sure enough, under their arms they had boxes of cakes and in their hands white bread. Both opened their boxes and gave me three or four cakes and a little bread, as they did to all of our other friends who were there. We had very friendly feelings toward the Americans. They loved us like brothers. They were not unfriendly; on the contrary they spoiled us. We have given them all of our affection.

The American sawmill at Sainte-Eulalie is quite wonderful. On one side there is a zinc pipe, from which the sawdust is blown by a strong blast of air. There is a little carriage which brings the pine logs to the teeth of the saw.

The Americans are very fond of the French. They care especially for the girls and little babies; they buy candy, cakes and barley sugar for them when there is any. They talk with everyone as though this were their home.

One Sunday I went to Mimizan with a friend on an errand. As we were passing the American camp a soldier seated beside the road signaled us to get off our bicycles.

"Good day, how are you?"

"Very well, thank you. And you?"

"Oh, very well. Would you like to be photographed?"

We said "Yes."

He put us in the middle of the road. After he had photographed us he told us that it was to be a souvenir of France for him and his mother. That proves that they love their mothers, whom they have not seen for over a year. They are very intelligent and polite. They eat a great deal and have a bad habit of chewing tobacco. They spend their money recklessly. They are very neat. They like to play baseball—a rather dangerous game.

One day in the winter when the ground was covered with snow two Americans came along the road as two of my comrades and I were playing with the snow. One of the Americans threw some snow at me and it went down my neck. Then they made a snow man. One of the soldiers leaned over to get some snow, and his comrade upset the snow man on his head. The soldier was not angry at this joke, but laughed as we did. He set the snow man up all alone, and then they went away.

JEANNE VALLETTE [*age twelve*]:

The Americans do not mind spending money. They even give sous to the children and tobacco to the men.

They are overfond of eating; they are always eating oranges and almonds. Some have gold teeth.

Children of the School at Pontenx-les-Forges

LUCIÉ DUBAS [*age ten*]:

Those who are under punishment are prevented from going from camp for a long time. They are made to work on Sunday. Sometimes, if it is serious, their pay is forfeited. Or if they have any rank the rank is taken away. They are strictly disciplined.

The Americans make me laugh when they speak French.

One of them asked my aunt to cook him a dinner. She asked him what he wanted. He didn't know how to say it. Then: "Coc-coc-codoc, codoc!" Everyone understood and began to laugh. He wanted chicken.

We have learned cleanliness and especially love toward our comrades from the Americans; also discipline, obedience to our superiors, politeness and respect. We have learned especially from them the use of large machines.

RENÉ LAGREOULE [*age eleven*]:

When the Americans first arrived they had no sawmills, so they went at night to operate the little French sawmills in the vicinity.

We like their character. They are good to little children. They love their families. They are very neat. In the evening, returning from school, we see them shave and wash themselves. What pleases the French very much, moreover, is their politeness. They are very polite. They never enter a house without knocking and making themselves known. Nevertheless, one must note that they are a little too gluttonous; they are always eating dainties, and as they do not use wine at home they sometimes drink too much.

They never have wine in camp. As beverages they use water and coffee. I think they like beef, for when they have their pay they often go to the butchers' to buy beefsteaks, which they later have cooked at an inn.

ELIZABETH LOUBEYES [*age eleven*]:

They have built railroads into the depths of the forest to transport the wood. The railroad system is like an oak leaf with its ribs.

They like to walk on the beach at Mimizan. Sometimes they walk with us as though they were our parents.

BERTHE LUBERVILLE [*age twelve*]:

When the Americans arrived we saw at once that they were brave soldiers, for they had the courage to cross the ocean at the risk of being torpedoed by the boches. They left their families, all that they had which was dearest in the world. And that for the triumph of right and justice, in order that their sister, France, might triumph over the Huns with William at their head. They had come to save the liberty of the world.

At the entrance to the hospital there wave the starry flag and the emblem of the Red Cross. . . . The kitchen is a large room with screened windows. Inside there is a long table, a big stove; saucepans hang against the wall; benches upon which the soldiers may sit. One sees the cooks coming and going with their shirt sleeves rolled up to their elbows. Others wear aprons and white caps. The camp is lighted by electricity.

For their vacations the Americans go into the prettiest parts of France, into the Alps, into the Pyrenees, and into the Central Plateau.

They have strict discipline. If the soldiers disobey orders they are severely punished. The military police are on the alert. Look out for their clubs and revolvers! Woe to those who drink too much! They are severely punished. There are even some who are put in prison; then they do not have any money for some time.

The Americans are polite, agreeable and obliging. When anyone is carrying a heavy load they help him. But when they eat they use Father Adam's fork. When they came some blew their noses with their fingers; now they all use handkerchiefs. They are rather gluttonous; they always have chocolate or candy, but they are kind and always share with the French. Everyone in this world has his good qualities and his faults.

In the hospital there is a kind old woman named Jenny. She serves as a pastime for them. The Americans like to tease her. They speak "American" to her, and she always says "*Comprends pas, comprends pas.*" And the Americans laugh. When the band comes to entertain the sick it is always Jenny—she plays admirably herself—who has the front seat.

The Americans have taught us to be clean, for they take shower baths every morning. They have taught us to work quickly and to use machinery.

GABRIEL LOUPEIN [*age eleven*]:

The American soldiers have many friends among the French, especially the French soldiers and the young people. When they come to the French homes the French offer them the best wine that they have. The American soldiers fraternize with the French soldiers, and anyone can see that America will never be for the boche, but for the French.

The French like the Americans, but they ought to like them still more. The Americans are light-hearted; often they laugh uproariously. But there is one fault that obscures their good qualities: they are intemperate. On Sundays a good many drink too much. They are always eating or drinking. I have noticed that the Americans are very enterprising; it is this splendid quality which the French lack. The Americans are very good and very generous.

(Continued on Page 145)

A Hupmobile driver actually approaches a "tight place," or a piece of "tough going," with something akin to joy.

One of the first things he learned about *The Comfort Car*, was that he could rely implicitly on the tremendous reserve power which literally floods forth for an instant getaway; a remarkably smooth, swift pick-up; or a dogged high-gear pull.

Such performance might be called extraordinary, even in costlier cars. It is a regular thing with the Hupmobile. Which helps to explain the deep-rooted loyalty of our owners.

A Little Sister to Husbands

By SOPHIE KERR

SHE was as straight and supple and colorful as an alder sapling in the spring when the sun shines through its leaves. She was just as living and as vital as that. Her skin was clear olive, but with red blood beneath it, and her hair was dusky bronze. Her eyes were gray and cool. Nothing more spirited, more alive, could be imagined.

And her clothes were right—a plain little French suit and a curl of sable about her throat, a close hat of soft blue plumage. Her very reflection in the shop windows she passed ought to have made Cara Turnbull happy, even if she hadn't been young and well and without a real trouble in the world. But she wasn't happy. No, not even though she added immeasurably to the charm of the Boulevard—which was the main street of her native city—as a promenade, and made many a male—yes, and female—neck nearly twist itself out of joint as she passed.

She was going along, saying something between her teeth that might, if written down in the correct way, have been a bit of *vers libre*. For this is what it was:

I am so enraged,
I am so annoyed,
I am so exasperated,
I am so satiated,
I am so surfeited,
I am so everlastingly fed up,
I am so inexpressibly ennuied,
I am so bored,
I am so everlastingly sick and tired
OF HUSBANDS!
Other women's husbands!

And then, dropping into a more conventional prose form, she continued: "It's insulting to be considered so abominably, outrageously safe. It's insulting for them to think that it's all right if they're only playing round with Cara. Every time Eve Scott, or Lisa Tyler, or Emmy Fredericks, or Florence Howard gets a new young man in tow, or if they don't feel like going to the theater or the concert, or if they don't feel like walking or riding or playing accompaniments or anything, they must turn their husbands over to me. They're not afraid he'll fall in love with me—oh, no! Cara's safe, Cara's obliging, Cara's convenient. Well, heaven knows, I wouldn't have any of their old husbands for a gift—no, not with an Airedale or a Chow thrown in. But it makes me wild! And yet I don't want to get married myself—I don't care for anything in the world but my music. And, goodness knows, these marriages that I know best are enough to make any woman with sense stay single for life. They're all so commonplace, so dull, so uninteresting—not a bit of real companionship or community of interest in them. Why, if the four sets of married people that I know best were all shuffled round, it wouldn't make a bit of difference. Mart would be as happy with Lisa as he is with Eve, and Alan Fredericks and Florence would hit it off as well as Reed and Florence do. If that be marriage, give me unending spinsterhood. Amen!"

After That There Was the Dance at the Country Club, Where He Got One Dance With Her

She had come to the little wind-swept lonely park that she must cross to get to the studio of her singing teacher, and stopped for a moment to admire and love it. Some master hand had landscaped it, for small as it was, its curving paths and cunningly placed shrubbery and trees suggested infinite space.

The eye was intrigued into small vistas that seemed great ones, and far away a slender spiral of white water flung itself into the sunlight and fell down laughing, dissolved in feathery spray, less of a fountain than a living joy-of-spring.

Cara's face cleared as she looked at it. This was the first day since winter had gone that the fountain had been turned on, and it was like the greeting of a gay and loving friend. She waved her hand to it in answer, and as she did so a man passing by half stopped and stared.

"Idiot that I am!" thought Cara. "The creature thought that I was waving at him."

She turned away abruptly and hurried across the park, and did not look back. The man went on for a few steps, then returned and looked after her. As he did so he caught a glimpse of the fountain leaping in that strange living ecstasy of swift water under clear sun, and a look of comprehension came into his eyes.

"She was waving her hand to the fountain," he thought. "I don't wonder. But what a bully nice girl she must be to think of it. I didn't know there was one like that extant."

And then, being a thoroughly sensible young man, Hugh Gerrity went on his way and promptly forgot the incident. He forgot it so thoroughly that three nights later, when he was introduced to Cara Turnbull at dinner, he didn't recall her at all. He was sitting beside Eve Scott, and a man who sits beside Eve Scott when Eve is desirous to please does not usually recall or remember any other women.

Eve had put on her wine-red and dark-purple gown dripping with dark red faceted beads through which the light shone and made little rosy spots of delight on her white skin. Eve dressed like that for two reasons. The one she always told people was that an artist's wife must wear "queer things." The real reason was that she wanted to fade out every other woman in the room. Generally she succeeded.

She was so engrossed in Hugh Gerrity that she hardly looked up as Cara came in. She murmured their names indistinctly and then said sweetly to Cara:

"Do help Mart with the cocktails, dear. He always puts in too much Italian vermuth unless someone watches him, and it's so dreadful to spoil drinks nowadays, isn't it?"

Cara went obediently into the dining room to find Mart. Her airy brown dress with its dash of peacock blue was not, after all, a conquering sort of garment; so why linger? Besides, she could see Eve's mood.

Martin Scott, big and lumbering and clumsy, hailed her with unfeigned welcome from his position on his knees before the sideboard.

"Well, you're a life-saver as usual, Cara," he remarked. "I don't know where the bally stuff can have got to ——"

"Get away, Mart," said Cara. "Let me find it. Give me that glass too. You go get the tray, and don't bother about anything else. Only tell Katie heaps of ice."

Presently he came back, a bowl of ice in one hand, the tray in the other. Cara was ready, with the shaker half filled. She picked up the ice with her fingers and dropped it in, a lump at a time. "How're those illustrations going, Mart?" she asked, friendly fashion. "Get that new model?"

"Yes, but she's stupid as a bat. You'll have to come over for the hands. I tell her to put her hands out as if she was begging for her life—I try to impress on her what it's all about. Yes, I do—I talk to the creature seriously. And she holds out a pair of stiff paws, sort of please-Mister-Grocer-hand-me-the-package-of-coffee style. It's fierce!"

"I'll come," promised Cara. "Who's to be here to-night besides this new man?"

"Oh, just Wayne and Lisa. Lisa wants to show off her new evening dress. I understand it's pink. That's why Eve's got on her Queen of Sheba garb. She expects to make Lisa look like the poor relation just in from the country."

"There they are, too," said Cara, pausing in her pleasant occupation of filling the glasses. They could hear animated voices in the big studio living room.

"I hope Lisa won't lose her appetite when she sees Eve," said Mart Scott, chuckling. "I tell you what, Cara—Eve's a wonder. She's got some awf'ly amusing traits. She interests me, you know."

"That's probably the highest compliment that a man can pay his wife after five years of marriage," said Cara dryly.

"Well, well, little Cara becoming cynical, making epigrams and things!" Martin Scott chuckled still louder. Cara looked at him and wished for one unregenerate moment that she dared box his ears hard. Instead she motioned to him to pick up the tray and led the way into the studio.

They found Wayne and Lisa Tyler sitting near the other two, and Cara was amused to note that Lisa's dress was a peculiarly warm and lovely shade of rose that persisted triumphantly against Eve's darker colors. It also accented Lisa's blond slenderness. It almost made Eve's dark redundant charms seem a bit heavy.

Presently they went into the dining room, and it was somewhere midway the soup that Martin repeated Cara's remark.

"Cara here," he told them, "is becoming quite a little Miss Worldly-Wise. Told me just now that the greatest compliment a man could pay his wife after five years was to say she interested him."

For the first time that evening Hugh Gerrity's eyes really saw Cara Turnbull. And there was something in their amusement that challenged and provoked her. He needn't grin, she thought with resentment, even though all the rest of them had laughed like ninnies.

"Where do you get all this wise dope about married life, Cara?" asked Wayne Tyler teasingly.

Again Hugh Gerrity's eyes saw her. And again they smiled. The smile nettled Cara and a flame of color shot into her cheeks as she answered.

"Why, dear things," she replied with apparently the most careless gayety, "where should I get it? I get it from all of you." She looked across the table squarely at Hugh Gerrity. "Of course you don't know, Mr. Gerrity," she went on, "that though I'm supposed to be studying for the opera, my real business in life is to be a little sister to husbands. When any one of my friends doesn't want to be bothered with a husband for an evening, or an afternoon, and sometimes even for a Sunday morning, I'm the one called on to amuse and entertain. I walk with them, talk with them, dance with them, tea with them, pose for Martin, sing for Wayne when he's tired, play Canfield with Reed Howard, go to the slums with Alan Fredericks, and listen to—to all of them—eternally."

She had begun the speech lightly enough, but at the end she fairly flung it at him. Hateful young man! At least she'd have the fun of shocking and surprising him and wiping that silly grin off his face. And yet she was unable not to observe that he had really nice eyes.

She liked his eyes even better when he stopped grinning.

"But where," he asked, "do bachelors come in?"

"They don't come in," said Cara, shaking her head. "Do you know, Eve"—she turned to her hostess—"I believe that if my voice fails I'll get up a regular business: Little sister to husbands—harmless entertainer, you know.

(Continued on Page 41)

4 Great Souvenir War Paintings

You will want to own every one of them. Each represents either a high light of the Great War or an incident of peculiar human interest in connection with it. They are souvenirs to be framed and treasured. Here are their titles—you can judge for yourself:

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It expresses the attainment of an ideal long cherished but never before possible.

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Every season has seen a Hudson shortage. Buyers have waited months to get the car of their choice.

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This new price would in itself create a big demand. But that $1975 buys a finer Super-Six must mean more people will want it. Its over sale will be tremendous.

For that reason you will want to see the new Hudson Super-Six as soon as possible.

Hudson Motor Car Company Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 38)

Only I'd have to charge much more to entertain for stupid husbands than charming, good-looking ones."

Wayne and Martin both howled with glee.

"I come in on the lowest rate," exclaimed Wayne. "I say it in all modesty. Of course you ought to get a pretty high rate for fussing over old Mart here ——"

Eve had been out of the center of the stage much too long for her pleasure.

"Will you send your bills to the wives?" she broke in determinedly. "Because that will be a give-away. If I see you charge more for Mart than you do for Wayne, I may begin to realize that Mart isn't the dear delightful angel I've always thought him. There's a great deal of food for thought in it, Cara, my dear."

"Cara, I hereby engage you for a round of golf on Saturday afternoon," declared Wayne solemnly. "Lisa won't go—she said I should ask you anyway. So there's your first client under the little-sister régime."

"Not at all," blustered Martin. "Cara's got to come over and pose for the hands in those illustrations I'm doing for the Great Windbag Magazine. I told her so to-night while she was mixing the cocktails. Let me be your first client, Cara; don't pay any attention to that man."

From across the table Hugh Gerrity watched her defiant, sweet face and its determined effort to carry on the joke.

"She's actually ruffled and teased by them, but she won't show it," he thought quickly. "I'll help her out."

He looked over at Wayne Tyler.

"Tell me about the links here," he said. "I hear they're wonderful. Your club has a great reputation in the East, you know."

He had felt sure that Wayne would rise to this bait, and he was perfectly right. The rest of the dinner they heard no more of the little sister to husbands. Gerrity was not sure, but he ventured to think that Cara Turnbull had given him a glance of heartfelt gratitude. He hoped so, for now he was quite aware of her and aware that she turned the other two women flavorless.

He looked at her again and again, and took note of her, as of a picture in a gallery, gradually seeing each harmony of color, each exquisiteness of line, each play and pattern of the beauty that belonged to her. And then suddenly something in the lift of her hand brought it back to him. "Why, she's the girl who waved to the fountain," he told himself. "What devastating blind luck to find her again! I must talk to her."

As soon as dinner was over he would have hastened over to her, but instead he found himself with a pink siren on one side and a purple-and-red one on the other. If he had been gagged and lashed to the chair it would have been quite as easy for him to get away. It shall not be said of him, however, that he did not struggle. All he achieved was to see the other two men sitting before her, the three of them talking animatedly; but he couldn't get any coherent idea of their subject. Once Martin brought out a big book of sketches and tilted one of the lights so that it fell on its pages, and as Cara bent her head over it her bronzy hair became a halo of enticing gold. And once she stood up and held out both hands as if taking a pose, and Martin caught her wrists and bent them upward in a familiar way that Gerrity thought came very close to offense. At last his hostess followed his eyes.

"Isn't Cara droll?" she asked with that compelling sweetness that made him turn to her despite his reluctance. "How amusing she was at dinner! Of course it's quite true. She cares absolutely nothing about anything but married men. And she's such a dear thing; she never flirts with them. None of the wives ever mind Cara."

The pink siren edged in determinedly.

"Of course we don't," she said. "Cara's not a heart-breaker or a home-wrecker or anything like that. And yet it's almost odd the way she avoids single men, isn't it, Eve? I wonder if she may have had some sad experience. Of course one never would know, she's so very reserved and always was."

Eve nodded acquiescently. If Lisa was going to hang round all evening and give her no chance with Gerrity, they might as well talk of Cara as anything else.

"She's centered on a career," she said, "and of course an opera singer is much better off without a husband. Cara's very ambitious, and one has to bid farewell to ambition when one marries. Do you know, Mr. Gerrity, that when I married I was just about to go on the stage? Everyone assured me that I had a wonderful future before me. But domesticity kills all art—for a woman, that is."

Mr. Gerrity was not to be led into any discussion of Eve's crushed ambitions.

"Is Miss Turnbull studying for the opera?" he asked, bringing the conversation round right to where it was before. Eve and Lisa both looked at him with faint disgust. Was he, perhaps, after seeming so promising, only a very stupid person?

"Yes," vouchsafed Lisa rather shortly.

"I'd like to hear her sing," went on the stupid Gerrity.

Eve and Lisa exchanged expressive glances.

"She very seldom sings," said Eve. "Her teacher has forbidden it, except when she's practicing, I believe. Oh, Lisa, dear, we must have one of our little *fiestas* on Sunday afternoon for Mr. Gerrity, don't you think? That'll give him a chance to meet ever so many people. It must be frightfully lonely for you in a strange city, Mr. Gerrity ——"

Lisa's blond head moved just enough to cut Cara Turnbull out of the range of his vision, and her perfect smile became evident.

"Why, of course," she said. "I'd love it. And as you say, Eve ——"

So Mr. Gerrity was once more far out at sea, with not a chance of reaching his desired beach, swim he ever so hard. He gave it up. "Another time," he promised himself, "things are going to be different."

But all he saw of Cara Turnbull for the rest of that evening was the tip of her bronze slipper, and a particularly formal and impersonal little smile when she said good night. Still, being Irish, with that little admixture of Scotch that makes a man tenacious of purpose, he was not to be distanced and dashed by that smile.

He went away from Mrs. Scott's dinner party with a fixed resolve. "I'll get acquainted with that bronzy-gold little person," he vowed, "even if she lives in a castle with a moat and a drawbridge. She waved her hand at that fountain, and that shows her imagination. And the way she talked to-night, all sparkling humor, but with a thread of earnestness in it! And those two delicious fair ladies showing their necks and their arms and their lovely frocks, and preening themselves that it was safe to let their husbands play with a girl like that. And taking the credit to themselves for their husbands' faithfulness, when it's just the honest-sporting spirit of the little girl herself."

It may be judged that Mr. Gerrity was truly interested. A man does not apply the diminutive to a girl whose eyes are nearly level with his own unless he would like to say something much warmer. It is one of the surest of signs. Yet, make no mistake about it, Mr. Gerrity was not in love—not yet. His interest had been piqued; he had wanted to talk to a girl and had been kept away from her by other women—always a great help—and he had been treated as negligible by the girl herself. Then there was the incident of the fountain, and if Gerrity had the Scotch tenacity he had also the Irish imagination.

He had come to this Western city straight from the A. E. F., to begin his professional career all over again in a big new job. He did not have the least intention of falling in love and being hampered with a wife. That's what he called it—hampered. He wanted a couple of years of the hardest kind of concentration on his new job, and then, when the work was in hand and the shekels commenced to roll in, he would be quite ready to think about marriage. He did not specify love along with the marriage, because to every decent young American that is understood. And now, by the jumping jingo, here was a lithe little creature who —— He snapped off the light. It would be easier to think clearly in the morning.

But in the morning, oddly enough, he found that his thoughts had an ever recurring theme which had to do with a pair of cool gray eyes and the vexed lilt of a voice that ran into a plaint about being a—what was the phrase? Right in the middle of the dictation of some serious correspondence he got it and chuckled—"A little sister to husbands." He suddenly stopped dictating and stared inconsequently out of his office window.

"That'll do. I'll finish the letters this afternoon," he said at last to his secretary, who was mentally wondering if the new assistant general manager was bug.

As soon as the secretary was quite gone he seized the telephone book and a few minutes later the telephone.

"Is this Miss Turnbull's residence—Miss Cara Turnbull? . . . She's *out?* When do you expect her back? . . . Gone with Doctor Fredericks over to the Italian settlement? . . . Oh, good-by."

Out. Gone with Doctor Fredericks over to the Italian settlement. Probably because Doctor Fredericks' wife wanted her to. Gerrity got up and ran a hand over his somewhat fevered forehead.

"I am the damndest fool!" he said aloud, and then jabbed his thumb down on the pushbutton that summoned his secretary. "I'm going on with those letters," he said with severity.

By evening he had somewhat regained his reason. In fact, he had taken advantage of such intervals as the day offered to speak severely to himself and also apply a little wholesome ridicule. All the same, he went five blocks out of the way to look at that fountain in the dusk. Not that it did him any particular good. There was a singular lack of charm about that fountain seen alone.

"Anyway," he promised himself as he walked on through the spring dusk, "I'll be meeting her at different places. I'd better not be too precipitate. I'm glad I didn't leave my name when I called up this morning."

Thereupon he put himself under a strict watch, and passed the remaining three days until Sunday without perpetrating any further idiocy, as he sternly named it. He recited to himself the absurdity of falling in love with a girl he had seen but twice and hardly spoken to. He also recited to himself the absurdity of falling in love at all. He reminded himself of all he wanted to accomplish before he concerned himself with matters of sentiment. And at the end of every vigorous homily the Irish of him got up and made a highly mocking face at him. And he had it all to do over again.

Naturally, when he once more entered the domain of the Scotts for the promised *fiesta*, which took the form of a rather noisy and hilarious afternoon tea, he looked about eagerly for the person he had assured himself it were wiser not to see. She was not there, but presently he heard her name spoken by a pretty little slip of a woman with tumbled dark hair and an elfish three-cornered face.

"Reed's been working so hard," she was telling someone. "I sent him over to Cara to have her take him for a walk. He makes me so frightfully nervous when he gets blue and tired."

Gerrity felt his ears stretching into cornucopias, but that was all he heard. It was well toward the end of the party when he became aware, with a sudden leap of his heart, that the one he was waiting for actually had come in, and with a rather fretful-looking tall man whom he took to be the unknown "Reed."

Presently he was introduced to this man as Mr. Howard. The little dark-haired woman drifted over and said: "Feeling better, old dear?" And Reed had responded: "Fine! Cara and I did five miles. Wind nearly blew us away on North Street hill."

Gerrity turned abruptly away from the group that surrounded him and went to Cara Turnbull. She looked at him in that same cool, impersonal way that he was coming to know, and some little imp of perversity led him to try to appear very much at his ease and somewhat facetious. This was to cover his real eagerness and the embarrassment he was feeling.

"The little sister to husbands," he said gayly. "Still busy?"

It was exactly as if he had dropped a barrier between them. She tilted her bronze head ever so little and shrugged a careless shoulder.

"Very busy," she said, and turned away from him.

The rest of the afternoon was a wretched blank to him. But when she went he followed her—hardly waiting to say good-by to his hostess—and caught up with her at the curb.

"That was a very silly thing I said to you," he began. "Please forgive me. Will you—will you let me come to see you and prove that I'm not such a perfect ass as I seem? Please, please!"

She did not thaw perceptibly, but at least she did not deny him.

"I shall be glad to have you call," she said, rather doubtfully, and at that moment another man, coming away from the Scotts, hastened up to them. It was Wayne Tyler.

"Oh, there you are, Cara," he said crossly. "Lisa's going to stay here to dinner with Eve, and I wish you'd take me home with you. I'm sick of so much infernal chatter." He hardly looked at Gerrity, but motioned Cara imperatively toward his car.

"All right," she said. "Mother'll be delighted. Good-by, Mr. Gerrity." And that was all the comfort he had.

Thereafter, by a system of inquiries that were as cautious as they were keenly calculated, he began to find out things about Cara Turnbull. She had been one of a group of débutantes of four years before, all of whom, save herself, had married. She had "gone in" for singing, was "crazy for" a career, and had every chance of achieving one. Next year she was to study in Paris. When Gerrity heard that last he set his teeth.

"Not if I know it," he said. Forthwith he availed himself of her promised permission to call.

It was a very charming, comfortable drawing-room that he entered, whose old Georgian furnishings seemed to speak of generations of good people who had owned and loved them. The grand piano was the only modern thing in the room. It was exactly the background he would have chosen for her, Gerrity reflected, and he sat down contentedly to wait for her.

He could trace a likeness to her in the portrait of a lovely creature in powder and patches hanging over the fireplace in a frame of tarnished gilt.

"I wonder," he said when she at last came in, "if that was not your great-grandmother?"

"My great-great-grandmother," she said, and he was glad of the surprised pleasure of her eyes. "Do you really think I look like her?"

Before he had time to answer the door was unceremoniously opened and Martin Scott came in, a big flat package in his hands.

"Hello, Cara!" he said. "How d'ye do, Gerrity! I've got a rush order for some illustrations that require just such a background as this. Thought I'd run in to-night and make some sketches and then to-morrow I could go at 'em in a hurry. I want that sofa and that little Pembroke table. Can't we have some stronger lights?"

He lifted the shade of the nearest lamp and looked about him appraisingly.

(Concluded on Page 166)

MESSENGERS—By Calvin Johnston

The Tale of the Farthest Lantern

Regan Himself, With the Prestige of Old Command in This Territory, Has Been Sent to Open the Way

THE group before the fire at the Engineers' Club were listening, every one—though nothing was being said; nor was it the crackle of apple logs or fluttering sails and drowning cries of the northeaster in the chimney that preoccupied them. Rather some still, distant undertone in their own breasts, arresting their conversation, gestures, thoughts—they glanced at one another surreptitiously, uneasily.

"But listen—I am telling you," said old Con O'Connel, the railroad builder, his voice rolling and sweet as the bells of Shandon: "To-night I hear a footfall in the rain—that of Tim Cannon, the messenger."

So that was the undertone which had arrested their thoughts; the rush of footfalls symbolizing to the group, every one, the pursuit of himself by a belated messenger. They settled themselves, relieved and smiling; after all the thing had been naturally suggested to them by the echo of rain on the broad plate windows. And they nodded their heads to Con, still listening.

The footfall of Tim Cannon, a name of ancient days on the P. D. Railroad; but as the story does not concern him except as Molly Regan's messenger I will leave him come into it in his own time and take up with the Regans themselves

Two of them there were to begin with—young Michael, swinging a lusty pick in a construction gang of the Great Southwest Railway; and Molly, a pretty bride with solemn wondering gaze and air of listening to things which no one else could hear.

Often Mike would smile at her queer fancies that there are things to learn and do beyond the day's work, and after the Great Southwest has been builded and he has laid aside pick and shovel to become track boss at Turntable Station this queerness of Molly's leads her into playing a great joke on her husband.

For she saves her odd pennies against his birthday and presents him with a book. "A book of higher knowledge, it is," she says, while Mike scratches his head in awe; and she must kiss him for the kind interest he takes and that evening read to him a page in a voice like the song of soldiers marching. Mike toils after in mind with his big fists gripping and forehead glistening in the struggle to remember the journey, but at the end a darkness comes down on him, and the two gaze at each other uneasily and the page is read over again.

But devil a bit can Mike remember of it, so that he sits despairing with his head between his hands. "Do not mind, Molly," he says then; "you shall study on alone at the higher knowledge, having a joy of it which is not for me." He says this, looking up to smile, and yet the big hands hold on to hers as if fearing she was being stolen away.

But Molly answers him back so clear and strong that the song of soldiers marching is nothing to it. "'Tis only the joke I am playing. Am I the wife to bother you with learning when you know already so much," she says, "and have the care of the section on your mind, with ties to lay straight and rails to spike fast so that the great railroad may run?" And when he speaks once more of the study she should make of knowledge Molly closes the big book and sets it on the mantel along with the clock.

"'Tis for ornament, and now you know why I bought it from the peddler," she explains; "for every household of pretension must have a book."

So they admire the shiny binding and gold letters, and after five years when their new cottage is built it is given a shelf of its own.

Danny is born, the same who in Molly's lifetime shall be an official of the great railroad; and when in the course of time he is turned a sturdy boy of seven, with coal-black eyes and a round cropped head, she would place the book in his hands for purposes of learning. But detecting the fear of Michael as he smokes in the evening with eyes on the shelf, that the mysterious volume may contain matter treasonable to their state and condition, she ignores the higher knowledge completely and is content to send Danny only to the Turntable school.

A cruel one he is to the old master there, inking the pages of his reader and carving a locomotive on his desk; and when he is twelve he has decided against all books and school and is interested only in things of the Turntable yard.

So that one evening he comes home, and when Molly kisses him because he brought all his books as if to study Danny explains, "Mother, I am now a man and have a job calling crews, so study is of no more use."

He stacks his reader and arithmetic on the shelf by the old book, and Michael hearing the news that evening laughs with pleasure that the boy has completed his education so soon and promises to put half Danny's salary in bank in his own name. Time passes and the books fade in their bindings, and are forgotten even by Molly; but the eyes of her shine more clearly than ever as if studying in pages which no one else could see. When Danny is about eighteen years old, and already operator at Turntable, she notices that a habit has come over him of pausing in the doorway at dusk, and there he will stand gazing out into the yards with folded arms till at last his mother asks the reason with timid eagerness.

"'Tis the lanterns," says Dan. "Beckon they do to things beyond Turntable."

"To things beyond," repeats Molly with hand on her heart. "Turn to me," she says; and Dan does so, grinning at his fancy; but as she studies the black-browed face a fierce frown like the fluff and smoke of powder passes over it, with the white teeth gleaming out.

"Beckon they do, mother," he says steadily, "to the job of trainmaster and superintendent, and even beyond to places high and powerful. And there I must trample my way whoever has to be pulled down to make room."

In that instant she sees him as he is, the Regan of them all; and after a bit she smiles and nods, but never again does she ask about the beckoning of the lanterns.

So time passes again, and Dan goes up to division headquarters at Barlow to dispatch trains, and Michael gives a last order as assistant roadmaster and comes home to his long sickness. And now Molly is alone in the little house, settled down to keep blooming the memories of it along with the hollyhocks of the garden beyond the lattice with the morning-glory vines trailing over. Time fades her face, but 'tis still uplifted and lighted, and later she is seen among the flowers till they die in the fall, and winter coming down she sits at her window knitting a shawl as the snow is knitted without.

But deep is her grieving over Dan, who is by this time superintendent, with his policy of pull-down and trample-under, dreaded by all round him. Two or three times a year he will stop his special at Turntable, and seated in the little parlor he seems a glowing metal mass of a man to Molly, standing apart in awe of him. But the time is at hand when she must appeal to him or never at all in this world, so the saints inspire her to speak a message to the man of power and she smiles with shy pride of their confidence in her.

"Faith, I will talk to him as a boy again," she plans; "'Danny,' I will say, 'when the lanterns of the yard do beckon to your ambition is there not one light above and beyond, brighter than all the others, which beckons the spirit?' Then he will be guided by it," reasons old Molly with her solemn gaze fixed on the future of Dan.

But it chances that Dan's visit is delayed and Molly feels that the saints are impatient of her worldly lingering.

"I must put the message into writing lest it be lost entirely," she says then. "Anyhow Danny will read it over and over in memory of me, having that tender a heart toward his mother, for all his hardness to others."

So that the message of the farthest lantern is at last about to be written, on an evening when the little cottage with crusted eaves and hoary glimmering windows seems but the bivouac of winter elves in folk story. And as old Molly by the cleared table, with pen in hand and bottle of ink and the paper she bought when Michael died—to write his second cousin in Kildare a letter of sympathy, y'understand—as old Molly makes ready for the writing, after a stick laid on the fire and hearth brushed, the snow drifts solidly to the window but is swept clean of the doorstep, leaving a scratch of firelight under the door on the path beyond.

"The Farthest Lantern," she writes, as a headline, for 'tis certain that Danny before reading will wish to know what it is about; and then pleased with the successful beginning she holds it up to the shaded lamp to read over, then because of the wrinkled hands shaking lays it down on the table, surely as steady as rock.

Divil a thing can she make out except blots and scratches, so that the headline is done over with more care. And only then it becomes plain that what with the rheumatism and palsy Molly has written her last, except scratches, which the most credulous could not accept at all as a message of interest, y'understand.

Now well would it be for old Mistress Regan's memory if she had put aside the message with resignation and thought no more about it. But there is no doubt that the look of solemn wonder flitted suddenly from her face, leaving it haggard and fierce, and that like a stab with a dagger she drove the splintering pen into the desk as into the breast of an enemy. So much is known, for there is little done that can be screened from mortal ken.

As for her thoughts—here no man can tell, for she held her words behind grim set lips. But the guess cannot be

(Continued on Page 45)

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Dorothy Gish in "I'll Get Him Yet"
Lila Lee in "Rustling a Bride"
"Oh! You Women"
A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin in "The Home Town Girl"
Shirley Mason in "The Final Close Up"
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Wallace Reid in "The Road to Ruin"
Bryant Washburn in "Something to Do"

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Hugh Ford's Production
Hall Caine's Novel
"Little Women"
A Maxine Elliott Production
"Sporting Life"
A Marion Davies Production
The Silver King
A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The False Faces"

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production
"For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks in
The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson in "Eyes of the Soul"
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Mary Pickford in "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone in "Johnny Get Your Gun"

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(Continued from Page 42)

far amiss that when old Molly discovered she was destined to die with never a word of warning or counsel to Dan she broke into bitter revolt. Not a word of all the wisdom she had stored with this one purpose could be written or spoken to him—and it never was. Far be it from me to blackguard an old lady fallen in with disappointment but it is a fact proved by witness that her trembling hands upraised and her lips, always so faintly smiling, curled as with a curse—and whether it was launched at the fiend or heaven itself is not for me to say who have no proof that her voice was heard above the howling of the blizzard.

But this I know, that on the instant she hears a summons that breaks the spell of anger as no threat of purgatory would have done. A moment she hesitates, the old hands sink unclenching, the fierceness fades from her eyes, and once again with wondering uplifted look Molly Regan turns to the things beyond, which no one else may see.

At the wide-open welcoming door she stands, peering amid the squall of snow; and there in the center of the blur of light stands Tim the messenger, in aftertime the ruin of Dan Regan's fortunes.

The boy's hands are clasped as those of a frozen corpse, the wind whistles in his rags, but he glowers at her with narrowed brows and a gleam of teeth. Here he is, come to demand retribution for her rebellion against the will of God, and since Molly cannot live to pay it is ordained that she shall give instead into Tim Cannon's hands the means of trampling under Dan Regan and his fortune. 'Tis little we know.

"Come," says Molly, "come in to the fire, and the hot coffee; you are frozen with the wind and snow. Glory be, that I am still here to make comfortable for the waif on my doorstep."

The wisp of old woman in mourning dress, with blown white hair and outstretched hand; the crackling hearth, and coziness of the room beyond—these are hostess and haven enough to any waif of winter tempest; and Molly knowing it to be so steps aside for him, laughing with eagerness to see him at the fireside, dry and warm in Danny's old clothes, sniffing the steam of his coffee cup.

But this is no ordinary outcast, y'understand, submissive to charity, but an agent of retribution, who stands with frozen folded hands, and wind whistling in his rags, looking on with a threatening manner. And when the moment has come for him to enter, and not until then, he stalks stiffly past the outheld hand to the center of the room and turns slowly in his tracks to study the features of the place, as an agent of destiny should always do. His pinched little face is dirty, his black hair tousled by the storm, which has blown away his cap; and now the lamplight touching his temple reveals the deep scar there. A wild and awesome waif is this, and Molly studying with startled interest his behavior feels at last that she is entertaining some veteran campaigner of regions beyond Turntable to whom the mischances of earthly wandering in cold and snow are nothing.

Not a word does he say but spreads his stiffened fingers before the blaze, and Molly with the strangest of hopes dawning so soon after her rebellion bustles briskly about the coffee making. And presently it is brewed and Tim Cannon stands by the table drinking and munching toast and cold meat.

"Ye must be seated in the chair," urges Molly, "and be comfortable, and it will seem like home to you."

At this Tim Cannon rubs his scar with remembrance of his drunken grandfather and their home in the city slums. Then he eats the faster till he is done, studying her with peculiar interest.

"You should have seen the money before I began the eats," he says by way of advice on the entertainment of wayfarers.

"Do you mean you can't pay?" asks Molly after a moment's reflection. "Now what am I to do?"

"Throw me out," instructs Tim, with contempt of her ignorance.

"Into the storm? Oh, no!"

"Why not?" he asks with suspicion.

"Faith, I wouldn't treat a dog so," replied Molly.

"Sure, not a dog," agrees Tim; and waiting to be driven out stands arrow-straight in Danny's old clothes, which are too big for him, wondering what the dog has to do with the matter.

"But you can pay," says Molly after a moment. Faintly and eagerly she speaks, her hand pressing her heart to steady it in against the impulse of hope. "You can pay for that and much more—food and drink and warmth all the days of my life—and without money." Tim shrewdly glances his question, but Molly shakes her head for answer.

"To-night I will keep secret and plan how to arrange it—and you may sleep here on the sofa before the fire and dream of good things for to-morrow; and only then"—she nods with mystery in her smile—"I will say what ye are to do."

And Tim gives her a glance of his level eyes, reflecting in the wisdom of experience that here is crooked business to be done for his keep.

"Sure," he answers in a way to inspire confidence, and the bargain being struck Molly says good night, and the guest is soon stretched in sleep on the couch.

After a time the shadows move up closer to him, the fire flickering on the blackened log as the spirit clings to a body dying; the wind falls till only the deep breathing of the sleeper is heard, and the loud ticking of the clock—it strikes two with a crash, and Tim rouses.

As an old campaigner he rises from sleep without recoil or startled look at the cloaked figure standing with ink and paper at the table in the center of the room.

"Whist!" she says, and for a moment marvels at the nature of a boy who rises to the alarm in the middle of the night, awake and ready; the indifference with which he buttons his coat whilst hearing the snow he has just escaped snarl threateningly against the window. "Whist!" says Molly, hesitating to tell the reason for her coming at that hour, lest it shock or frighten him. But the bearing of the meager boy and the level glance of the untamable blue eyes once more assure her that he has not been sent here from beyond Turntable to fail her at extremity.

"Y'understand, Timothy, that I am an old lady who may die any time—perhaps to-night, having such warning in the unsteady beating of my heart—and so I am come at once to explain matters and have you settle my affairs for me on earth. Do not be afraid ——"

"What of?" asks Tim.

"First," resumes Molly eagerly, "I have planned to explain to you a moment—that 'tis a duty I promised myself to do and have long neglected."

"What is that?" asks Tim.

"A duty? Why, the same as made me take you in this night."

"How did it make you?" asks Tim, and listens with skepticism to her explanation.

"'Twill be the same with you, settling my affairs on earth," says Molly in conclusion; "if you promise to do it 'tis then a duty, and of course you would not fail—through storm and hardship and fear, you would go ——"

"A duty," says Tim with reflection; "if you die you'll never know whether I 'tend to it."

"Why, that would make no difference. You would 'tend to it because you promised. You would follow the Farthest Lantern, as I will explain presently."

Queerly he looks round, studying the flicker of fire, the cozy room, even the clothes he is wearing; then the uplifted old face under the white hair with its expression of listening to things he cannot hear.

"I promise," he says, and laughs in a fierce puzzled way—the only laugh ever heard from him. And he has forgotten and Molly has forgotten to name the price to be paid for his trouble.

"Here is a pen you may fit in the broken holder," she says; "write what I cannot for the palsy in my hand. Now, as I tell you—'tis the letter of the Farthest Lantern—the lantern which beckons to duty."

But Tim fumbles the pen. "I never learned how," he explains, "to write the letters"; and on the instant feels the hand at his shoulder tremble and clutch, looks up a moment to see two great tears roll down her cheeks—and curses with a mighty smother in the breast of him.

"You need not curse," says Molly faintly; "'tis the will of the saints after all."

She nods, listening, and then the boy watches her glide from the room, and for a long time sits on the hearth before the fire, his chin locked in his hands.

So after all it has come about that the message of the Farthest Lantern is never written at all. And neither is it spoken, for Tim scratching on the door of Molly's room at daybreak receives no cheery word of greeting; and after a moment's reflection entering with the lamp he finds her silent forever.

Without reverence he stares at the face on the pillow, having no knowledge of death's ghostly significance; and scowling he brushes away the cold beads which gather on his forehead. 'Tis certain that an outcast in a strange house with a dead person will be marked for suspicion by the neighbors; and Tim Cannon has had cause enough to avoid the police. Yet queerly enough he sets the lamp, shining brightly, by the bedside, and sometimes seated and sometimes moving about, but never leaving the chill room for the warm fireplace next door, he keeps her company.

One neighbor hears of Molly's death from a vagabond at her door in the morning and runs to call to others, "Come, Aunt Molly is dead." On their way to the Regan cottage they agree that the vagabond is a suspicious character and look about for him. But Tim has disappeared; nor do they see him again until entering the room where Molly lies, with lamp burning brightly and grim little sentry returned to await them.

Later when questioned he explains his presence in a few words. "I'll be on the way," he says then.

No one offers him shelter or money or food, being a suspicious character. Indeed all the company approve when a man stops him to examine the package in his pocket. But as it is found to consist of only an ink bottle and some paper with a broken pen he is permitted to go.

"It is suspicious," they agree. "What can the likes of him want with letter writing?"

But they are broad-minded people of Turntable, and let him go on condition that he stay away.

And 'tis on this same day Dan Regan catches the stride that shall make destiny for railroads, and lands his great job with the P. D. System.

All of two months after Molly's funeral—in fact the very morning of Dan Regan's departure from Barlow and the Great Southwest Railroad to take his position as general manager of the P.D.—a ragged gossoon with a scar over his temple peeps from the box car of a through train halted for a change of engines near the depot platform. It is Tim Cannon, surprised every morning at waking to find himself out of the den of the city slums, where morning, noon and night his grandfather—being in liquor at the time—would drive him out to steal some trifle good for a drink at the pawnbroker's saloon. And having no knowledge that a living is to be gained by a more honorable profession than crime he peeps out with suspicion on the open streets and yards, where it is impossible to hide from a patrolman.

But hunger drives him out into the open, snarling under his breath; and presently toward the depot lunch stand, groaning under the weight of sinkers and pies, Timothy is making his way by fits and starts and glancing suspicion in every direction. So that he is overcome with chagrin when in spite of all his caution a young man steps from behind the car unnoticed and taps him smartly on the shoulder.

Quite an elegant young gentleman, in pink shirt and gay suspenders, who says: "See Dan Regan, yonder, up the platform, who is now off from his old job as superintendent here to become general manager of the P. D. All the luck he has, and myself with a headpiece of solid gold knocking at Opportunity, who has on her door 'Nobody Home,'" says the young man in gloom.

To the switch engine signaling down the yard he gives the high sign in answer that he will be there in the course of time, and as Tim prowls round the corner of the station he follows after to see what is meant by it.

"What, are you not going out again in the box car, young hobo?" he asks.

"It is a fine home if you have but the bread," says Tim.

"A home?" repeats the other. "Mr. James Craney, I am," he informs with dignity; "chief clerk to the general yardmaster, who has no other but me. Is it reasonable, young hobo, as man to man, that you can jolly me along?"

He peers round the corner, and for the first time Regan, a towering figure of a man, turns so that Tim can see his face. The bell of the special rings faintly as the sweep of his glance takes in Mr. Craney and the vagabond boy; then he steps on board and in a moment the glittering brass spark of the car amid the flying dust cloud flings Regan's last signal to the G. S. Railroad.

But the towering black-browed man lingers in the mind's eye of Timothy; a giant who has stepped out of the unknown and swept him with slow smoldering glance and then stepped back again.

Thus they meet and part, and the great man holds no more memory of the vagabond than if he had never been; but in the bony little breast under the rags the heart leaps high, and on the instant Tim takes up the trail which Destiny, a far-sighted old creature, has long since blazed out for him.

"He is the big boss," says the boy with awe, gazing after the spangle of the flying train.

"I would not envy Regan if I were you," advises Craney. "See how he has gone—with no friend to bid him godspeed because of the way he has kept us all under."

But the boy still gazes after the spangle in the dust. "Divil a bit will Regan care whether he be godspeeded or not," he says, so boldly that Craney considers him with respect.

"I see that yourself has ambition along of the rags," he says with meditation. "Then I know a job where you may use the ambition freely and never a chance to part with the rags," he says. "A job which is the equal of Regan's in every way, only on a smaller scale, you understand; where you will be general manager of a railroad and all the other officials to boot, including your own paymaster. Do I interest you?"

Tim nods in respect to the big words and Mr. Craney instructs him: "Whist! Arrange your running time to meet me passing the yard-limit post yonder at six one P. M."

And to make it official he scribbles a train order in his notebook for Tim to sign with his mark, as his drunken grandfather has educated him to do.

Then Mr. Craney strolls away to answer the signals of the engine that there are cars to be weighed, and Tim prowling professionally past the lunch counter in the waiting room, steals a banana and a sandwich, which he has for breakfast in the shade of a pile of ties. There he watches the making up of trains, the flying switches, the flatheads scuttling along packing the journal boxes; and far beyond he can see the machine shops with the forked tongues of blacksmiths' forges and the blink of brasses in the roundhouse.

A great groan of iron and steam and toil swells in the smoky light, and the bells call to him so that he begins prowling everywhere from end to end of the yards. The noon comes with blowing of whistles; and hungry again he goes back to the lunch counter while the waiter is busy and sandwiches are easy prey. But instead of stealing them he comes out on the platform with empty hands and stares back, not understanding why it is so, till the groan of the work hour swelling again calls up the memory of black-browed Regan who has been big boss of it all

"'Tis sure he would never run and hide from a policeman," says Tim, and ponders how Regan would act in his place. "He would go hungry if he was not strong enough to take what he wanted to their faces—that is what Regan would do," he says; and despising sandwiches and sinkers which have to be stolen in secret he struts proudly about with his rags and hunger till the six o'clock whistle blows and Mr. Craney meets him at the yard limit.

Now be it explained that just below this spot the Great Southwest had built its first freight house, abandoned as the village of Barlow grew away from it into a big town. Long ago the foundations have been wiped out, but in Regan's time it still stands, a ramshackle ruin on the edge of the right of way, which some official with economy has leased out instead of tearing down.

"This is the Terminal Building," explains Mr. Craney as they come up, "of the Barlow Suburban Railway." And he points out the sagging track of rust-eaten rails which wanders away across the town's outskirts. "In here," he explains, escorting Tim up the incline of the platform and through the sliding door of the wareroom, "we have a stall for the motive power, which is a horse, and in the corner a cot for the general manager, who drives him. 'Tis only three runs must be made daily across pleasant hills and fields and then a hearty supper when you collect fares enough to pay for it, and an infant's sleep here rocked by the trains as they pass. Then up in the morning in jolly good time to get the lime-kiln workers on the job by seven. Observe, young hobo," he says, "that I keep nothing up my sleeve. The job is here for you to take or leave, for better or worse: and I throw in this cap with the gold braid," he says, unwrapping one of the bundles he carries.

"Gimme it," replies Tim with decision; and the suburban car arriving at the moment, the driver turns in thirty-five cents as the day's revenue, and Mr. Craney pays him seventy cents as wages and discharges him with thanks.

"You are now installed, young manager, and so on," he tells Tim; and after presenting the cap with gold braid, which comes down over his manager's ears, he shows him how to reverse the horse and work the combination of the harness, which is woven of wire and rope and old trunk straps.

"All aboard, Barlow Suburban!" he calls then, so quickly that a young lady passenger must run the last few steps and be assisted into the car by himself.

"You will be most active as superintendent of motive power," he shouts to Tim as he dusts the bony nag with the reins, and the battered little car bumps along "Old Charley is an heirloom who has come down to me along of the cursed railway," he explains.

"Do not frighten away the gadfly which is his train dispatcher or he will sit down in the track till the whistle blows."

Further instructions he gives also, and they have gone about a mile out into the fields when the young lady passenger having dropped her fare into the box rings the bell and is helped off at a wild-rose bush where a path leads over a hill to a farmhouse.

"Sweet creature," says Mr. Craney with gloom. "Drive on!" And never a word more does he speak till they reach the end of the line and the house where he lives alone. "We are total strangers," he explains then, "though she has boarded at the farmhouse half the summer and is named Katy O'Hare and is telephone lady in town."

When Tim asks why Katy O'Hare and himself do not become acquainted: "'Tis the fatal circumstances of me," he answers; and invites his official to dinner, unwrapping his other bundle.

The cheap old cottage is also fallen upon fatal circumstances, with shutters and panes broken and seams of its walls opening to the weather; the barns and sheds are but heaps of boards, and the crooked, rusty switch seems but a fork of lightning which has so wrecked and blackened the whole Craney homestead that Tim's rags are an ornament to it. And yet Mr. Craney snaps his fingers and dances a jig. "Now ruin and mortgage may swallow you as it has me," he says with ridicule, and knocks some splinters from the house to build a fire in the yard between four bricks which he knocks from the chimney.

He brings the coffeepot from the kitchen and then kicks it away that he may boil the coffee in an old can as a courtesy to the young hobo; and sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs he sets out from his bundle.

"Never can we become acquainted," resumes Mr. Craney; "because how could I ask her to be mine and all the time about to be swallowed up," he says, "by the Barlow Suburban, which has already swallowed my father who built it, and his estate and my own earnings for five years?" And now he makes plain that he is seizing the opportunity to travel away in search of fortune, having found a manager in rags who can afford to live on the dividends of the Suburban.

"We are not engaged; far from it," he says; "yet never would I desert her to walk such ties as the Barlow Suburban, more cruel than the ties which bind us together." So he makes out a time card. "In the morning she goes to work, and back at evening; and some day she may be minded to ride at noon for the sake of the exercise which is to be had on the B. S. car." He gives Tim this time card and the key to the box which the nickels are dropped in. "Good-by; I can trust you." He points up to the sky "Don't leave her walk; you solemnly promise! Good-by."

And having turned his coat wrong side out he twists a red handkerchief round his neck and is gone. And as he becomes smaller with distance Timothy feels his own body swell larger with importance; having tried the key in the fare box he leaves the nickel there as a come-on, and kicks the horse to his feet as he has seen the truckmen do in the city slums.

After a bit the lime burners arrive from the kiln half a mile away, and Tim drives them to Barlow. All the way he thinks of the smoky yards with the groan of toil rising from them, where all have dwelt so long, afraid of Regan.

"Myself will rise up to be big boss," he says.

Well the gossoon understands, with the scar on his temple and body still marked from the drunkard's blows, that no one can rule except by fear, so he speeds up Charley with slaps of the reins, and after unhitching at the terminal chases him up the incline and into the stall with a stick. "Never let me see you staggering or sitting down on the job," he warns in kindly caution, so that Charley may save himself some of the beatings.

With a smolder in his eyes and drumbeat in his bony little breast Tim sits on his pallet below a lantern hung to a beam, listening whilst the old building rolls and pitches to the passing trains and loose shingles hoot in the blast above. And 'tis worthy of note that spiders swing down from cobwebbed rafters to glare at him with interest as a comrade weaving a web of his own; and the mice do not come out at present, but scurry all to set their nests in order and be ready for the part they are to play in the history of Tim the messenger. 'Tis little we know.

In a few days Tim has made a study of the Suburban's affairs; six or seven of the lime burners ride with him on weekdays, and also Katy O'Hare; but on Sunday he has no passengers, the kiln being closed down so that the burners may convalesce from riding on the Suburban, and Katy choosing to walk along the path by the rosebush with sidelong glance and blush lest the elegant young gentleman with whom she is not acquainted be on the car platform. In the evening Tim dines at the lunch wagon across the track for a dime, and morning and noon munches a loaf with indignation of Charley, who draws a hatful of oats three times a day

But soon after he has cut the ration to two hatfuls Charley sits down on the track, indifferent to the gadfly and all the beatings, till they compromise on two and a half hatfuls, Tim rubbing his scar with remembrance.

"Sure, the horse is like I used to be with my old man, when I was hungry I was afraid of being starved and kicked; but after I had been starved and kicked I was not afraid of going hungry or of the old man either."

'Tis live and let live we must, so he feeds Charley just little enough to keep him afraid of getting still less, which is the secret of all contented relations between employer and employed, y'understand.

Only a short time afterward Tim raises the car fare to ten cents, recking little of the lime burners' wrath and the high glances of Katy O'Hare at the hard little face and hunched ragged body as he drives on, clenching the reins in his fists. Divil a bit does he seek their goodwill, or anybody's knowing that there is profit to be made only from the fear that people have of him as they have of Regan.

At evening when he makes bold to stroll through the yards among the roadmen some tale of Regan will send him scurrying back light-hearted to the old terminal to count his money, hidden in a can behind some loose bricks in the wall.

Buy and sell and trample them all, I will, some day," he says, and dances a banshee dance with shuffling feet and flinging arms. The spiders—who are all misers glare down on him with a poison joy, and hasten to spin a web over the cranny where the can of treasure is buried. "No thief will suspect what is hidden there now," says Tim; and opens another deposit in another cranny, where a spider with golden spots mounts guard. But the mice having set their nests in order only look on at all this, so as not to take their part in his history before it is time.

Drafty and echoing and chill the old terminal is that same night, and for the first time the boy sitting cross-legged with his tattered toga of old sacks wrapped round him is aware of the loneliness. In a sort of vision a cozy room with sparkling hearth rises to mind, and the old woman welcoming him on the snowy doorstep; the hard lines at the corners of his mouth melt away, a dimple coming into the brown cheek, which had never known dimple before, and he curses softly with a gleam of white teeth.

'Sure, the old dame had a message to send, and I could have carried it," he muses; "because," he admits uneasily, "'twas a promise"

And hereupon by the arrangement of Destiny the mice having all in order take their cue and come out boldly into his history. In the corner along of Tim is a rubbish of old records upon which he has thrown the package brought from Molly's cottage—thrown it the first evening of his coming, with no thought of it since, being preoccupied with the business of pull-down and trample-under. But now the mice gnawing at the string open the package, and the little bottle of ink comes rolling across the floor directly before his eyes. And this appearance of the ink bottle being so timed to his mood the boy reaches for the rest of the package and laying aside the pen unfolds the sheets of paper

(Continued on Page 48)

"Reckon They Do, Mother," He Says Steadily, "to the Job of Trainmaster and Superintendent"

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Continued from Page 46

One of them he examines curiously, placing it between his elbows under the lantern as he stretches flat on the floor. He knows very well 'tis Molly's beginning of the message of the Farthest Lantern, and though he is not an educated person—often cursing the printing in books which makes them so hard to understand—it is certain that Tim Cannon alone of all the world can read what is written here. The eagerness of things beyond, which had been Molly Regan's, the falter of disappointment when discovering that she could not reveal them to Dan, the fierce bitterness of her rebellion—all are written plainly in the cramped scribbling and broad hideous scratches. The huge black blots were threats and prophecies of death, struck from the pen in her hand by a Providence impatient of her lingering.

The vagabond raises his eyes, his body flat and motionless. "All she wanted," he says sullenly, "was to write a page 'cause it was duty." It was another duty which had made her take him in that freezing night. He is resentful toward some thing or power he does not know what—that Molly was prevented from writing this message.

"I might have stayed till I learned how to write it for her," he says; and all at once is tremendously sorry that it is too late to do this; too late to knock on the cottage door and be welcomed by the old dame to the cheerful room; to show he would keep his promise; too late to leave pull-down and trample-under behind him and begin all over again.

Just this far Tim Cannon lets his musings lead him; then fiercely, in a scorn of his own musings and loneliness, rouses up to sit a while, cross-legged, darting deliberately the untamable blue eye to the dark corners, and listening, as if daring all these bright memories, which would lure him from his purpose of being boss like Regan, to come out in the open and halt him.

Presently in cold defiance of them he tears across the page of yellowed writing; no doubt, remembering Dan, a spirit looks wistfully down upon the vagabond with the scroll in his fist. Again and again he tears deliberately. The very scratches of Molly's message are tatters. Tim Cannon is himself again.

And the great door at the end of the building rolls back and a towering figure stands whipping in the storm; slowly he comes up to the lantern; the visitor is Regan

"Where is Craney, who owns the car line?" he asks.

"He is gone; I am the manager," says Tim, rising. And after he has explained, "No matter," nods Regan.

At the great man's feet lies his mother's message, and as he muses with resentment and wonder that circumstances should drive him here to parley with a ragged boy on the highway of his destiny the last tatters drift away on the draft which has followed him in from the storm. 'Tis a ghostly way Fate has with things neglected.

"The car line could be made to pay," begins Regan craftily, "and I might risk a few dollars to buy it in."

"Craney would sell if he was by," replies the boy.

"No matter; you can put through the deal as his manager, making all the money for yourself. Perhaps fifty dollars," says Regan, careful not to overbid and make Tim think the deal of too great importance.

There is a tone and movement to the air round Regan which electrifies his companion, and at once they are conspiring together.

"You will abandon the run; suspend the service," says Regan, deliberating; "and because your regular passengers might take hold and operate it themselves you shall drive the horse away into the woods with one trace broken and his side plastered over with clay as if he has been in an accident—having first wrecked the car."

Tim nods, his own eyes glittering red, as Regan makes plain how it is to be done. From the top of the high hill at the end of the line the car is to be turned loose with brakes unset, so that it will leave the track where it curves at the bottom.

"There it will take the plunge of thirty feet into the creek bed," he says; "and when it lies in splinters at the bottom you will be handed the money."

"And how will wrecking the car make the road belong to you?" asks Tim.

The man of power smiles at his shrewdness, and is frank with information so that he will not be tempted to ask someone else. The Barlow Suburban has an agreement with the state which is called a charter, he explains, which will be forfeited if cars are not run for a certain number of days. "So I can buy in the property from the state officials that I know," he adds, "and operate it with new cars." He does not say with steam cars, though by the foresight of old Craney the builder this is permitted by the charter.

The conspiracy is now complete and as Regan puts on his raincoat Tim makes bold to tell him: "Some day I will be boss like yourself, Mr. Regan."

"So you may," nods the other with rare good humor, and departs for his car.

And Dan can afford to be good-humored this night, having found a way of escape from difficulties which have threatened to ruin his new career at its very beginning. For a line of the P. D. building into this territory has been held up by the Great Southwest, which warns openly that it will bankrupt and destroy the town of Barlow if its competitor is granted right of way or terminals. To avoid long delay in the courts Regan himself, with the prestige of old command in this territory, has been sent to open the way. But never a friend has he found in his old headquarters town; the politicians whom he once ruled with a rod of iron are in fact rejoiced to break one of their own across the head of him. Not a loophole is left open to the P. D.

"'Tis a wall of China," thinks Regan, "and what will my new directors say of a manager who cannot persuade or bribe his old fellow citizens to receive him with a new railroad in his hands?"

"Our new line will be the fortunes of Barlow," he has argued, but the citizens in control laugh at him.

"The G. S. will do better by us, with new machine shops, and even build a branch into your own territory," is the answer he has taken back to his car from the final conference this very night.

As his first repulse the man of pull-down and trample-under has not known how to take it, pacing his car like a madman who mistakes his own fits for the destruction of the world. The lanterns which beckoned from a boy at Turntable blinked now in mockery; suddenly across the yards his eye, as dark as the stormy sky, steadied to a single spark—the beam of Tim Cannon's lantern through the dingy window.

"'Tis in the old freight house, leased to the Barlow Suburban," he thought aloud. "The Barlow Suburban!" And already he was into his stormcoat and on his way to parley with the ragged boy posted like a sentry on the highway of his destiny. So Regan discovered the only unguarded gateway into Barlow.

Now the scheme is brewed and Tim settles down to count the gain in money and in the interest he will make with Regan. the old building reels and shingles whir away like bats in the gale, but he only laughs dourly, the scrawny little breast hurting and straining with the ambition to be mounting on bigger storms than this. By dawn he is as drunk with scheming as ever his old grandfather with whisky, and yet his nerves do not tremble as he goes about the business of the day, kicking Charley to his feet and hitching with a scowl to the limekiln crew.

With deliberation he drives into the sheeted rain, and his look into the gulch at the bottom of the last hill, where the wreck will presently lie, is calculating and steady. In action Tim does honor to himself and to the great men who are of his company this day; the horse is plastered with clay and stoned far out into some woods, the brake thrown off for the plunge from the crest of the hill—and then as the car starts rolling and Tim grins boldly up into the black tumbling sky a dazzle of light strikes through his plotting little brain.

And in this instant the little vagabond who has arrived at Barlow and his tremendous partnership with Dan Regan by the route leading through Molly's cottage on a stormy night—in this instant with the car rumbling on its way to wreck itself and the Suburban, Tim Cannon understands that the thing will not do at all. The tremendous partnership is not, nor ever can be.

Such a revelation has come to many an ambitious man about to commit a crime or betray a trust. Cowardice or conscience may unnerve him; or on the other hand he may be fearless and willing, and yet not able to go on, realizing suddenly the thing will not do at all. It is not destined. And then remorse or dread seizes on the coward, and disappointment on the bold who would have gone on if it had been so destined.

But divil a bit does remorse seize on Tim Cannon, being a person of no moral convictions whatever; and as for dread and disappointment—one moment he steadies his darkling blue eyes on the aspect of them, and the next is racing after the car, swinging aboard, and setting the brakes, though the wheels lock and coast on down the rails, slippery with rain. For it is not the nature of him to falter or to parley with fortune—when she declares against him he takes his loss though it be that of life or limb, and quits the game.

Y'understand that perhaps his knees quake and buckle and a yelp of terror is driven out of his bony breast—beating so high with ambition but a moment before—but the spirit does not quail as he releases the brake, sets it again slowly, carefully; the wheels revolve and begin to feel the grip of the brake shoe. Still the car seems streaking to such a wreck as will mangle him with broken rods and torn sheet steel at the bottom of the gulch. Instead, by a miracle it takes the curve with only a roar and crash of glass. Tim Cannon has held the car to the rails and the Barlow Suburban to its charter.

The storm deepens and darkens round the lonely little car and its driver, who stands erect and still with hands on the brake considering his treason to Regan's ambitions and his own. The cause does not have to be searched for.

"Sure, I had promised Craney to manage this railroad till he got back," says Tim Cannon as a matter of course.

He has it in mind to hasten and explain to Regan, but lingers a moment in musing, unusual for him when business is to be done.

"'Twas a wise old dame," he says; and recalls what Molly had stated as a matter of fact. "If you promise—then 'tis a duty." She had said that; and: "Through storm and hardship and fear you would go—because you promised."

"Sure!" agrees Tim, disgusted that he has not remembered this before making the deal with Regan. "I will explain to him," says Tim, "that I promised Craney."

All of a sudden a vast respect fills him—not reverence, for he has none, but a respect for this wise woman who knew what was in a man so much better than he knew himself.

Then stepping down he plunges into the depths of storm on his way back to Barlow

The great man laughs at his tale that the job is not done.

"You are a boy of brains, and I am not surprised at the news you bring," he says "How much is the price risen, you little robber? A hundred? Go," he says, "and finish quickly. I am not the man to haggle, be it five hundred and a job on my railroad to boot."

And as Tim shakes his head: "What now, I ask you?"

"After starting the car down to the wreck I won't let it get away from me, but catch it and set the brakes and ride it wild to the bottom."

"Why be such a fool as that?" demands Regan.

"'Tis on account of promising Mr. Craney to manage the Suburban till he gets back," explains Tim.

It strikes home to Regan that this is the crisis of his life, and Tim feels his wrath as the toss of tempest. 'Twould be an easy matter to kidnap the boy here an' now, and send his own agent to wreck the car, but even then the scheme is blocked Tim must be accounted for afterward. The boy must see his passengers and tell of the accident or there will be search made for him under the wreckage, and talk in the papers, reminding the town of the Suburban's existence, and Regan's enemies that a charter is about to be forfeited.

"Hold!" says Regan to Tim at the door. "My word I'll not touch you again," and the boy drips his hands from his neck, all but wrung by a shake of the madman pacing the car. Yet his gaze lies level and clear and there is a steadiness to the bedraggled front which baffles Regan such assurance being beyond nature in a boy.

"Whist!" he says warily, understanding somehow that nothing is to be gained here by argument or threats; "since you were fool enough to bind yourself with a promise, hold your tongue till I can find Craney."

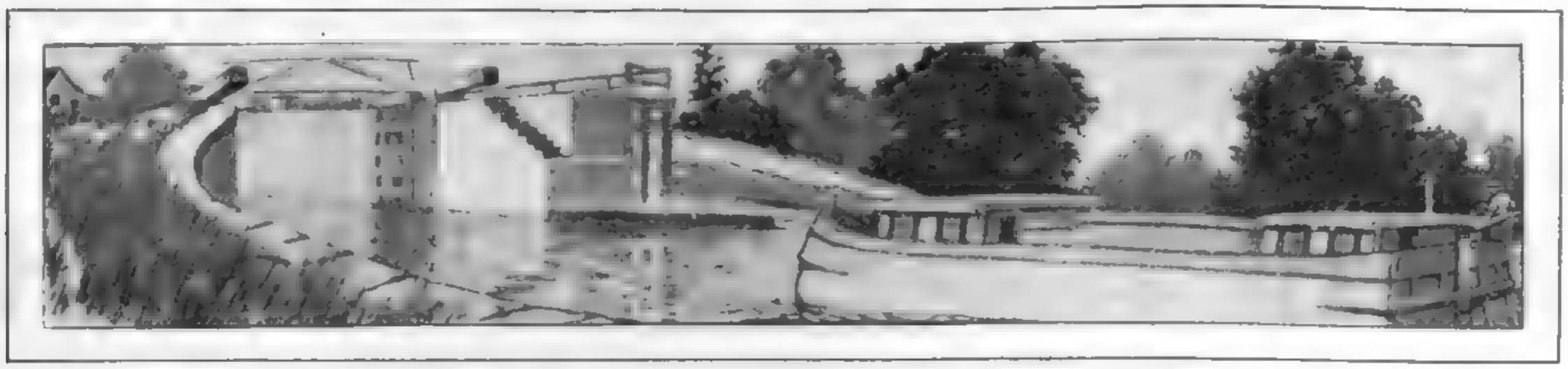
"'Twill hold," promises Tim.

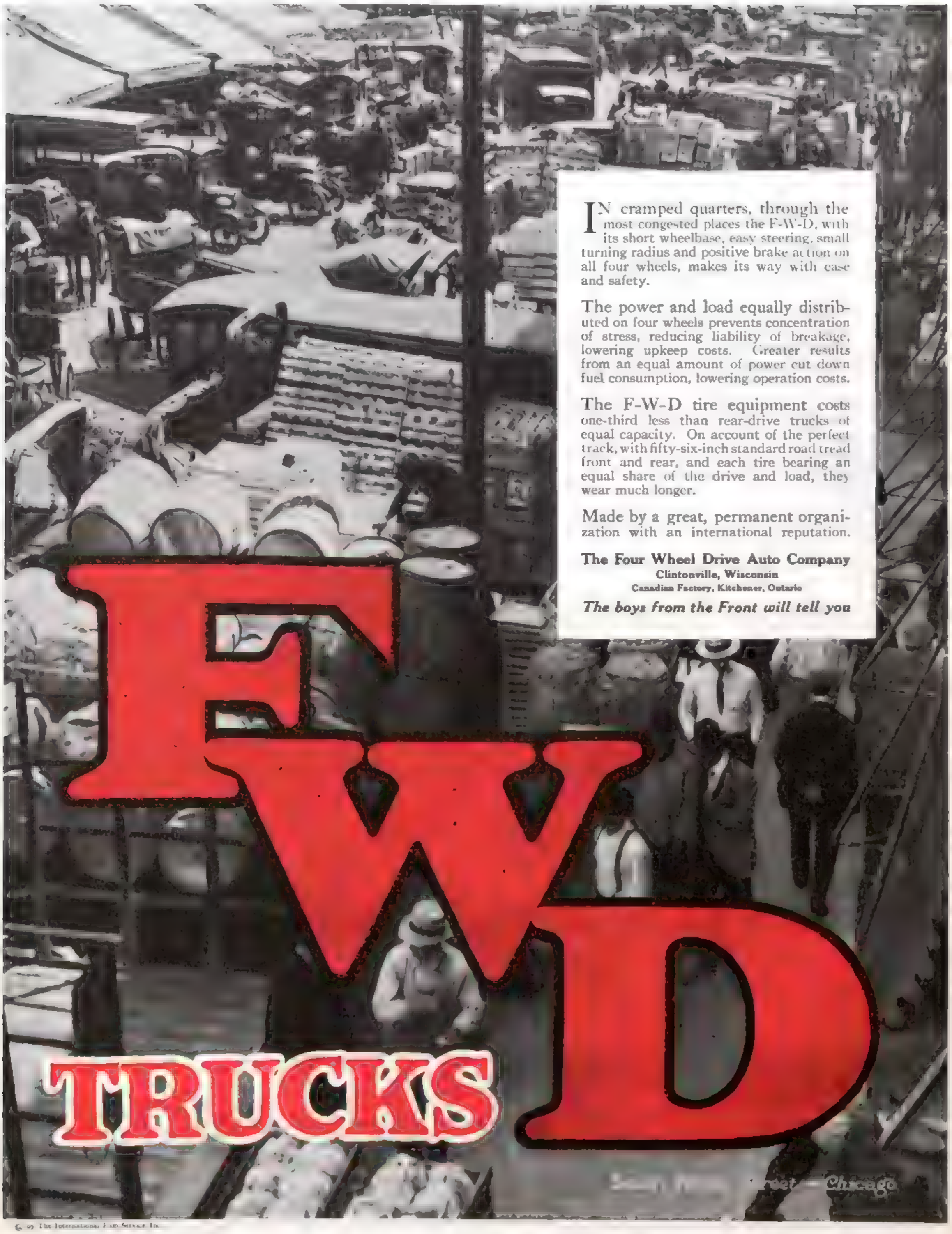
Down past the terminal and out the Suburban track, bedraggled and undaunted, stalks the vagabond along the way of knowledge. Nor does he look up till coming on faithful old Charley, who has found his way back to the car and stands waiting to be hitched. Tim halts, surveying him knowingly.

"Faith, Charley, she was a wise one," he says.

From that hour he takes up the plod of duty, keening in that little minor whistle which all car drivers pick up from the wind and drumming of hoofbeats on frozen ground. And he is always on time in every weather, so that presently the lime burners relent and joke him, and Katy in pity for the outcast would pat his cheek friendlily—but never an encouragement do they receive from Tim standing at his brake and speaking sternly to Charley, meager and windbitten but unconquerable by humor

(Concluded on Page 50)





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The boys from the Front will tell you

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(Concluded from Page 48)

or kindness as he has been by threat and danger.

All day a bright rage chars the bony breast; at evening it smolders as if having no more fuel in the wasted body. Yet Tim sits cross-legged with old sacks folded round him, staring unwaveringly into the loneliness. And from his boyhood's ashes he resurrects with terrific will and fearlessness the great things which had been born within him; in fact he craves and will have no company but them, torment him as they will. He reflects with derision that the lime burners and Katy do not understand what goes on within him. But Regan would understand! How the great things in that man would have raged if he had bound them tight and fast with a promise. Regan was not such a fool.

"Never again do I promise the duty," says Tim.

The wise old woman had warned him that what a person promises that must he do, but like a fool he had not profited by the warning.

Even in his ignorance the vagabond understands much of Molly. In his first musings on these subjects the night of Dan's coming to bargain with him for the wreck of the car he had foolishly torn up the page she had written over.

He had torn up that fragment of message because the memory of the cozy room and hearth fire had tempted his thoughts away from these hardships and loneliness; he resented Molly's smile and welcome as an attempt to lure him from the way of ambition, much as the pity of Katy and good-humor of the lime burners would do. Now he understood that Molly offered no such temptation; that to herself the fire and comforts were as nothing; far away and beyond these had dwelt her thoughts in some place as lonely and echoing as the old terminal. There in wisdom and sorrow she had pondered her duty; how to keep the promise she had made. "Dam' luck, she had," Tim Cannon swears roundly. Of course she had also been a fool to bind herself with a promise; but to die before she had found a way to keep it was harder still, somehow.

As for himself—his only duty is to manage Craney's road till he returns. After that the things within him can be let loose, and many exploits be expected of them.

"And if Craney does not come back! Sure," sneers Tim to the dark and loneliness, "I'll be no worse than the old dame who died on the job!"

One day Katy speaks of returning to town for the winter, and he tells her sternly that the road is run for her convenience and she is expected to ride on it.

And so she continues to do, without further argument about returning to town; and he is mildly interested in the journeys she makes after that, on Sunday afternoons. To the old Craney homestead she journeys and sits on the doorstep, sometimes speaking of the young man who has left his railroad to be run for her sake, and then wandered away with his coat wrong side out in search of fortune.

"Never a bit of encouragement did I give him," she will always conclude, with blushes; "but when he returns his welcome will not be the same I would offer a stranger."

Once she thanks Tim for attending his trust so faithfully, but he does not reply. It is not worth while; she could not understand—that he does this thing because it is promised and inevitable, not because he relishes it.

As Craney's orders are to arrange the Sunday schedule to Katy's convenience he sits erect on a stone, watching from a distance till she starts toward the car. The things within him burn and torment, and keep him company; he will not let them go or even quiet them by promises of what he will achieve when this duty is done and off his hands. Instead he holds them at bay, coldly.

Till one Sunday afternoon a message mutters out of the northern sky; from Regan it comes, shaking the very ground which the vagabond, as if understanding it, grips in his nervous fingers. "'Tis like the guns in battle," he says, and that night strolling among the men up the yard learns that the roar is that of dynamite where the construction gangs of Regan's new line are breaching the distant hills for entrance into Great Southwest territory.

Regan is coming on, undaunted by the refusal of Barlow to let him through; day by day the iron rumor swells in the northern sky, and Tim sleeping or waking presses close after the vision of a giant of bronze with half-lidded smoldering eyes who juggles men and steel in the burning dusk beyond the construction camps.

Defiant of the winter winds, even to refusing the jacket which Katy buys for him, he shivers with the chill of exhaustion, for now he must struggle the more fiercely with ambition, night and day. Yet on he plods, keening in that strange little whistle. All this bleak stretch of his history he crosses, in a sort of delirium loading the battered old car with company of the make-believe kind whom he has watched the children in the city parks playing with long ago. The ghost of a jack-in-the-box which he had once dragged away from a playground and murdered with a stick in his den appears by night in the terminal building. It smiles forgivingly and he frowns back.

When the snow falls he marches ahead of Charley, a shovel on his shoulder, storming the drifts. A rope round his body keeps the whipping rags together, and he wears an old sack for a waistcoat. The limekiln closes down and there is no passenger left but Katy, so Tim breaks into the treasure holes in the wall to buy oats and bread. Once again the Barlow Suburban is devouring its master. And now the rumble of dynamite sinks lower and lower like the death rattle of Regan's destiny and one afternoon dies away entirely.

That night Tim sits cross-legged on his pallet by his rusty little stove, awe-stricken, as if somehow a battle waited on him. And out of that dread stillness under the northern sky Regan comes to him, streaked red with the clay of the camps.

"Craney is lost or dead," he says. "I have searched high and low; now it is up to you."

The boy listening intently agrees with Regan. "'Tis too bad I promised Craney and have the duty."

"You are far from a fool," says Regan; "look out of the window here with me." And as they stare up the yards, awink with the colored lamps of the switch stands: "Do you see the giant black engines and cars, and the shops beyond with their roaring mountains of machinery; the tracks stretching thousands of miles, all swarming with trains and men? Such are the playthings of me; have you a game which can beat that? Listen." He holds up his hand, and out of the simmering dusk rises the groan of iron and steam and toil. "It is marching music like the bands of armies," says Regan. "D'you understand? You must; you can feel it! Such armies I command and will bring you up in the way of commanding if you but keep the bargain you made."

"Is it walk off the duty, you mean?" asks Tim, astonished.

"But listen again, as man to man," says Regan, patient and crafty and desperate. "I have no way into Barlow, bold as I have been in building to its very walls. A few crooks who run the town keep me out. My end of track is now a mile from the Barlow limits on the north, and there as if I had given up hope I have bought land for depots and set engineers to work laying out yards, and masons raising foundations. By building in from the north I have not called my enemies' attention to the Suburban, which enters from the southeast; nobody has even thought of it as my means of breaking in. But if you will carry out the deal you made with me," says Regan, "I will own the Suburban and throw my rails from the present end of track to the Suburban right of way and into this town in a single night! Think over it well; on this spot where you sit among tumbledown walls you will raise up"—the man's tones thrilled like a prophecy—"you will raise up a station of stone and glass. The sounds in here, instead of running mice and the pawing of the old horse and your own curses on poverty, will be the footsteps of hurrying people, their laughs and cries of welcome and godspeed. Ah, Timothy," breathes Regan, "think well!"

But Timothy, wilder and gaunter than ever, sets his teeth. "'Twould be walkin' off the duty."

Dan Regan grinds out the word after him. "Duty! What is this, I ask of you, but duty? The duty to thousands of people who want this road in Barlow, instead of duty to one man, Craney, who has set you to guard a thing he does not want and has deserted himself? He will never come back. Now ask what you want of me. The price, whatever it is! And where do you come by this false notion of duty?" he demands with an inspiration.

"'Twas an old woman—she was the wise one," says Tim, and explains, as in confidence, about his visit to the cottage on that snowy night. "She was putting it into a message," he says, "but her hand was too old and shaky—and I did not know my letters to write it for her. She had a beginning all blotted and scratched—I brought it away, and tore it up the first night you came here. The Farthest Lantern, it was. Here is the pen she broke by stabbing into the table, she was that mad!"

The Farthest Lantern!

Remotely Dan Regan hears the word, with a little shock, as a challenge whispered in darkness; he shrugs his shoulders.

"Come, Timothy," he urges.

Now memory has seized on the word, sending it echoing through his brain; but he goes on, impatient of the start which Tim has given him, and not yet realizing how it was done.

"Will you help those crooks of Barlow against myself and all the good people of the town? Will you cheat Craney of the price of his road in case he ever comes back? Is this duty? I tell you, no!" And in a flash of afterthought: "The wise old woman herself would cry 'No' from the grave of her. I tell you as one who knows. For she was Regan's mother, and her message of the things she saw beyond the day's work at Turntable—was to me!"

With terrible fascination Tim gazes at the man racked by the old powers of pull-down and trample-under, which Tim himself holds imprisoned in Regan's breast. And as the last words drive home the vagabond answers, high and clear: "Sure, you must know then. Tell me true, Mr. Regan—'twill not be breaking the promise?"

Through the dingy panes in the corner wink the lights as did those of Turntable long ago; but they do not beckon.

"I will ditch the car now," says Tim.

"I might be mistaken——" Regan's voice is hollow; the memories of a lifetime cloud his vision. "Perhaps you would do well not to trust me," he says; the warning of a hypocrite to satisfy his startled conscience as once more his gaze lifts bold and far along the road which lies through the corner guarded by this scarecrow of a boy.

"Sure, I trust you," answers Tim in that singing voice the likes of which was never heard out of him before, and ties his tatters round him against the cold outside. The promise has been kept, the duty done, he is at last on the road with Regan.

The man holds the pen in his hand—the pen his mother had tried to write her last, her life's message with, and failed. Fearfully he gazes on this gaunt campaigner of destiny, delivering his unspoken message by deed and bearing and duty done, through storm and danger, indifferent to bribe and threat.

But now this Tim Cannon nods and is on his way like any credulous boy to clear the highway of fortune for Regan, by the wreck of the Suburban car.

"Hold!" Regan's head is bowed and he is listening. "No, I cannot pass here," he answers in thought, and in a strained, quiet voice tells Tim: "You trust me too late."

The miracle of Molly's messenger has not been worked in vain.

Light had broken in flashes from the vagabond's countenance since the great things within him were set free to join this mighty partnership. Halted now in his tracks he listens too, gloomily, wrathfully hearing in fact what Regan does not—a quickening footfall, the tug at the latch, the rumble of the door. Craney comes in.

He is almost as gaunt as Tim and covered with the grime on the road.

"What? Are you not yet swallowed up by the cursed Suburban?" he asks, astonished. "Then you will give me word of Katy O'Hare, and I am gone by the through freight. Fortune was not in the direction I took," he adds by way of explaining; "so I am beating up west and south; 'tis a far search and leaves me little time between trains."

"There is time enough!" Regan has him by the arm. "You are Craney of the Suburban. Come!"

And so terrible is the grip he is fallen into that Mr. Craney is dragged out and through the dark with hardly perceptible struggle.

Tim Cannon watches them out with ghastly nonchalance; once more fortune has declared against him and he takes his loss, biding only Craney's return to throw up his job and be gone.

The night passes and a faint iron rumor drifts down from the northern sky where the P. D. construction gangs are breaking camp; then a boom of dynamite. The campaign is on again; no need of concealment now, the Suburban has passed safely into Regan's hands.

The red coal in the rusty stove crumbles, the lantern smokes out.

"I was just too late; 'tis little I know," thinks Tim Cannon.

A burly battered man enters the door and leads out the horse; the gang at his heels attack the old building with pick and bar; to a ripping of shingles the dawn twinkles through; the battle which the outcast had halted so long is passing over his body.

The battered man shakes the iron bar in his hand, pointing it significantly at walls and roof tumbling about; Tim looks at him scornfully, and the gang tear at the flooring with picks and axes.

Why it is so, I cannot say, who make no pretense of sorcery, but 'tis certain that the mice linger and spiders swing low from the rafters with presentiment of tragedy as Tim Cannon stands his last guard in the corner of the doomed old terminal. Twice he catches glimpses of Regan without, compelling this storm of men and steel.

The floor is now torn up to his very feet; the far end of the building, roof and walls, has been scattered like chaff. Indifferently Tim watches the battered man point to him with the iron bar and waits calmly to be dragged away by the gang.

Mr. Craney running lightly along the last remaining girder to Tim's corner presses some folded bills and a paper into his hand.

"Salary and honorable discharge," he explains; "and invitation to the wed——"

And his voice being smothered by a great crash within and without he signals with his hands that not a moment is to be lost in saving themselves alive.

Above all the uproar is a shriller yell, a rush of staggering men past the end of the terminal, a heavy clang of steel; fighting. "Regan is crossing the Great Southwest main!" shrieks Mr. Craney over his shoulder.

In fact the P. D. frog for the main-line crossing is set in only after a sharp skirmish with a G. S. force rushed up to prevent it. And then Regan, threatened with police and military by his gathering enemies, passes them the court order obtained during the night. By this order they are enjoined from tearing up the frog, even before it has been laid down! Such is the forethought of genius.

Regan's special, ordered out since midnight, stands drumming up the line, and Tim lurking in his corner sees the signal he gives as he crosses the track. The special glides down between them, and once more the vagabond watches through the flying dust clouds the flash of Regan's car, signaling farewell.

Now he is free to pick and choose where he will, but Tim Cannon girds his rags with fierce regret; the great things within him cling to this spot; he cannot break away, and he curses in a cold agony of disappointment.

"I was too late. Never again will I promise the duty."

"You gang boss!" crashes a voice behind him; "breach me the wall at the corner."

And the battered man and his crew fly at it with pick and bar.

With twisted face and hand clenched on his breast the boy stares at Regan, who has just sent his car home without boarding it at all.

"My path lies through this corner; last night you blocked it; to-day I will pass."

'Tis a poor sort of triumph over the vagabond, whose body straightens and stiffens proudly.

"Which I never could do with you on guard! Come; first through the breach, Timothy! 'Tis your right. Now we are through—catch stride here in fortune's highway. You are on duty with Dan Regan!"

This queer sentimental thing the man does in honor of his mother's messenger, and never again through all the years is the spell broken which draws the man of pull-down and trample-under away and upward to the things which the pretty colleen of long agone saw beyond the day's work at Turntable. 'Tis little we know.

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For Girls **BUSTER BROWN SHOES** For Boys of 2 to 16

NOT WANTED: Girl for General Housework

By Ruth Dunbar

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

OMAR put it poetically. He put it also subtly. He made it sound as if the bough were incidental to the loaf, the jug and Thou. That was nothing but the usual mode of address to a lady during courtship. After Thou had been installed a few weeks under the bough, Omar's attachment to it would seem to her less a virtue than a vice. And if Thou wanted him to take her to Sunday dinner at the Shady Sandpile, he would say: "Oh, let's eat at home under our own little bough—just scramble an ostrich egg or two, dearie!"

This merely means that, all communistic souls to the contrary, man has a deep-rooted prejudice in favor of eating bread under his own roof. "Just scramble an egg or two at home, dearie!" is still the plea of the café-worn man. But after the egg is scrambled and eaten Dearie is too tired to wash the skillet. And this brings us to the real problem of family life to-day.

It is a problem that should be settled by the law of supply and demand. But the law of supply and demand doesn't always keep office hours. Thousands of girls are out of employment; thousands of women want to employ them. Ordinarily this would make a satisfactory equation. That it doesn't forms the problem in the average American household.

Long before the war added its burden the problem was acute enough. Daughters of mothers who were willing to be hired girls were not willing to be servants. These daughters would toil all day at the mangle in a steaming laundry; would hunch all day over a factory machine; would sit all day with the waspish note of the telephone boring into their ears. They preferred, in fact, any kind of work, no matter how poorly paid, how unwholesome, to the higher wage and healthful life of domestic service. They still do.

Larger Demand and Smaller Supply

INTO this ebbing tide of American housemaids poured Selma and Minna from one corner of Europe; from the other, Molly and Bridget. The Old World tradition of caste supplied what the New World, in its young independence, refused. For Selma's mother was a peasant who never hoped to be anything else, and Selma herself was so glad to touch the freer shores of America that domestic service over here was for her not servitude but liberty. And Molly's mother in the old country was proud to be a lady's maid, and Molly herself would carry on the family honor.

But Jenny! Jenny's American forefathers had fought for a different idea. Jenny's mother may have been a hired girl, but she was a respected member of a farm household. No; Jenny will never become a servant. She goes into a factory. Selma, as soon as she learns to speak English, follows her there. And Molly follows her. For after a foreigner has been a while in America she, too, refuses to be a servant.

Suddenly the foreign tide ceases to flow into American kitchens. Selma can't get a passport and Molly is needed at home to release a man for the Front. Ellis Island, which used to be packed with slant-eyed, ashy-haired girls from the fields of Norway and rosy, bright colleens from Ireland—Ellis Island is almost empty. Where there used to be thousands in one year, in the last four years less than five hundred immigrant women have come from Europe to Ellis Island!

While, then, with one hand the war was diking up the immigrant stream that filled our kitchens, it was creating with the other a serious leakage in the supply on hand. It was opening up munition factories. Girls who, though dissatisfied under the social stigma of housework, had yet remained in it for the good wages—these girls could now make a still higher wage in wartime industry. The servant problem was more than ever a problem.

This problem was parried in various ways. Women who for years had not done their own housework returned once more to the broom and the broiler. This housework, it may be said here, was in a more simplified form than the duties expected of a maid. Usually there were one or more meals out each day and a cleaning woman in for an hour or two each day. Meals out, women in—by such aids did light housekeeping meet the exigencies of war.

Another aid born of the situation was the community kitchen. Through this medium, robust meals are delivered at one's door; and all one has to do is to set the table, lift the steaming dishes from the brazier of coals, and introduce such airy graces as one wants, to relieve the solid front of calories.

These aids, however, were not solutions—they were only temporary adjustments. The problem itself was more acute than ever. During the war the number of women in industry increased approximately five per cent, bringing up the women workers to nearly nine millions. Of the five per cent who had never before been wage-earners a few made munitions for patriotic reasons; others who needed work but had never felt sufficient push found here their chance to make the plunge; others whose support was removed by the war were forced for the first time to make their living. Whatever their motive in becoming self-supporting, few of the five per cent want to go back to the bread of dependence. Indeed, most of them cannot. Though many of them marry, marriage does not often take a wage-earner for long out of the industrial market; to meet the increasing cost of living the head of the family usually needs help from wife or daughter. Moreover, it is doubtless a fact that many women industrial workers now have to work because of disabled soldiers in the family.

So much for the new wage-earners. The other women in wartime industries were experienced factory hands, who could earn more money making munitions or airplane parts; country teachers or librarians, who could thus increase their salary of five hundred or six hundred dollars a year; and housemaids, who, as we have said, found greater freedom and higher social standing in a factory than in a kitchen.

The experienced factory hands have their own very individual and very complicated problems. Some were fortunate enough to be in factories which, as they closed up war industries, immediately turned over their full forces to peacetime products.

The majority were less fortunate. A few, voluntarily or perforce, gave up their positions to returning soldiers whose places they had taken.

It may be said here, however, that the woman worker versus the returning soldier is not of sufficient importance numerically in any given industry to count as a phase of the industrial situation. The majority were simply women who either could not go back to old jobs because they had been filled by oncoming workers, or who did not want to go back to old jobs because their scale of living had increased with the higher wage of wartime.

Of the housemaids who went into munitions work some have married and do not want to leave their own homes to live again in the homes of their employers. Others, after the shorter hours and personal freedom of factory life, will not again take up domestic service.

Here, then, in the troublous peace that follows the war so prospering for industry, here is the equation which ought to prove so satisfactory: thousands of women out of work; thousands of housewives out of help. But they refuse to meet on the fence.

Of the six hundred thousand workingwomen in New York City one-third are listed in domestic employment. At one employment bureau alone there are four hundred calls a week for housemaids. For every two hundred girls who will go into domestic work there are four hundred places waiting. This situation, in proportion to the size of the city, is repeated from Mobile to Missoula, Montana. As the number of places increases, the number of housemaids decreases. Now if women are out of work, and work is out of women, there is some reason why the law of supply and demand isn't enforced. Why won't employer and employee meet on the fence?

It is a fact we have to face that unless domestic service in America is a standardized occupation it is a perishing occupation. There is no such tradition in this country as there is in England. There are no mothers here bringing up their daughters to be cooks or chambermaids. It is America's vanishing race. The girl for general housework will soon become as extinct as the dodo. Only one thing will preserve her. This one thing, let it be said, comes near to realization in the homes of the rich. Here there never was a girl for general housework. Here there is a whole little world below stairs, with the social aspirations, the snubs, the failures and the successes that make up the drama above stairs. If Forbes, the lady's maid, and Fenton, the parlor maid, both aspire to the hand of Hawkins, the butler, they are all on the ground. Both can see him every day; both have an equal chance to press their suit upon the coy charmer.

Society Below Stairs

THERE is, of course, in these great houses of millionaires plenty of room; so Forbes or Fenton may entertain Hawkins in a reception room maintained for that purpose. There is tea every afternoon and supper at ten every night, besides, of course, the three regular meals in the servants' dining room; so Hawkins has the opportunity of seeing with what grace Forbes presides at the tea urn and with what graciousness Fenton passes the cake. The loneliness of service in the one-maid household and the vague outline of duties for the girl for general housework are here averted by numbers. In this world of their own, too, the sting of social inferiority is somewhat healed by numbers. So, in a large establishment the three chief drawbacks to domestic service are more or less obviated.

"In all my experience," said a famous social secretary, who has engaged hundreds of employees, "I have known but one girl who objected to being called a servant. Most of the employees in the houses of the rich come from the British Isles or from France, where there is a definite serving class. This girl, a descendant of Brian Boru, had left Ireland because of family misfortunes. She looked, too, as if there were kingly blood in her veins—tall and beautiful, with sea-blue eyes and a proudly cut profile. 'You can't imagine,' she said to me once, 'how it goes through me like a knife whenever I hear the word servant!'

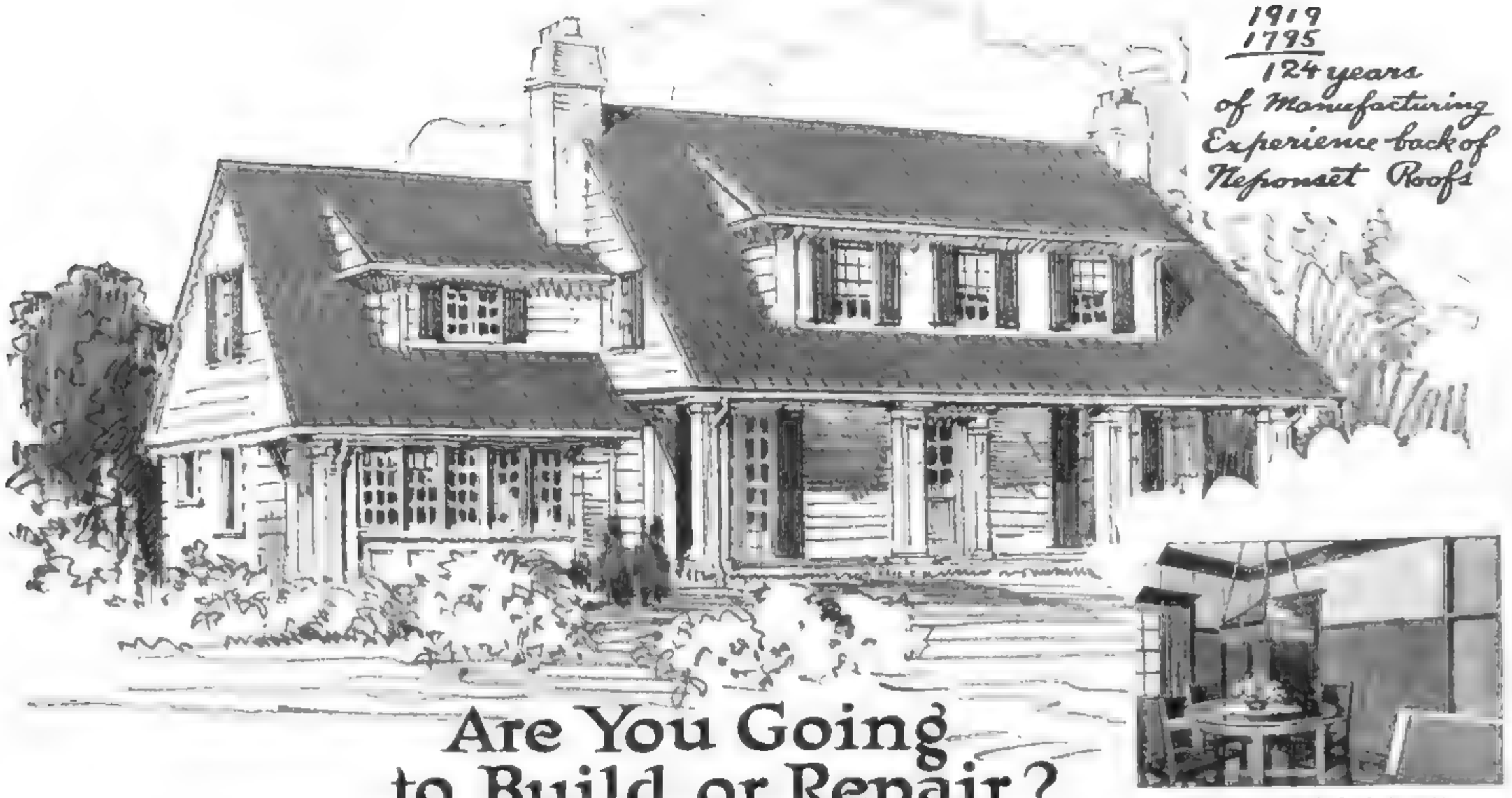
"Most of the foreigners in big American establishments, however, have no such sensitiveness. As long as their wages are good, which they are sometimes in the homes of the newly rich, to the point of extravagance; as long as their quarters are comfortable, which they are sometimes, to the point of luxury; and especially as long as they are not disturbed at tea—then they are contented. The second house man may envy the first house man. But he is no more bothered by his subservience to the master of the house than a talented young portrait painter is bothered by the fact that he's not on speaking terms with Vincent Astor."

"Did the war affect the management of wealthy houses?" the social secretary was asked.

"Oh, not particularly," she replied. "Of course the draft took a good many menservants, who were, however, replaced by girls. I remember one young multimillionaire begging that his mother should be allowed to retain at least one man. He felt that the old name would be dishonored if his ancestral home did not have a liveried butler to preside over it.

"The demand for laborers of all kinds, of course, made it possible for the employees in millionaire households

(Continued on Page 54)



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NEPONSET ROOFS

(Continued from Page 52)

to be as independent as they were everywhere else. A woman who skimped the allowance of tea in the afternoons, for instance, might just as well give up hope of getting competent maids. Otherwise, the war had little effect upon our employees."

But can the usual American household, capable of employing one woman, or two at the most, hope to make that solitary worker less lonely? Can it, without that little world below stairs, give her a concentrated instead of a spread day? Can it, without that same little world of equals, give her a social standing?

"Why, Jenny has loads of time to herself," says Mrs. Johnson. "There are several hours every afternoon and evening when she hasn't a thing on earth to do."

Ah, but Jenny has to be there, just the same! The movies call seductively, but she is not free to go. The one young man in the world bids her to a dance, but she must mind the bell. She works alone, among people as alien to her tastes as she is to theirs. Above all, she is an outcast, and can't see why. A woman is not disgraced if she makes mince pie for herself; nor is she disgraced if she is employed to decorate a nursery for another woman. But there is something in the combination of mince pie and employment that is disgraceful.

Jenny doesn't understand the reasoning. The deplorable fact is, she's a human being who wants public respect and companionship, love and a home. Since she can't get these things in housework, she prefers to stoop in factories and steam in laundries. That is why the girl for general housework is a vanishing race.

It was six years ago or more since the Young Women's Christian Association, through its employment bureau, first tried to preserve her. A hundred times a day the following dialogue would take place:

MRS. HOUSEWIFE: I can't keep a maid.

MISS Y. W. C. A.: If you want to keep your maids you'll have to treat them differently.

MRS. HOUSEWIFE: I can't treat them differently until they're a different class.

MISS Y. W. C. A.: They'll never be that until you treat them differently.

As this vicious circle was helping neither housemaids nor housewives, the association began to mobilize for a big fight. In one Western city, for instance, they organized a club for domestic workers. This club was to meet every Thursday afternoon, which was supposed to be the universal "day out" in that city. The drawback was that when Thursday came only one or two members answered roll call. Mrs. Johnson's bridge club was meeting and she'd like to have Jenny take some other day off this week, please!

Questions and Answers

The association then tried another approach. They organized the housewives. This club, according to its constitution, was formed for the purpose of studying the problem of domestic service. The only drawback to it was that the housewives would talk about their wrongs, instead of the wrongs of housemaids. What those women had suffered at the hands of bold, marauding creatures who didn't want to give up their Thursday afternoons; who didn't want to work from six A. M. till ten P. M.; who didn't even want to be called servants!

"But what good does it do Jenny to have Friday off if Martha has Thursday and Mary Wednesday? You can't enjoy a holiday alone."

Jenny's champion would point this out. To which Jenny's employer would reply:

"But I never know when I'll want to go out myself; and Jenny will have to adjust her plans to mine."

The Y. W. C. A. had advanced ideas on the subject, but the time had not come for urging them. So, for the present, they did nothing more radical than try to persuade the housewives of the justice of Thursday off, regardless, and to keep hammering away at the public mind.

Among other steps they sent out a questionnaire to the girls themselves. The question on which the girls talked the most feelingly was:

"Can you suggest any way in which more fine girls can be persuaded to enter domestic service?"

The following were some of the answers:

"Systematize the work and place it on an equal basis with other occupations."

"Becoming interested in domestic science teaches the dignity of housework. Call a girl Miss; loss of individuality hurts a girl."

"Have regular hours and go to one's domestic work as to an office."

"Demand as much education for domestic work as for business."

"Start a training school for teaching ladies how to keep house."

"The majority of girls prefer a business life, as their evenings are their own. If this plan were applied to domestic work it would become more popular as the work is healthy."

"She should be made to feel that her work was just as important to keep the machinery of her household in perfect running order as the man in business feels it necessary to be at his post of duty."

One young woman who points out that at present maids are forced to entertain their friends on the street concludes:

"A room should be arranged for in every home where a maid can entertain a friend. More consideration on the part of the mistress. Treating their maids as they would like to be treated had their lots been cast in the same place. Arrange for shorter hours. Have an hour set for meals, and be prompt. If women desire efficient help in their homes it is in their power to have it. Treat them as human beings, not machines."

Johnson's Experiment

Not in one of these answers was there any objection to the work itself; in fact, healthful conditions, good wages and preparation for her own home after marriage were pointed out as advantages. Almost invariably the objections were too long and uncertain hours, loneliness, lack of opportunity to entertain their men friends, social stigma. Almost invariably the answer summed up was:

"Treat us like fine girls and fine girls will go into domestic service. In other words, put housework upon a business basis."

How can housework be put upon a business basis? How would a business man run a house? How would Mr. Johnson manage the problem of domestic service?

Suppose the maid had gone. Mrs. Johnson, coming home from her club, and Mr. Johnson, coming home from his office, simultaneously discover their loss. It is not a new experience. Maids in the Johnson household incessantly come and go. Mostly they go. Mr. Johnson has tried to reconcile himself to a disheveled home; but his irritation is like a scratchy pid, pressing in deeper, until to-night it seems unbearable.

After the proverbial scrambled egg he settles down in front of the library fire with the evening paper; but he lacks the contented look of the tired business man who is well-fed and who can settle down to the stock quotations with the memory of a good dinner behind him. When his wife follows him into the library, therefore, he throws down his paper.

"Why did Anna leave today?" he asks suddenly.

Mrs. Johnson glances up from her book.

"I asked her to take to-morrow off instead of to-day."

"Did you ever ask her before to change her day off?"

"Why, yes; last week. She sulked even then; but I never dreamed she'd leave me in the lurch like this!"

"Was that why Minnie left too?"

Finding an unwonted listener, Mrs. Johnson closes her book and gives herself up completely to the joys of her favorite theme:

"Oh, no; Minnie went into a munitions factory. I warned her that munitions wouldn't last forever; but she said she didn't care. She said she'd never do housework again—it was too lonely."

This idea amuses Mrs. Johnson. Mr. Johnson seems unable to grasp the humor.

"And what was the matter with Emma?" he persists.

"Oh, Emma had a beau who seemed to think our kitchen wasn't good enough for him. There's no telling what became of Emma."

"And who was the one before Emma?—oh, Hannah. She seemed a nice little intelligent thing."

"Oh, she was nice enough at first; but she got to going to night school, and that spoiled her. She wasn't contented with housework. She wanted to get into office work. And, of course, I couldn't let her off every night in the week."

Mr. Johnson meditates a moment. Then he says slowly: "When I can't keep employees I look for a reason. When I find the reason I look for the cure."

"My employees," says his wife, "are in a different class from yours."

"They seem to have the same ambitions as the girls in my office. Self-improvement, companionship, a home—these are pretty universal longings. And it's only by the gratification of those longings that you're going to get a different class."

"I wish," says his wife pityingly, "that you'd try to run this house for a month!"

"By Jove," says he, jumping to his feet, "I will!"

Mr. Johnson, by the way, is manager of the city office of a great shipping company. He is said by the home office in London to have the most efficient staff for the least expenditure in any of the branches, from Seattle to Shanghai.

Next day he interviews a young woman who gives her name as Miss Smith and her business that of household assistant. Relinquishing without a struggle the familiar use of the first name and the title of servant, Mr. Johnson asks her terms. They are the right to live where she chooses and, in order to accomplish this, a ten-hour day and twelve dollars a week. These revolutionary demands make Mr. Johnson pause for a moment of clear thinking.

"Well," he says finally, "I pay an inexperienced stenographer twelve dollars a week for an eight-hour day. My home is as important as my business; in fact, an ordered home is essential to a successful business. I don't know why you shouldn't be paid as much as a stenographer. As for hours, I could easily keep my office force busy till ten P. M.; but it isn't done and I don't know why it should be done at home. So live where you choose and we'll try it out."

There has to be some adjustment of time-honored household routine to the new system. But the adjustment is made, and at the end of the month Mr. Johnson regards himself as the prize housekeeper.

"In my housekeeping I simply use the same methods I use in my office," says he.

"In the first place, what's in a name? Everything! Call a stenographer a secretary, call a clerk an agent, call a maid a household assistant, and you get double service. It costs nothing but a title; and titles are cheap.

"In the second place, if you take the attitude of a taskmaster you get the unwilling service of a slave. But make a man responsible and he rises to his responsibility. Make a girl feel that a house is her job and she'll work her fingers off. Moreover, as Miss Flannigan doesn't want to be called Mamie just because she takes my letters in shorthand, neither does Miss Jones want to be called Jenny just because she fries my eggs. In other words, in an office or in a household there's a big commercial value to self-respect. If you refuse to allow for self-respect you have to make up for it in cold cash.

"In the third place, the business man who won't adjust himself to changing conditions will soon find his income as much a thing of the past as his methods. There was a time when workmen all lived under the roof of their master; but they don't do so any more. There was a time when a trained nurse was a startling innovation. Is home making the only work not worthy of training? Is a home to be the only archaic institution?"

Two Business Secrets

"Adjustment on the part of the employer, self-respect on the part of the employee—here are the two secrets of successful business, whether it's the business of making money or the business of making a home. After all, business is nothing but good housekeeping in an office; and housekeeping is nothing but good business in a home."

Imagine that Mr. Johnson, however, is not just plain Mr. Johnson. Imagine that he is no other than Uncle Sam. For Uncle Sam has taken a hand in housekeeping at last! Taking up the work the Young Women's Christian Association began years ago, the United States Labor Bureau has tackled the servant problem. It is working along the same lines as the organization that pioneered in them. Between the two, it begins to look as though the home might still be preserved.

They have been given, it is true, a powerful helping hand. The great war, shaking monarchs from their thrones, has left its imprint in humbler realms. During the war shortage many housewives reorganized their homes on the basis of work by the day or the hour. Hours varied from one to eight a day. This custom has been accentuated by the studio apartment. Young Mr. and Mrs. Dauber, of Morningside Heights, for instance, can't have a maid always under foot in their eighty-inch flat; but they can have a woman in from eight A. M. to one P. M. Then the Daubers go out for dinner, or Mrs. Dauber gets dinner and leaves the dishes for the woman next morning.

That women are always available for work on this basis shows the shortage of houseworkers is caused by the conditions surrounding employment on the old basis, and not by the work itself!

This gradual growth of a new system is one result of the war. Another, as has been said, is the lack of immigrants who, having no homes here of their own, are willing to live under the roofs of their employers. Both of these conditions play exactly into Uncle Sam's hands.

In his Labor Bureau is a domestic employment agency like the one at the Young Women's Christian Association. Outside the rail where his young women agents sit are dozens and dozens of women. Threading her way between these lines of patiently waiting figures comes Mrs. Brown, puffing from her climb up the stairs. As she is ushered in to the secretary she looks with relief at those waiting women outside the rail. They are all poorly dressed and anxious-eyed. It is obvious they need work.

"I want a girl for general housework," says Mrs. Brown, with a complacent glance at the crowd of applicants.

A Flexible Plan

"Let me see," says the secretary, taking her name and scanning the pages behind the entry. "I'll do what I can for you; but there are just two hundred and thirty—no, thirty-three—calls ahead of you. We have so few girls now, you know, who are willing to live where they work."

Mrs. Brown's face falls.

"Those women," says the secretary, following her glance at those outside the rail, "will take work only by the hour or day. They can't live away from home. I can get you one of those. There's Mrs. Harrigan; she will work from eight A. M. till one P. M. for eight dollars a week."

Mrs. Brown looks discontented.

"Or," goes on the secretary, "I can give you a household assistant. There's Miss White. She is a trained girl. She, of course, will live outside. She will work nine hours a day for ten dollars a week and two meals daily—that is, the practical equivalent of fifteen dollars a week."

Mrs. Brown hesitates.

"It's a flexible plan," continues Miss Uncle Sam. "There are all kinds of combinations, adjusted to the needs and desires of different employers—five to nine P. M.; five to seven P. M.; ten A. M. to seven P. M. Then, of course, as I say, there are a few girls who prefer the old way; but they are so few compared to the demand that I am afraid you don't stand much chance."

"Well," says Mrs. Brown slowly, "I suppose I'll have to try Miss —— What's her first name?"

"Her name is Miss White," says Miss Uncle Sam suavely. "I'll send her to begin work to-morrow."

It was this same young employment expert who, the other day, for the sake of experiment, put an ad in the paper asking for an intelligent woman to do housework. It was worded in such a way that it bore no relation to the familiar old ad: "Wanted—girl for general housework."

Next morning, when the secretary reached her desk at the United States Employment Bureau, there were fifty responses to the one ad. There was not one response to the general column of ads: "Wanted—girl for general housework." Here, again, is proof that it is not the work itself but the medieval condition of the work which has driven girls away from it.

"On this new basis," said the employment expert, "we can take care of all the women thrown out of work by the closing down of munition factories. As housework was until recently, there was no use in trying to get a certain type of woman into it. They preferred twelve dollars a week and freedom in a factory to the higher wage of housework; for board, with a salary of from twenty-five to forty dollars a month, made a higher wage. But under the improving conditions we can swing

(Concluded on Page 91)

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IN HIGH C!—By Maxwell Smith

THE absurdity of going motoring at four o'clock in the morning, merely because she could not sleep, did not occur to Julia. Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds had got on her nerves. Nobody seemed able to talk of anything else since Mrs. Garrett-Welden had appeared a week ago to challenge the brilliance of the summer sun. She was visiting at the Ireland place, next to the Monarchs', at which Julia Sinclair was a guest—out Great River way on Long Island. And having a propensity for the stones that amounted to mania she fairly radiated diamonds—hair, ears, neck, arms, hands and—yes, feet; her slipper buckles alone contained gems enough to satisfy any one person, but she went further than that—she had diamond-studded heels.

These heels were what had carried off Julia's goat and kept her tumbling restlessly until finally, about three o'clock, she had sprung wide awake. For a while she had lain, hoping that the shr-r-r-sh of the wavelets lapping on the beach would lull her back to sleep. When it did not she spun a coin to decide whether she would swim or motor. She had a trick of letting Chance dictate, as she had of obeying her impulses. Chance was the breeder of Opportunity, and Julia Sinclair had at times demonstrated that Opportunity could be turned to her own profit.

So it came about that, dressed in short rough tweed skirt and Norfolk jacket, a cap on her head, she went quietly down through the sleeping house and let herself out.

The garage was in a clump of woods a hundred yards away in the opposite direction from the Ireland house. In a couple of minutes she had her roadster out and, engine throttled down, was under way.

To reach the highway she had to pass between the two houses. Originally built for branches of the same family, the Monarch and Ireland places stood comparatively close together and made use of a common driveway, which on the ocean side split into the runways leading past the verandas and on to the garages. Julia had gone only as far as the junction of these runways when a woman's voice, pitched in highest note, caused her to halt abruptly. While she paused to determine the location of the sound it echoed again—from the Ireland house.

The strident penetrating quality of the note puzzled her at first impression more than she was startled by what its introduction into the dead quiet portended. It was not exactly a shriek—there was an odd, rising, vibrant flexibility that seemed to rob it of that classification. And it contained a vague familiarity, a ringing timbre, that Julia felt she should instantly identify.

In the time that it took the thought to cross her mind the cry rose again, to break off short as though choked in the middle. Five seconds more and a pistol cracked! Then the woman's voice skirling twice in quick succession. And silence.

In that moment Julia Sinclair comprehended what had called her from her bed: Opportunity! Whatever had taken place or was taking place to cause that wild alarm concerned Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds of course.

Yet as she jumped from her machine and ran along a flagged walk through the informal garden that lay between the drive and the Ireland place Julia could not reconcile these tones to Mrs. Garrett-Welden. The voice that had rung through the night had been too striking; Mrs. Garrett-Welden was throaty.

Lights began to dot the house as Julia ran toward it along a curving walk. The baby automatic that usually was somewhere about her—it had paid to be prepared when Opportunity beckoned!—was in her hand. She was at the corner of the veranda when the idea suggested itself that perhaps she would be of more service in her car than afoot. If someone had been shot, and she judged that a woman had been, she could save time in getting a doctor—possibly she could head off the assailant.

Turning her steps she cut across the flower beds to her car instead of going back over the winding path. She would pull round to the door and find what assistance she could render. The whole place was awake now, and lights were showing too over at the Monarchs', from which she had come.

Climbing back to her seat she found that in her hasty stop she had stalled the engine. She stepped on the starter. In exasperation she jabbed again and again. But, humanlike, it had chosen that critical moment to balk!

II

INSIDE the Ireland house there was confusion, uncertainty, fright. But none ran out precipitately to investigate. A revolver shot, especially in the night, from an unknown source and in an undetermined location inspires caution even in the brave. The household, it so happened, was not overweighted with bravery.

The hostess having switched on the electrics in her room waited tremulously for a further manifestation. Mrs. Ireland was a fluttering indecisive person. She wanted to scream but couldn't. The vision of Mrs. Garrett-Welden, dead, of the slayer fleeing with her diamonds, was too vivid! Crouching at her door she listened breathlessly for some movement to apprise her that it was safe to emerge.

Besides the servants there were only two men in the house—Mrs. Ireland's husband and Weston Hilary. From Ireland, undersized, retiring and docile, no help was to be expected; his wife did not even think of looking into his room to see if he had been roused. The butler, she knew, would be about as useful; he had bulk but nothing more. Of the chauffeur she had no idea; he was a recent addition.

Hilary was a different proposition. In considering him Mrs. Ireland took comfort. She reassured herself. Hilary—she knew instinctively though the question never had been raised—was the kind of man that could be depended upon in an emergency; he must already be searching out the explanation of the shooting.

Consequently a few minutes elapsed before Mrs. Ireland opened her door. As she peered through the narrow aperture she dared, the lights in the hall were turned on. Revolver in hand the chauffeur was standing at the stairs leading from the third floor. Seeing Mrs. Ireland's door move he swung the weapon sharply that way. With a cry she slammed the door and locked it. Even in her terror she had noted that the man was partly dressed. Her lips were parting to shout for help, to shout until help came, when Hilary's voice reached her ears. She shuddered close to the door in agonizing expectation of another shot. Instead:

"Call Mrs. Ireland, Joe."

It was Hilary speaking, and despite her agitation Mrs. Ireland discerned that his tones were forced and strange. She hung on the next words.

They came from the chauffeur:

"Mr. Hilary, you're all blood! Was it you ——"

"Yes." Hilary was more distinct as he neared her door. She regained some composure when the chauffeur did not molest him. "It isn't much but—confound it, I'm bleeding like a stuck pig!"

Amazed out of her approaching hysteria and relieved by the knowledge that it was not Mrs. Garrett-Welden who had been shot—that no one was dead!—Mrs. Ireland drew her negligée about her and ran into the hall. She appeared as Hilary answered the chauffeur's question:

"By a burglar, I suppose. A woman burglar!" He said that very clearly and repeated it, "A woman burglar!" but Mrs. Ireland was too shaken by sight of him to grasp immediately the import of his words. For the moment even Mrs. Garrett-Welden and her diamonds were driven from her mind.

Hilary was standing in the middle of the floor, his dressing gown hanging free of the left arm. Through the fingers of his right hand, pressed close to the left shoulder, blood was oozing. Already the sleeve of his pyjamas was reddened by a growing stain that extended down past the elbow.

The injury, however, did not prevent him from addressing her soothingly. It was nothing, he said. At his example of calmness though he was the victim of attack she recovered her voice; such courageous stoicism was what she would have looked for in Hilary!

"What—what ——" she was stammering when with a gesture of his bloody hand he interrupted.

"Better call the sheriff or constable or whatever they have out here," he advised. "The woman who shot me went out the window. She can't be far away. I'd have followed but ——" He made a wry face and put his hand to the wounded shoulder again. "She dropped her gun," he added hopefully. "That's a souvenir that may help catch her."

"And a doctor—you need a doctor," breathed Mrs. Ireland. She observed the butler reconnoitering down the stairs with the maids bringing up the rear. "Phone for a doctor," she ordered him. "Tell him to hurry—hurry! Then call the police!"

With a sigh of thankfulness that matters were no worse she moved to Hilary's side and in her helplessness she laid tender fingers on his injured arm. He glanced about the hall, in which two of the three women guests had appeared. Smiling gravely at Mrs. Ireland he continued to lead.

"Mrs. Garrett-Welden—she is not here, Frances," he reminded her softly. His good arm went out gallantly and surely as Mrs. Ireland swayed. "Come, come! Be brave! There was only one shot—and I got that! She probably is not hurt. Which is her room?"

Dumb with renewed dread Mrs. Ireland pointed. The gasps that rose from the other women magnified her fear that Mrs. Garrett-Welden had come to serious harm after all. There was reason for attacking her! She had taken her jewels to her sleeping chamber because the safe on the ground floor had been deemed too insecure.

"Put that gun away and get out a car," Hilary instructed the chauffeur. "It may be needed in a hurry."

He was rapping on Mrs. Garrett-Welden's door when Mrs. Ireland's husband edged over beside her.

"Can I do anything, my dear?" he inquired meekly. "I might ——"

"No, no!"

She waved him away. An exclamation of dismay broke from her when Mrs. Garrett-Welden did not respond and

Hilary's expression indicated that he also was fearful of the worst. She inhaled gratefully the smelling salts that a capable maid slipped into her hand.

Hilary found the door unlocked. Hesitating, he stilled Mrs. Ireland's protest against his further endangering himself. "There is no danger," he affirmed. "The woman went out the window after shooting me."

While he emphasized that statement he shoved the door open. And the light streaming in from the hall revealed Mrs. Garrett-Welden quite reposefully in bed! She rested apparently in uninterrupted slumber!

On his first step into the room Hilary stopped. The air was heavy with chloroform. The closed windows accounted for the sustained pungency of the fumes. On the floor lay a small standard eight-ounce can that had contained the anæsthetic and an equally noncommittal wad of cotton.

Mrs. Garrett-Welden was breathing a bit unevenly but was very far from being dead! The empty cases on the toilet table testified that her gems were gone—all except the diamond-heeled slippers!

While someone opened the windows Hilary bent over the unconscious woman, studying her breathing and taking her pulse. "She'll come to very soon," he pronounced, and commended the maid who was bathing Mrs. Garrett-Welden's head with cologne.

Upon Mrs. Ireland's insistence he consented at last to sit down and bare his shoulder. The wound had almost ceased bleeding. Once the blood had been washed away it did not look so frightful. It was a ragged tear through the muscles high on the upper arm. About it the flesh was pitted with powder and the pyjama sleeve was burned, showing that the shot had been fired at close range. That recalled his part in the adventure.

"I didn't have much chance to observe the lady who shot me," he regretted. "She fought like a wildcat! Good Lord! I never was so surprised in my life! A woman burglar!" He laughed frankly and watched his hostess gently swab the wound with tepid water. "If it hadn't been a woman I shouldn't have been shot and the burglar wouldn't have got away."

It was not said boastfully. They murmured applause over the chivalry which they inferred had restrained him from exercising his full strength in the contest.

"There isn't much to my end," he continued. "A sound awoke me—she bumped into a chair in the dark, I think. I made out a figure and jumped for it. The throat was what I went after but I never took hold, for the cry my attack drew out told me right away that it was a woman! I threw my arms round her then and"—he chuckled afresh—"she certainly did fight! I was bending her backward when she screamed. Then there was an explosion and I thought my whole shoulder had been torn off! My grip relaxed—I'm not used to being shot, you know!—and before I could gather my wits she had disappeared out the window onto the roof of the veranda. I—I"—he was shamefaced in making this confession of weakness—"I fainted then, I guess."

Mrs. Ireland and the others were murmuring again when her husband interjected apologetically:

"The chauffeur is asking for help, my dear. He is out on the lawn and says he has—a prisoner. I believe he is holding her—with a revolver!"

Hilary's eyes distended. Astonishment in every line he leaned forward, twisting his head the better to see the speaker.

"A woman prisoner! You don't mean that!"

The bobbing head emphasized the mild reply: "She—ah—refuses to be brought in, he said. That is why he seeks help."

"Couldn't you ——" Mrs. Ireland broke off and turned contemptuously from him. "Tell him to make her come in—or keep her where she is until the police arrive."

"No! Wait!" Hilary's brow furrowed and his eyes were very thoughtful. They fastened on Ireland. "What is she like? Where did he catch her?"

"I don't know. I—ah—heard them talking, and he asked me to let you know."

Mrs. Ireland stamped impatiently and resumed sympathizing with Hilary. He, however, was frowning in a puzzled way, wholly wrapped in his own thoughts. He seemed in considerable doubt about something.

"How soon after the shooting did the chauffeur leave the house?" he demanded. "I want a pointer on how long I was in a faint."

Opinions on the length of time varied from five to twenty-five minutes, according to the excitability of the guesser. Hilary took the lowest estimate.

"Then I must have been senseless only a couple of minutes." His eyes narrowed in great perplexity. He got to his feet with a jerk, regardless of his injury.

"I'll take a look at her," he announced; and nothing Mrs. Ireland could say could deter him from hurrying out to see the woman.

III

IT TOOK Julia Sinclair several minutes to locate the loose wire connection that interfered with the functioning of the starter. She had just tightened it and got back into her seat when the chauffeur left the Ireland house to get the car Hilary had ordered.

The hum of her engine arrested his steps. Running to the corner of the house he saw the lights of the machine not seventy-five yards away. Sprinting noiselessly over the lawn he leaped to the running board as Julia pedaled in the clutch.

His revolver prodded her in the back.

"Stop!" he commanded crisply.

Shoving up the spark Julia accelerated. The motor roared and jumped into speed. She did not look round but gripped the wheel harder for a sharp turn right ahead of her.

"We'll keep going," she retorted, "unless you choose to jump and break your neck!" Julia believed she had as a passenger the person responsible for the shooting!

Before the words were out of her mouth he reached quickly past her and killed the engine. The burst of speed had lasted about a hundred feet.

The revolver muzzle he shifted to her head, shoving it forward so that she could not see her course. The car swerved and stopped.

"Now get out," said the chauffeur. He congratulated himself that he had the burglar!

Julia's thoughts revolved rapidly. With every reason to assume that this was a desperate man there would be no sense in courting injury herself. In an automobile that was known he could not get far.

"Ease up that revolver and I'll get out," she said evenly.

Her heart beat faster but mentally she was unperturbed. A dangerous moment fraught with problem was a spur to her keen brain. In a hair-trigger situation she excelled; else she could not have molded Opportunity to her benefit. And—there was always a chance that she might be able to turn the tables on this man.

The chauffeur made the mistake of thinking her unarmed. He remembered that a revolver had been picked up in Hilary's room. He removed his weapon from Julia's head and motioned her from the car.

The automatic which she had drawn when the first alarm occurred was on the seat beside her, where she had dropped it upon returning to the auto. Her hand was stealing toward it when the chauffeur noticed. They seized it together but the menace of his revolver compelled Julia to let go.

Julia then received the first hint that this was a tragicomedy of misunderstanding in which she was participating, when the chauffeur ordered her to the house.

As he prepared to follow her instead of fleeing in the machine she asked in surprise: "Aren't you going? They'll be after you!"

"After me!" He laughed, but his follow-up made her jump: "Where are the diamonds?"

That revealed to Julia the situation in its true light. She did not see that she was likely to become seriously embroiled. She asked about the shooting.

"Get a move on—to the house," he retorted. "Are the diamonds in there?" He pointed to the car.

"You're an idiot!" stated Julia impatiently, with vigor. "I know nothing about the diamonds. I thought you were the fugitive. Let's start covering the roads. Go get another car—or take this and I'll get one."

"Hey, you!" He poked the gun ungentlemanly into her ribs, for he likewise was losing patience. "You might as well get this now: Hilary—the gent you shot!—wasn't so dead asleep that he didn't know it was a woman did the trick! And we all heard you yell!"

Combined with the astounding information that a woman had committed the crime the note of finality in her captor's voice warned Julia that perhaps she had stumbled into a predicament. A dangerous complexion could be given her presence on the scene unless Hilary could state positively that she was not his assailant. She had met Hilary and though she did not like his type—the woman's man—undoubtedly he would acquit her. She spoke her thoughts aloud:

"Did Mr. Hilary see the woman? In the light, I mean?"

The chauffeur would not tell. "You'll find that out at the house," he grinned. "Forward march, Miss Burglar!"

"No!"

Julia backed against the machine. From the direction of the Monarch house she heard voices. She judged correctly that her hosts were coming to inquire about the commotion. She decided to wait for them before accepting the invitation to go and be identified as a burglar guilty also of felonious assault!

"Here are my friends," she explained. "I'm stopping at the Monarchs'. Wait till ——" She struck down the chauffeur's arm as he grasped her shoulder; and respecting the strength of that blow he stood back.

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Ireland's husband drew nigh. When he refused to help drag Julia to the house he was told to summon assistance. As he departed Fay and Billy Monarch arrived in answer to Julia's hail.

Recognizing the newcomers the chauffeur remained in doubtful silence while Julia recounted how he had held her up and accused her. He had no interest except so far as anyone would be interested in arresting a criminal. Unreasonable though it might seem that a guest of the Monarchs should be that criminal the chauffeur considered that the circumstances justified his holding her. Had she not been in flight?

The recital amused Billy Monarch. He was not unconversant with the situations into which Julia Sinclair sometimes injected herself in pursuit of the fruits of Opportunity. Here the tables were turned on her!

"You're mired this time, Jewel!" he chortled. "Let's trek over to Ireland's and end the comedy. Hello—here they are coming to save us the trouble."

His wife joined in his laughter and joked as she put an arm about Julia while they went to meet the party, headed by Hilary. But somehow Julia had a foreshadowing of trouble. The way matters were developing caused her to recall more particularly that hint of familiarity in the voice that had preceded and followed the shooting. To whom did it belong? Subconsciously she knew; it was right there in the archives of her memory—if she could but place it. The chauffeur had advised her that it was the burglar who had screamed. Let her identify the voice, then, and she would have the burglar.

Hilary walked stiffly, gladiatorial-looking, with the dressing gown still hanging off his wounded arm. Mrs. Ireland was at his side; her husband trotted a few feet in the rear. The other guests had been assigned to stand by Mrs. Garrett-Welden and ameliorate her awakening!

Billy Monarch's hearty laugh opened the conversation. He regarded the mix-up as a rare joke on Julia.

"Here's your prisoner, Hilary," he began facetiously. "You're not badly hit, I hear. That right?"

"No; nothing serious." Hilary spoke abstractedly. He was devoting himself unrestrictedly to Julia Sinclair, sizing up her shadowy outline in the darkness.

There was a long pause during which Mrs. Ireland giggled without reason when Billy Monarch attempted to talk. Even he became subdued at the intensity with which Hilary concentrated on Julia.

As for Miss Sinclair, she waited without a word for the vindication that was her due. Until the previous night, when she had gone with the Monarchs to see Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds, Hilary had been a stranger to her. He had impressed her as of no higher quality than he actually was—something of a showpiece, like the diamonds; a likable enough decoration for those who could tolerate his sort; she would have called him a parasite. At best he was a rounder who, she did not deny, had the faculty of being agreeable. While she had played with a tabby cat after earning Mrs. Garrett-Welden's displeasure by her sparing enthusiasm over the sparkling gems Julia had marked Hilary and categorized him as a—a professional cavalier. That was as well as she in her brief study had bothered to place him.

But now a feeling akin to foreboding came over her when this panderer stood silent so long, his gaze searching her out in the darkness. She remembered an oddness in his expression—a drawling way his eyes had of roving, with a suggestion of absorbing everything they touched.

"Well, Mr. Hilary?" She tested the thought without any real notion of what to expect.

He replied with an attitude of admirable restraint as would one who hesitated to make a grievous charge:

"I—don't know."

Billy Monarch laughed whole-heartedly. With her woman's intuition Fay read a part of what was in the wind and took hold of his arm as a signal for quiet.

"You can't mean to suggest that Miss Sinclair ——"

Gravely Hilary interrupted her: "You see how I hesitate, Mrs. Monarch? You—realize my position." He gestured and swung away a couple of paces, to come back and face them. "If I could say No! I would do so—gladly. Since I cannot do that ——" He stopped as with embarrassment and regret, merely putting off the performance of an unpleasant duty.

Billy Monarch's mirth gave way to indignation.

"You're crazy, Hilary!" he burst out. "Of all the damn fool ——"

"What if we let Miss Sinclair speak for herself?" said Hilary suavely. "I have made no accusation but—frankly I can only say that she resembles in a general way the woman who invaded my room and shot me when I grappled with her. Perhaps Miss Sinclair," he bowed to her, "can explain?"

Julia recalled her thoughts from the genesis of the thing, those sudden strident cries with their familiar note. She had understood perfectly the trend of talk during the last minute but she had been less concerned in that than in trying to make out why the voice she had heard ringing through the night had struck a chord in her own memory.

At the direct question she addressed herself to Hilary.

"Naturally I would deny any such insinuation," she said dryly. "Do you make it seriously, Mr. Hilary?"

She was completely unruffled, for if he persisted she assuredly was confronted by a situation that called for cool judgment. She hushed her friends who protested at the asininity of attempting to brand her as a burglar.

(Continued on Page 60)

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TWIST DRILLS — REAMERS — WRENCHES — DROP FORGINGS

(Continued from Page 58)

Somewhere in the back of her head there seemed to be a stirring that would yield the answer to the riddle of that pitching voice. Given time Julia was confident that the proper association of ideas would develop.

Hilary attacked at her weakest point: "What were you doing in an automobile at this hour of the morning?"

"Out for a ride," she stated calmly. "You haven't answered me. Do you accuse me of having shot you and, presumably, stolen Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds?"

Again he showed reluctance.

"I'll see about that after we have talked with Mrs. Garrett-Welden," he declared shortly. "Will you talk with her?"

"By all means!"

Julia turned from him and linked her arm into Fay's. There was an unbecoming somberness to Fay. Her plump face was puckered in doubtful lines. She could not comprehend how Julia could remain so poised and cheerful. She was shocked by Hilary's attitude. Fay, unused to stressful complications, could see only a dark road ahead regardless of what to her was the palpable fact of Julia's innocence. She did not know just what to say; nor did Billy, whom Julia took on the other arm; so they waited for her to furnish enlightenment.

As they moved off to the house they heard Mrs. Ireland's husband report that he and the chauffeur had searched Julia's machine without result. Julia broke off humming in the middle of an air and laughed softly. Her idea was taking shape!

"Keep your face as sober as it is, Fay," she whispered buoyantly; "and you too, Billy. Cling to the rôle of mourners! But"—she glanced round to make sure none was within earshot—"this looks like a good morning's work for Julia!"

"I'm glad you look at it that way," grunted Billy. A doubt assailed him; he knew her daring spirit, and like all her friends he feared that some day it would cause her to take one step too many. "You aren't really in this—anywhere, Jewel?"

"You bet I am!" she answered snappily. "I'm in to the finish—and it has prospects of being a good one! Now keep still, like a pair of dears. Julia wants to think!"

And while she thought she hummed little scraps that made a veritable hodge-podge of disjointed melody and discord. She had located the proper pigeonhole in her brain and was busy sorting its contents. Here, she was certain, stood Opportunity flirting for admission. All she had to do was find the right key.

IV

PALE and fretful Mrs. Garrett-Welden was tossing on her pillows when the procession entered her room. The anæsthetic had given her a headache and miserably nauseated her. The news that her diamonds had disappeared had accentuated her wretched state.

With heavy eyes she gazed over the line-up—at Hilary's thoughtful face; at Julia, serene and smiling, bearing no imprint of a person grossly accused; at Mrs. Ireland, who fidgeted in a harassed way; at Fay and Billy Monarch, who were able without the least effort to look mournful as Julia had requested. Her brain was still somewhat woozy, but for each she had an appraising glance, since their massed presence betokened some development. In the background she noted Mrs. Ireland's husband and the chauffeur, then her eyes rested on Hilary; his bloody shoulder testified that he was a pivot in the scene.

"Well?" she inquired tartly.

Hilary squinted at Julia and smiled at Mrs. Garrett-Welden.

"You and I appear to have been pretty badly handled," he sympathized. "Did you"—his face half turned to Julia again—"did you by any chance see or hear anything of the woman that robbed you?"

Unconsciously responding to his suggestive influence she scrutinized Julia while she shook her head wearily. She already had been told that Hilary had been shot by a woman fleeing from the house.

"I saw nothing, heard nothing—felt nothing," she asserted, her anger rising. Her baubles were insured, but it would take long to replace her pet designs. Besides she realized what a ridiculous picture she made in bed before all these people, with her make-up off and the half of her hair that was attached to her trailing in a pair of scrawny pigtails. "Any trace of the burglar?"

"I thought you would be able to help on that," said Hilary. He continued to display a commendable hesitancy in charging Julia outright. "You see, we—that is, the chauffeur there—caught this young lady departing in an automobile immediately after I was shot by the burglar. She—has not yet explained where she was going."

Mrs. Garrett-Welden contemplated Julia, and a glacial smile came upon her.

"I remember Miss Sinclair," she nodded, "as one who was very, very much disinterested in my trifles last night! She turned her back on them, I think, to fuss with a cat! Yes?"

"I noticed ——" Hilary shrugged. "Unfortunately Miss Sinclair matches in a general way—as much as one can sense in the dark—the woman who laid me out with a bullet!"

"You make that charge positively now?"

Julia's brown eyes were unworried as they held his. An outsider unaware of the progress of events would have considered her in a most agreeable mood, without a cloud in her sky. But beneath her velvet calm could have been found a tenseness of forces that might be unleashed.

Hilary bit his lip, frowning. Her assurance was discomposing.

Mrs. Garrett-Welden raised herself on an elbow. She was ready to believe that Julia was the thief. She waited expectantly for Hilary's answer.

"Yes; I make that charge," he said slowly. "The woman I struggled with had freedom of movement—she was not hampered by skirts. You"—he looked at Julia's short skirt—"are far from being what could be called restricted. The woman wore a cap—I felt it. You have on a cap. She was about my height—and strong. So are you. I'm sorry," he concluded quietly, "but the choice is not mine."

Watching Julia with a trace of malice—she could not forgive Julia's slighting of her treasures—Mrs. Garrett-Welden lay back on her pillows. She sighed in relief. With the thief apprehended so promptly her diamonds would be restored.

Fay Monarch exclaimed in defense of her friend. She appealed to Mrs. Ireland, who selected the moment for a reaction to tears—Hilary might have been killed! She appealed to Julia herself to confound them with a denial. But Julia only smiled and kept her eyes on Hilary—endlessly, as a cat watches a mouse.

"When the time comes, Fay," she said complacently, "I reckon this will be straightened out. Meanwhile —— And, Mrs. Garrett-Welden"—her confidence was supreme—"I think I can guarantee the return of your diamonds before long."

The owner of the missing jewels gasped at such effrontery.

"That's kind of you—really!" She was sarcastic, and seeing that her loss was no more than temporary she was entertained. "Has she been searched?"

Julia's face hardened and she replied herself, incisively:

"She has not! She won't be, either, until the proper authorities do it."

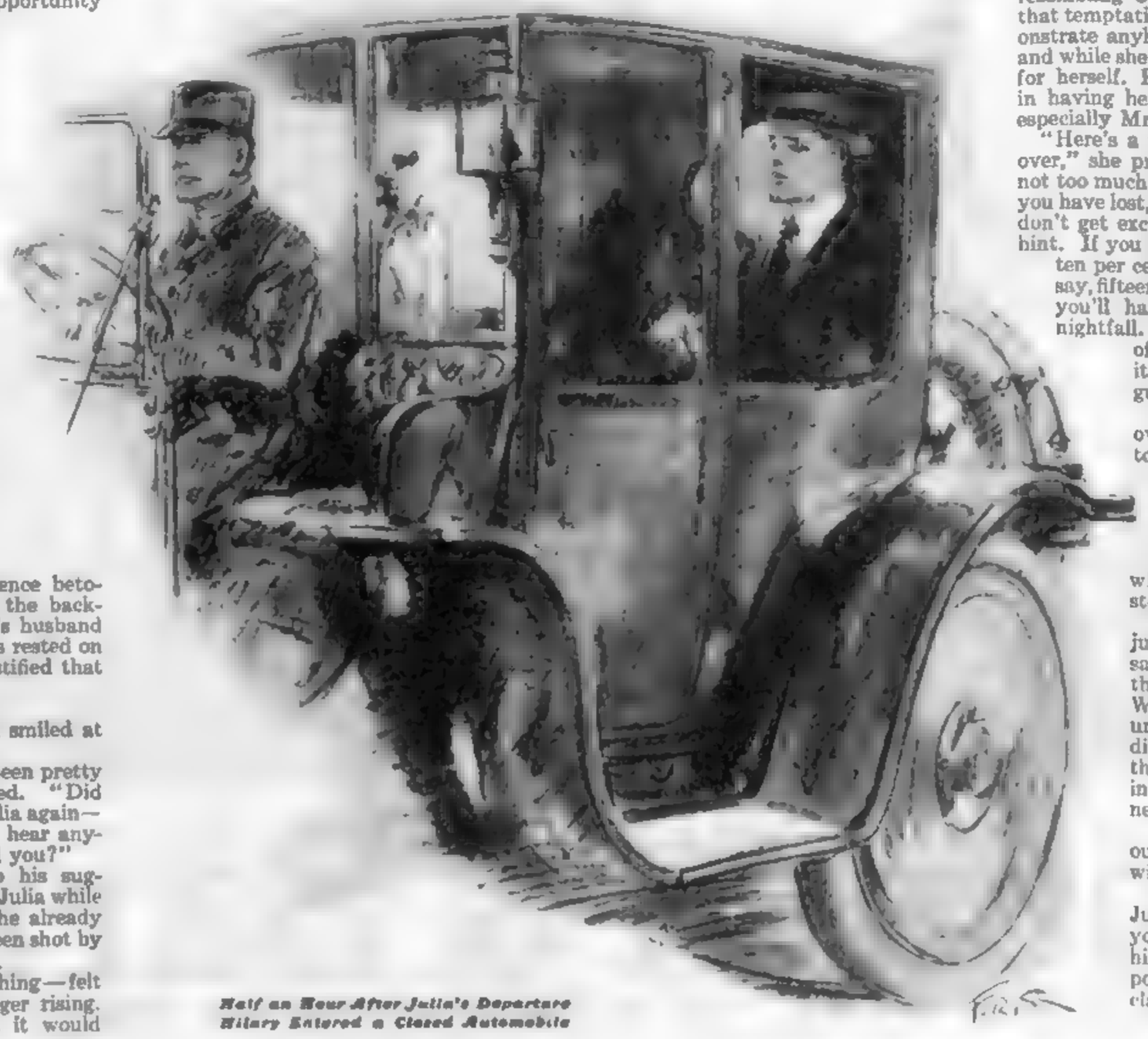
Hilary offered an opinion, diffidently.

"Apparently there was an accomplice," he said, "to whom the loot already has been passed. Even without the cases your jewels as I remember them are too bulky to be readily concealed on the person. Why"—his tone was kindly as he turned to Julia—"why did you delay so long in getting started? I confess I don't understand that."

There was genuine merriment and mockery in Julia's laughter. Her examination of that pigeonhole in her brain had just borne fruit! She was willing to take oath regarding the identity of the voice that had shrilled so in the night! A few hours, and she once more would capitalize Opportunity!

She stayed Fay Monarch's indignation as Hilary delivered himself of a thought related to her own. He was telling Mrs. Garrett-Welden who she was.

"Miss Sinclair has a reputation for her exploits, you know," he was saying. "The newspapers not so long ago characterized her as The Opportunist. That was when she became—mixed up in a murder. You may remember: The man she convicted—her testimony did it—swore he had bought her silence for twenty-five thousand dollars. She said—I'm right, am I not, Miss Sinclair?—that he gave her five thousand; she returned that amount after—having double-crossed him."



Half an Hour After Julia's Departure Hilary Entered a Closed Automobile

"A splendid résumé, Mr. Hilary; and accurate," agreed Julia. "You doubtless recall also out of the lurid details of that incident that I am in the habit of going armed?"

Hilary moved uneasily under her steady eyes. His own gaze fell away.

"You're not threatening me?" he queried sharply.

"No; oh, no!" She mocked him again, and there was more of a threat in her succeeding words: "That is not necessary!"

The chauffeur volunteered an addition to the indictment.

"She tried to pull a gun on me," he said.

Julia acknowledged that. "You had one on me."

"See!" Hilary emphasized her admission.

"By which it is clear that I'm a desperate character," added Julia sweetly, "who carries two guns! I left one here, didn't I?"

The maid was patting Mrs. Garrett-Welden's pillows into place when that lady brought an end to the interview:

"This discussion isn't accomplishing anything. I'd like to rest after that horrible drug. Will you please all go and let me have quiet?" She adopted her best grande dame air and applied herself to Julia: "You realize, of course, that the police will be here shortly? That they will take you? If in the meantime you can see things in the proper light"—this generously—"and return to me my gems I promise not to be too harsh in the prosecution."

"And you, Mr. Hilary?" Julia looked at him gayly. "Would you promise as much—if I were to restore the diamonds?"

Instead of answering Hilary regarded her again with doubt. She was too confident.

"We-ell! I'm disappointed!"

She pouted and her rounded eyes twinkled. In an instant they changed, contracting and glittering hard as they appraised Mrs. Garrett-Welden. Gone also was the pleasing softness of voice that had marked Julia so far. She knew that within a few minutes she would be in the hands of the police, accused of burglary and larceny and shooting with intent to kill. Somebody had to pay for that. She was tempted then to force the game to a conclusion—to demonstrate what fools they all were! The cold insight and the necessity of looking out for Julia above all else, when anything resembling Opportunity came nigh, held that temptation in check. She would demonstrate anyhow in the very near future, and while she did so she would turn a trick for herself. For whatever satisfaction lay in having her arrested they would pay—especially Mrs. Garrett-Welden.

"Here's a proposition for you to think over," she proclaimed: "Ten per cent is not too much to pay for the return of what you have lost, is it? Tush, my dear madam, don't get excited! I'm only giving you a hint. If you offer a reward approximating ten per cent of your loss—that will be, say, fifteen thousand dollars, won't it?—you'll have your diamonds back by nightfall. If you don't make such an offer—formally, I mean, so that it will stand in law—I can't guarantee anything."

Mrs. Garrett-Welden boiled over! Julia listened in patience to a sputtering denunciation of burglars and would-be murderers and pointed reference to herself as being within both classifications.

Her voice was soothing again when Mrs. Garrett-Welden stopped for breath.

"Never mind that," she adjured, "but think over what I said. A tenth of the value—that's the price, and it's cheap. With the understanding, naturally—which, alas, it is so difficult to make you grasp!—that the diamonds are not now in my possession or control and never have been."

There was the rush of a motor outside. The engine throbbed with the car at rest.

"The sheriff, I guess," said Julia unconcernedly. "I'll leave you now and run along with him. But take my advice and post that reward. I'm going to claim it!"

(Continued on Page 63)

Libby's

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Take any simple salad—a fruit or two, a plain combination of vegetables, or just a bit of cool, crisp lettuce—and serve it with Libby's Salad Dressing.

And when you've tried this once—you'll ask for a "Libby-dressed" salad often.

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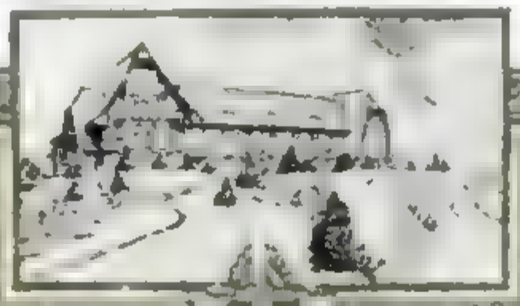


(Continued from Page 60)

From the bewildered Mrs. Garrett-Welden she turned on her heel to Hilary. Thirty seconds, perhaps, she looked at him expressionlessly, enigmatically; and then she laughed deep in her throat. She stepped to his right side and crooked her arm, inviting his.

"Won't you escort me to prison, Mr. Hilary?" she requested blithely. He did not move. "Please! At least you will introduce me to the sheriff—since you are making the charge!"

Hilary flushed. He knew that for the moment he and not she was the cynosure; that he cut a ridiculous figure in pyjamas that had one sleeve crusted with blood and a dressing gown that was but half about him. More than that, he comprehended that this girl was making sport of him. When he had related that a woman had shot him he had had no expectation that a woman would be captured apparently in flight. Sufficient time had elapsed to permit the assumption that the assailant had got away. That Julia had been caught virtually on the scene and in process of leaving had been a complete surprise to him. That she was so completely at ease under distressing circumstances, and so—he fished for the word—so dangerously efficient, gave Hilary much food for thought.

Forcing a smile he gave her his arm.

"Would that it were for a more pleasant journey," he murmured with a return of the gallantry that had endeared him to Mrs. Ireland—and others. His professionalism in that art carried him above the handicap of his garb.

"Maybe"—Julia's voice was low, for him only, as they started from the room—"maybe I'll do as much for you—later on!"

Slantwise he looked at her. But innocent of face and happy, Julia was gazing dreamily ahead while she hummed an indistinguishable tune.

V

THROUGH the intercession of Billy Monarch, Julia escaped the indignity of even brief incarceration in the county jail. He appealed to the sheriff, who knew him as a substantial citizen, to let her remain until arrangements could be made for bail. Magnanimously Hilary offered no objection.

"Of course, sheriff," added Hilary, "you will make sure that she is amply bonded. My own wound does not matter, but the value of the diamonds is great."

"I'll sign for any amount," snapped Billy.

Behind Hilary's show of reluctance in accusing Julia he imagined there was an anxiety to see her locked up. Hilary's uneasiness under the several shafts that had been hurled by Julia suggested that. Judging by his thoughtful eying of her Hilary apparently had a wholesome respect, to say the least, for the surprising capabilities of Miss Sinclair. There was a growing but ungrounded suspicion in Monarch's mind as he phoned a judge with whom he was well acquainted and fixed things to have bail accepted without delay at the jurist's home.

Daylight came before Hilary's arm had been dressed by the doctor and they were ready to start for the judge's. The sheriff, Julia, Hilary and Billy Monarch were getting into an automobile when a deputy hurried up to his chief. Since dawn he had been scouring the grounds about the house and he had discovered the footprints made by Julia when she had run back to her car.

Without demur she allowed the sheriff to lead her over there and fit her shoes into the imprints. She joked at the pains he took over the measurements and his calling upon witnesses to observe that the pattern matched perfectly her blunt-toed footgear.

Hilary's eyes glistened at that. He took the sheriff aside.

"You notice that the stone walk she left to cross the flower beds comes from the rear of the house—from the end of the veranda onto the roof of which my assailant escaped?" he pointed out. "The walk curves—she made a bee line in her haste."

Confirmative circumstantial evidence, the sheriff granted, tending to make a good case more conclusive, but—where were the diamonds?

"She slipped them to someone who kept on the walks," reiterated Hilary; "that's the only explanation. She's a smart young woman, sheriff. When she was forced to shoot she knew that the pursuit would be immediate. She took a chance on being captured while—all attention being centered upon her—her accomplice got away. You are sure everything possible has been done to close the roads from here?"

The sheriff was sure, and said so.

Ending a whispered conversation with her friends, in which she had given part explanation of what she was about, Julia cut in on the sheriff and Hilary.

"Let's get started, if you please," she said. "I'm in a hurry."

As the machine sped through the green countryside in the bright cool of the morning Julia gossiped with the sheriff in ironic flavor over the extensive machinery he had set in motion throughout the island and in New York City to prevent the escape of a fugitive that did not exist—her suspected confederate. Hilary did not talk much. His injured arm made it necessary for him to sit stiffly and he found it convenient to make the most of the frequent twinges of pain. These provided an excuse for his disinclination to converse and for the wrinkles in his forehead, which really belonged to his thoughts.

As a matter of cold fact Hilary was not satisfied, though it would seem that affairs had broken all his way. He had placed himself on record with the statement that Julia Sinclair coincided in build with the woman who had shot him—coincided as far as anyone could determine while struggling in the dark. She had been arrested departing in an automobile and could give no adequate reason for going. Her footprints had been found traveling from the house—only from the house; not to it—the distance between them proving that she had been running. In addition, there was the lesser but not entirely insignificant consideration that she wore a skirt which permitted free movement. There was all that, plus her attempt to use a pistol on the chauffeur who had captured her. Plus, furthermore, her studious indifference and disinterestedness when the diamonds had been exhibited the previous evening; upon which item a prosecutor could lay telling stress in addressing a jury.

A strong chain of circumstantial evidence, truly, though the diamonds never should be recovered. Hilary saw that. Yet as he conned it over, link by link, he was not satisfied.

Knowing the reputation of Julia Sinclair for converting a difficult happening to her own account Hilary was troubled. The title that the newspapers had given her—The Opportunist!—kept buzzing in his brain. Often as the car swept on he cast a clouded glance at her. She was so bafflingly unflurried and collected. And almost unfailingly whenever he looked her eyes met his derisively.

By eight o'clock Julia, Hilary and Billy Monarch returned. At her own request Julia was to appear in court at three o'clock that afternoon for preliminary examination.

The machine halted first at the Ireland house and Hilary got out. A foot on the running board he paused and looked soberly at Julia.

"You never can understand how sorry I am that this has happened, Miss Sinclair."

He fumbled with the car door. His mouth was drawn, new lines at its corners. He hoped to entice her into saying something definite. She only inclined her head—overpolitely.

"I'm not sure"—he gave her a thin smile as he fished again—"not sure that I myself understand it altogether."

"But you will, Mr. Hilary!" She bent forward earnestly, and for a second Hilary saw her eyes lose their laughter to contract into glittering pinpoints. "I can assure you that you will! To tell the truth"—she relaxed and lazily, impudently inspected him—"I could make a whole lot clear to you right now. But I'd rather do it in my own way. When a person has an idea it's fun to work it out, don't you think?"

Before Hilary could reply she ordered the chauffeur to go ahead. She waved him an airy good-by.

"I'll be back to let you in on the ground floor," she called. "And—Mr. Hilary—remind Mrs. Garrett-Welden to have the reward ready!"

Swearing audibly Hilary looked after her. The gods had conspired to throw her into the web in corroboration of his story; nevertheless she was light-hearted and carried a manner of being sorry for him—him, the victim who had been shot! He swore again when he heard his name and turned to face Mrs. Ireland. With admirable forbearance he listened to her sympathy and adulation; she declared now that he had saved the whole household from being murdered. But this was one time that he regretted that the exigencies of living without labor had made him a cavalier. His thoughts were too much occupied with Julia Sinclair. He wanted to sit down and ponder upon her—to decide whether she was bluffing.

Again he took refuge in his wounded shoulder. He became a picture of agony.

"I'm going into the city, Frances," he announced between gasps. "This pains horribly. I'll see a specialist. There's no sense in fooling with an injury when there may be blood poisoning or some other complication."

"That was a mistake!" Julia wrinkled her nose as they left Hilary.

"What?" asked Billy Monarch.

"Telling him that I could provide the solution now. I said too much. I don't know but what I ought to pull the trap from under him without further fooling. But no! I want to see his face when the whole thing is reconstructed. Also"—she laughed once more—"to let Mrs. Garrett-Welden worry a while before she comes across!"

Fay Monarch, her chubby face beaming, hugged them indiscriminately as they alighted.

"What next, Jewel?" Fay was looking forward with excitement to the dénouement.

Julia's reply took Billy off his feet:

"Billy's going to cling to Mr. Hilary if he leaves here. He'll take along that gun he used on the Huns, and if Hilary stops anywhere Billy has to see that he does not dispose of Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds! I don't believe he'll try to go until after court—but he may. If he makes any move at all, Billy, stay to him! If he takes a package stop him—get it! Otherwise, let him go. I'm going to New York to get the props to give Hilary the shock of his life!"

Half an hour after Julia's departure Hilary entered a closed automobile. Billy Monarch had a machine in readiness for such a contingency and followed Hilary, who made good speed into New York. There the pursuer was disappointed, for Hilary went to the home of a noted surgeon. While Monarch debated whether to follow him in there—it was madness to believe that a thief could dispose of his spoils in that house!—Hilary reappeared and without stopping elsewhere went back to Great River.

VI

HER cheeks whipped to a fetching glow by her rapid trip from New York Julia Sinclair swirled up to the Monarch house at just one-forty o'clock. Glowing too with the prospect of assured and imminent victory she jumped from her car while yet it skidded to a standstill. She hummed a tune again as she ran to meet Fay and Billy Monarch, who at her advent quit their posts of observation upon the Ireland place. She frowned a little when informed that Hilary had been into the city but was cheered by the news of where he had gone and that he had been empty-handed.

"Never mind," she said; "it can't make a great deal of difference anyway. The trail can be picked up there if necessary. Have you got the sheriff here? . . . Good!" She caught Fay by the arm and started for the house. "Gather that grip out of my car, Billy, and bring it along, please. Run, Fay—run if you're not too fat! I want you to play the piano for me. Listen."

And as they tripped indoors she hummed for Fay the tune she wanted played.

Ten minutes later with Billy carrying the suitcase she had brought, and with the mystified sheriff in attendance Julia went over to the Ireland house.

From a window where Hilary had been exercising a sort of counter-surveillance in company with Mrs. Ireland the approaching party was seen. Mrs. Garrett-Welden after having passed the forenoon recovering from the effects of the chloroform had just gone up to her room to prepare for the visit to court at three o'clock. She had talked of falling in with Julia's demand for a reward, since absolutely no trace had been found of the diamonds, but Hilary had discouraged that. By doing so, he had said, Mrs. Garrett-Welden would be contributing to the thief, who when disaster had overtaken her had adopted this audacious means of getting something out of the crime. Also, he had pointed out, the proposal constituted extortion, though an adroit person like Julia Sinclair likely would take steps to escape that charge; and furthermore the stipulation had been laid down that payment of the reward would absolve Julia Sinclair of the theft.

The thing to do, he had advised, was to force the prisoner into a cell and promise that if she made restitution of the loot its owner would intercede with the district attorney.

Having more or less convinced Mrs. Garrett-Welden that that was her proper course Hilary then was listening absently to his hostess' lionization when Julia and the others hove in view. With a start he recognized the man she was in animated conference with as the sheriff. His jaw set hard and for once his restless eyes became fixed. He no longer heard Mrs. Ireland. What he had read of Julia Sinclair—The Opportunist!—crowded his mind. Until to-day if in fact he ever had given her any thought he had smiled on Julia as a newspaper heroine—no more than that. Now matching wits with her he was more and more beset by doubt, disposed to revise his estimate.

"Let's see what they want." Without apology he broke into a soft speech by Mrs. Ireland: "You go meet them, Frances; I'll follow along."

"I know how you feel, Weston," she declared gently; which she did not. "It is terrible to have to accuse a woman as you are doing, but"—righteously—"justice must be upheld and the guilty punished. She shot you you cannot allow your own feelings of sympathy to sway you from your duty to society. She ——"

"Yes, yes!" Hilary turned away irritably. "Let's see what they want."

Mrs. Ireland therefore received her visitors on the veranda. She smiled coldly at the Monarchs, bowed to the sheriff and ignored Julia. Without specific reason she resented this intrusion. Vaguely she sensed that it was inimical to Hilary. Over her shoulder she glanced at him standing in the doorway. Poor wounded hero! And this woman, this Sinclair woman, whom he had been so reluctant to accuse—instead of being grateful she had come with the object of bedeviling him.

At the sheriff Mrs. Ireland looked her inquiry, but it was Julia Sinclair who spoke.

"I want to see Mrs. Garrett-Welden. No, no!" She stilled Mrs. Ireland's haughty refusal. "Don't say she is unable to see me. She must! How are you, Mr. Hilary?" She gave him a sprightly nod. "You'll be interested in a trifling experiment I'm going to make."

Hilary summoned a wintry smile. Schooled as he was for some ordeal at the hands of this self-reliant young woman his heart nevertheless quickened now that the trial was near. His eyes rested on the bag that Monarch carried. Because of his special knowledge of what actually had taken place the bag was ominously suggestive owing to what he knew it probably contained.

Withal, however, he held his nerve. Was he not giving her too much credit? Conceding that she had read the mystery aright could he not weather the storm? He had had his chance when he got away in the automobile, and he had not wasted it. If only he had dared take a package out of the house; the possibility that an inquisitive deputy sheriff might want to inspect it had deterred him.

"Will you call Mrs. Garrett-Welden," Julia was insistent, "or shall I have to find her myself? There is not much time, Mrs. Ireland. I have to be in court in an hour."

"I'm sure Mrs. Garrett-Welden does not wish to see you," said Mrs Ireland frostily. She was looking appealingly at Hilary for a further cue when the sheriff interjected.

"Miss Sinclair has volunteered to produce evidence in this crime," he stated ponderously. He had expectations that Julia hoped to negotiate, preparatory to a confession. "I reckon we'd best let her do as she wants."

With resignation Mrs. Ireland led them inside and sent a maid for the diamond queen. Julia whispered to Fay, who, flushed and palpitating, moved unobtrusively through a door which she knew gave entrance to the music room. Throwing open a piano she began to play the duet from the end of the first act of La Bohême.

As the melody reflecting the new-born passion of Mimi and Rodolfo swelled to its height Hilary stopped short in the middle of a sentence he was addressing to Mrs. Ireland. His teeth ground the blood from his lower lip so that, taut and pasty, it became a disfigurement. His eyes gaped

(Concluded on Page 81)

Let This Fine Big Jack Carry Your Worries

WHEN you need a jack you need it—*badly*. Nothing is more exasperating than a jack that ought to, but won't. And nothing more comforting than knowing that down in your tool-kit is this handsome, clean-lined, sturdy jack which makes a large manufacturer proud to rest his reputation upon it. So you are glad for the rest of your life that you listened to common sense and got a *real* jack—a

COE-STAPLEY Peteler AUTO JACK

The dealer knew what he was talking about when he said that the Coe-Stapley Peteler Jack was the best he could give you.

The Coe-Stapley Peteler Jack sure is a powerful jack. Has 3000 lbs. capacity, which is a half-ton more than you need.

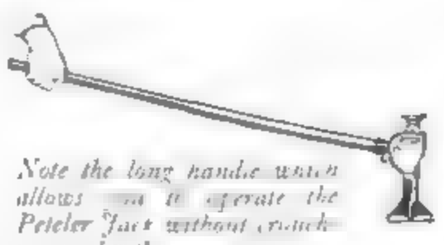
And you don't have to crawl under the car or soil your clothes to place it. You just pull out the long collapsible handle and slip the jack under. With short, quick-lifting strokes, your car is raised with little effort.

When finished, you throw down the lever and the action is reversed. The load is lowered as it was raised, step by step. As soon as the load is off the jack, the lifting-bar automatically drops.

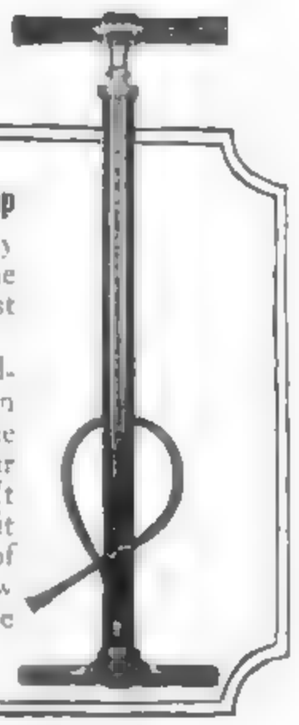
Get your dealer to show you a Coe-Stapley Peteler. See for yourself its marvelous strength, its simplicity of construction and how easily it operates. Only $6. In the West, slightly higher.

***Dealers**—If your jobber cannot yet supply you, write direct for profitable information on our full line.*

COE-STAPLEY MANUFACTURING CORP.
Sales Office, 136 Liberty Street, NEW YORK



Note the long handle which allows you to operate the Peteler Jack without crouching under the car.



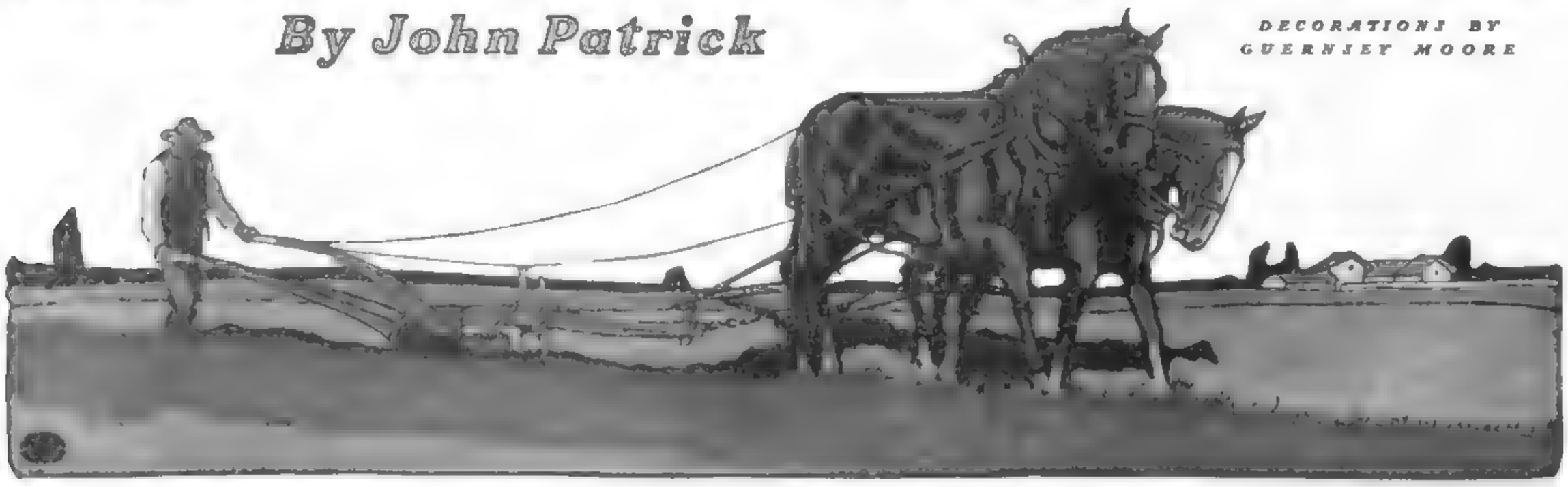
The Coe-Stapley Whirlwind Tire Pump

is a running mate for the Coe-Stapley Peteler Jack which does the name "Coe-Stapley" credit. And it is just as well thought of by your dealer. The beauty of the Coe-Stapley Whirlwind is that every time you use it, an automatic oiling-device lubricates the leather "buckets." Result: your pump's always in good shape. It works well and lives longer. And it is made by Coe-Stapley. That's proof enough. Ask your dealer to show you this pump. Only $3. In the West, slightly higher.

ACCORDING TO UNCLE

By John Patrick

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



DEAR HARVEY: There isn't anything new about your discovery that a twenty-four-hour day isn't long enough, and you're not the first man by a long way who has wanted the sun to stand still. The struggle to discover some method of making more time is as old as business itself. What I did find surprising, when your S O S signal struck me a couple of days ago, was your crude ideas as to how a few extra minutes a day might be manufactured. What you propose would only tickle the real trouble, and your trouble is like a trout—it enjoys being tickled.

You are only experiencing what every man at the head of a rapidly increasing business has to encounter and overcome. When a business grows quickly from a small start there usually comes a time when the head of it finds himself hopelessly swamped by work, simply because he persists in clinging tenaciously to a lot of the things he formed a habit of handling in the early days. A man, not being a member of the mushroom family, is seldom able to grow at the same rate as a successful modern business. That's been my experience anyhow.

There are a lot of proverbs and many recipes for canning time for use when required; but I don't think that decorating your private office with "Do it now" signs will remedy your trouble. You need to attack the root, and if you start digging for that where will you find it? In the fact that you didn't realize when you began to turn out the Daymer starting-and-lighting outfi' that half the car makers in the country would immediately set up a howl for it. You never dreamed that to-day the Harvey Daymer Company would be three times as big as it was then. So the real cause of your present trouble is a long way back, being nothing more nor less than failure to look ahead twelve months ago.

Is It Worth a Hundred an Hour?

THAT being so, what kind of a knot are you likely to find yourself in twelve months hence if you don't look forward now? Every business that is forging ahead requires at least one man on the bridge with his eye on the future; which brings me to the point that what I suspect you really need at the present time is for someone to whisper in your ear that the captain's place is on the bridge, apparently doing nothing—not down below helping to shovel coal to the furnaces. Get me?

What you've got to do is to dig out your real job from amongst the mass of stuff you've covered it up with. No business man in your class should be hopelessly snowed under by mere detail work. If you're not always comfortably ahead of your job then you've got no time to plan and you're not managing your business. It's managing you and your train is booked right through to Disaster.

Better have a quiet talk with yourself at once and find out what kind of a man you are. Don't forget that you're employing yourself and that you should get value for your money. How much per annum are you actually hauling down? If I remember correctly you told me that you made round about $250,000 last year. Reckoning fifty weeks to a year and fifty working hours to a week this runs out at $100 an hour. Is the work you are at present doing worth that figure? Would you pay another man $100 an hour to do it? If not you're not earning the money you're connecting with, which is a mighty serious matter. You must either climb into your own class or fire yourself.

No man ever born can earn $100 an hour doing detail work. To collect that amount every sixty minutes with an easy conscience you've got to be a creator. Follow that signpost and you're on the right road. Doing too much work of the wrong kind is even more disastrous than not doing enough of the right kind. And be careful you don't develop an infinite capacity for wasting valuable time over trifling details. That's the root of a lot of the real business evils and most of the bankruptcies. I've known capable men who were making $100,000 a year to muddle round doing the work that any ordinary, common or garden type of clerk would have done much better for $25 a week.

So don't let the idea invade your cranium that you're the only man on the planet who can do anything. The world's just bursting with excellent men who can be hired to help look after and count up the money your brains and energy are making. Also it is well to remember that while you're sweating with your coat off in the front office trying to plug up a leak through which $100 is threatening to get away it is quite probable that $1000 is escaping with a satisfied chuckle at the back door of the factory. You can't be everywhere performing this leak-stopping stunt. So why try to be anywhere? Especially when you can hire expert leak-stoppers who enjoy that part of the great game of business.

As you know, I take more than a passing interest in you and your concern. One reason is because I'm going to build a hundred thousand of your starting-and-lighting sets into the same number of Lyon cars this year. So I don't want anything to happen to you or your factory. Not that I imagine it will but I might as well say straight out that even before I got your recent yelp for help I had begun to think your business was getting out of hand. For instance, over in the works last week I heard Morton using real hard words about you. He had been hung up for days because you had been two thousand batteries short in your deliveries for the month. How's that? You know I've got to get out practically 8500 self-starting Lyons every month this year, and yet you fail to come along with your part of the contract. No doubt you've got an excellent excuse but I don't want to hear it. I want the batteries. So your confession that you're short of time is doubly interesting and exasperating.

I never like to hear a business man wailing that he hasn't got time to do things. It always give me the feeling that he isn't a business man at all. And I haven't got any admiration to spare for the man who hits his office at seven in the morning and sticks there until the same hour at night. Anyone can do that and be a stranger to his family. Then as to actual systems for making time—well, the world is simply full of them. There's the famous Edison method that consists of sleeping only four hours in every twenty-four. It reads all right but I have a notion that even Thomas A. doesn't work twenty hours a day. If he does he sure must have a tame genius somewhere about the premises to do the necessary daydreaming; for nearly everything Edison has hoisted out is merely a materialized daydream.

Arnold Bennett even wrote a book on this fascinating subject. But then, there isn't anything on earth, or anywhere else, that Arnold Bennett couldn't write a book on. This one is called How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? But it didn't solve the problem. Arnold Bennett never does. He merely suggests that the twenty-four hours should be used; but that's little good when you're already doing it and finding them much too short. Let's see why your day is too short.

You complain about the valuable time you are forced to waste through being chained to your desk by correspondence. Well, I sure rubbed my eyes when I read that. I've got a bigger business behind me than you ever dreamed of—a business the selling side of which is world wide, and yet last year I cleaned up nearly ten millions as my share without wasting any time on correspondence. Just you ask yourself this question and answer it honestly: How many letters a day, even in the biggest business, demand the president's personal attention and reply? Not more than half a dozen, and very seldom that many.

I only handle the letters that no one else can handle, and I let the men who are responsible for the other correspondence that goes out sign it. I never sign anything I don't write. If you can't trust your staff to do this kind of work get a new staff. You need it sure enough. I have no time for all the ancient tricks that are supposed to impress your correspondents and make them think that the president is right behind every note that goes into the outward mail. What's the sense of scrawling your name at the bottom of a letter you haven't got time to read? Also don't adopt the "Dictated but not read" subterfuge. When I receive a letter bearing that brand I take the hint and do the same. It's a threadbare old lie anyhow. Don't get mixed up with any of these boob traps. Hand the correspondence department along to someone else. You're the general. You're responsible for the strategy. Your job is to think and plan and dream; and the greatest of these is to dream. You're not supposed to get down in a trench and work a machine gun.

Eric Layton's Fatal System

BUT there are certain things that you must do. For instance, there are people whom you must see. You say your time is wasted by callers and that persons of no importance are continually getting into your office and that you find it difficult to get them out again. Well, you're the only man who can solve that problem; but your case is not unique. Every real business man has to wrestle with the same thing. Your threat to build a special private office for yourself up near the roof far from the madding crowd and to intrench yourself there behind a mass of daily returns and reports merely makes me smile. Evidently you want to reduce business to being a matter of a few fixed rules. You can't do it, old son. You can no more play the great game of business according to a few fixed rules than you can play a game of football successfully on a definite preconceived system or fight a modern battle on the lines laid down in a drill book. A business is a live thing with a soul and a character. It isn't merely a mass of figures and so much machinery and money. A business is like a wife—it's got to be humored and petted, but it needs to be controlled by a firm hand that isn't too much in evidence.

The best way to get rid of the callers of no importance who persist in wasting your time is not to let them get in. Have them thoroughly sifted before they get as far as you. Surely, if I suggest that much you can do the rest.

But there are innumerable systems. Your trouble reminds me of two entirely different methods of handling callers. No doubt you remember Eric Layton. He was almost a perfect type of the excessively clever young men who want to run everything on the planet by machinery. Pulling innumerable levers was his idea of managing a business. Also he was aggressively positive that he had discovered the final answer to everything. Ten years ago he stepped right into a big ready-made business built up and left to him by his father. He had everything necessary to success behind him—capital, a fine business and an efficient factory. The Layton Company was a concern to

be respected and it had a big grip on the builders' hardware trade. But to-day it is merely a name. Eric managed it right out of existence inside of five years.

Here is one of the tricks that he fondly imagined showed he was destined to become a captain of industry. Being utterly lacking in business capacity he naturally had trouble with callers. So he invented an elaborate scheme for getting rid of them. He had a bell push fitted under his desk where he could easily press it, unseen, with his knee. This was connected to a special bell above the desk of a clerk in the main office. This clerk was a rather striking youth who had been picked for the job. He was about eighteen and should have been on the stage. His name was Leslie. This youth was drilled thoroughly in his special duties in connection with the bell, and when Eric got a customer in his room that he couldn't shift he secretly pressed the bell push, probably while in the midst of an endless discussion about nothing in particular. When the bell tinkled Leslie would glance at the clock, and if it was, say, twenty-five after two he would dash breathlessly into the chief's office and exclaim:

"Don't forget that appointment with the Wood Mason people at two-thirty!" or some imaginary stuff of that type. Being something of an actor Leslie always got the tale he had just concocted off his chest in good style. Of course the customer would glance at the clock, note the time and get out.

Ingenious? Oh, it was ingenious all right; but it always reminded me of the man who had an open well in the back yard and who instead of making it safe by covering it with a cheap lid had an expensive iron ladder built into it so that he could climb out if he fell in.

The Personal Touch System

BY WAY of contrast let us examine the methods of another man—Harold Eaton, of the Eaton Manufacturing Company. He's made a gigantic success of the same class of business that Layton failed at—builders' hardware—and he started in opposition to Layton just about the time that Eric stepped into his ready-made business. But Eaton began right on scratch. He had little capital, and what he did have wasn't his. Also he had no factory and no business. But he had ability, and, by the Eternal, he had ideas about keeping in close touch with customers. He didn't build himself an office up near the roof and go and hide. Not on your life. As soon as his business began to develop he got his outside men to send in special information regularly concerning customers. A clever girl was dug up and given charge of this. Each customer had a card, and on it was epitomized in a few pregnant words some peculiarity possessed by him or particulars of something in which he was deeply interested. Personal stuff was what Eaton went after. Say John Jones, a big contractor across in Los Angeles, was a good customer and had a son at college, who was a prominent athlete and of whom Jones was inordinately proud; his card would contain the information:

"Very proud of son, Roy, at Yale. Prominent in athletics." Perhaps a more recent note would add: "Won intercollege quarter in 49 sec.," for the records were kept thoroughly up to date.

Say Jones came East on a business trip and called to see Eaton. In the reception room the girl would tactfully get his name, address and business on a little printed form. Then unknown to Jones she would consult her card cabinet to see if she had him listed. On finding she had, his card would be taken out and would be sent in to Eaton along with the slip giving the caller's name and address. Then when ready to deal with this man all Eaton had to do was first of all to glance at the card, and in one instant he was right on the tender side of the customer.

So when Jones was ushered into the chief's room instead of being met with some dry-as-dust, hackneyed business commonplace like: "I see Steel's shooting skyward—it ought to be good buying just now," he was welcomed with a smile, a handshake and some such hearty remark as: "I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Jones. By the way, how's that boy of yours doing at Yale? Ran the quarter in forty-nine the other day, didn't he?"

Now put yourself in the place of Jones. Say you had visited half a dozen factories with which you did business and had been treated with the usual dull formality and had had the usual stock things said to you. Then when you were dog-tired, for making business calls is the most tiring job on earth, and were wishing you were back home you called on a man like Eaton, who took you right to his heart in the first sentence by sweeping business aside and starting to talk intelligently about the boy you doted on. Gee-whiz! Wouldn't you warm toward him? Wouldn't you reckon you'd struck a real man instead of the usual automaton?

And when you got back to Los Angeles what kind of a reception would you give to his representatives when they called, and to whom would your thoughts be likely to turn when you had an order to hand out?

You can decide for yourself which was the better business man—Layton or Eaton. The world decided long ago. Layton's a dim memory while to-day Eaton at forty owns half a dozen factories, employs thousands of work people and is many times a millionaire.

Now the point I wish to emphasize is that this keen, brainy young man of thirty was only making use of the great truth that there's a mighty lot of human nature mixed up in business. He got close to his customers and bound them to him and to his concern with the strongest ties in the world. He made system his slave. He used it intelligently, with the result that it cost him no time personally and practically no effort to get right next to every customer.

I happen to know that you've got gray matter where a lot of people have a vacuum, so I don't think it necessary to drive this lesson home with a club. Make time by all means, but don't try to do it at the expense of business. Don't lose sight of the fact that batteries and starting sets aren't the whole of your world. To keep your big concern going you've got to sell a lot of electrical devices like irons, toasters and fans. So you've got to do what Eaton has done—you've got to keep close to your customers. Don't imagine you're going to do it by squeezing a little extra time for yourself by hiding up where the pigeons ought to be.

Besides, an inaccessible man isn't necessarily a good business man. Usually he's a poor fool who's trying to boil down human nature and pour it into a mold to suit himself and his own special ideas. And generally he's so tied up with a lot of useless rope that he calls system that half the time he's in danger of getting hung and the other half he's busy trying to untie himself.

How to Make Time

MAKE time by keeping yourself free. Unload everything you can on to others. Remember that a great leader leads—he doesn't work. He shows the way and he is instantly recognizable because of his ability to transfer responsibility. Don't cling to a lot of routine work that any man with a 1½ h. p. brain can do. Besides, it isn't fair to do a man with only a 1½ h. p. motor in his cranium out of his rightful job. Don't get tangled up with a lot of things that bear the name of system but which are nothing more than very involved methods of wasting valuable time. When you get down to bed rock you'll discover that just about the surest means of manufacturing time is not to waste it.

With these words of wisdom to guide you no doubt you'll soon hit the right trail. It isn't a question of how many hours a day you spend at the office; but how many hours you spend doing things that you have no need to do. Turn the searchlight in your own direction and find out. Better do it right away too; for if you don't soon come across with those extra batteries I'll sure head toward your benighted village as fast as one of the new eights will take me, and the few rough words in this epistle will seem to carry four shock absorbers apiece when placed alongside the choice assortment I'll hand out personally.

Yours as usual, UNCLE JOHN.

A Regulating Board

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States proposes a thorough overhauling of antitrust laws at the next session of Congress. That is highly desirable. Under war's imperative need of maximum production the whole unprofitable jumble of half-baked antitrust laws was practically swept into the wastebasket for the time being because it was in the way at every turn. But we need maximum production in peace, too, and the same jumble is in the way. The Sherman Law has been on the statute book nearly a generation, scores of suits have been brought under it, and to this day nobody knows what it means. Various supplementary statutes are in the same mess. But everybody knows their disadvantages. We got approximate maximum production during the war by intelligent coördination, which the antitrust laws propose to prevent. The Government proposed to increase railroad efficiency merely by logical coördination, which the antitrust laws forbade.

On the other hand restraints on combination are necessary. We want no orgy of trust promoting, as in 1900, with stock watering, huge rake-offs to promoters and underwriters and scandalous stock-market manipulation. Our antitrust laws did not in the least prevent that debauch. But we want laws that will prevent it and stop merely arbitrary attempts at monopoly without preventing sound and beneficial industrial coöperation.

Neither Judicial Nor Judicious

IT IS impossible to frame a statute which by exact legal definitions will draw the line between restraints on competition that are good and those that are bad. Colonel Roosevelt was unquestionably right in saying there are good combinations and bad combinations; but a statute cannot say simply that good men shall be let alone and bad men locked up. There must be somebody to examine the facts in each particular concrete case and pass intelligent judgment on them.

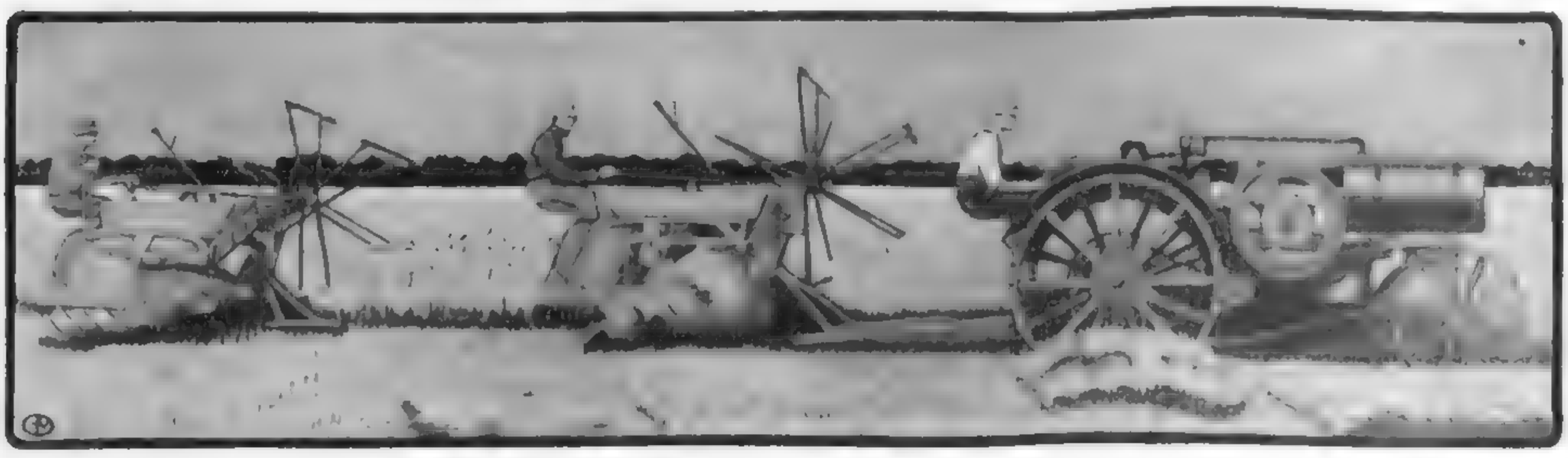
The Chamber of Commerce of the United States proposes that this general regulatory power shall be put in the hands of the Federal Trade Commission, after its membership has been increased to nine.

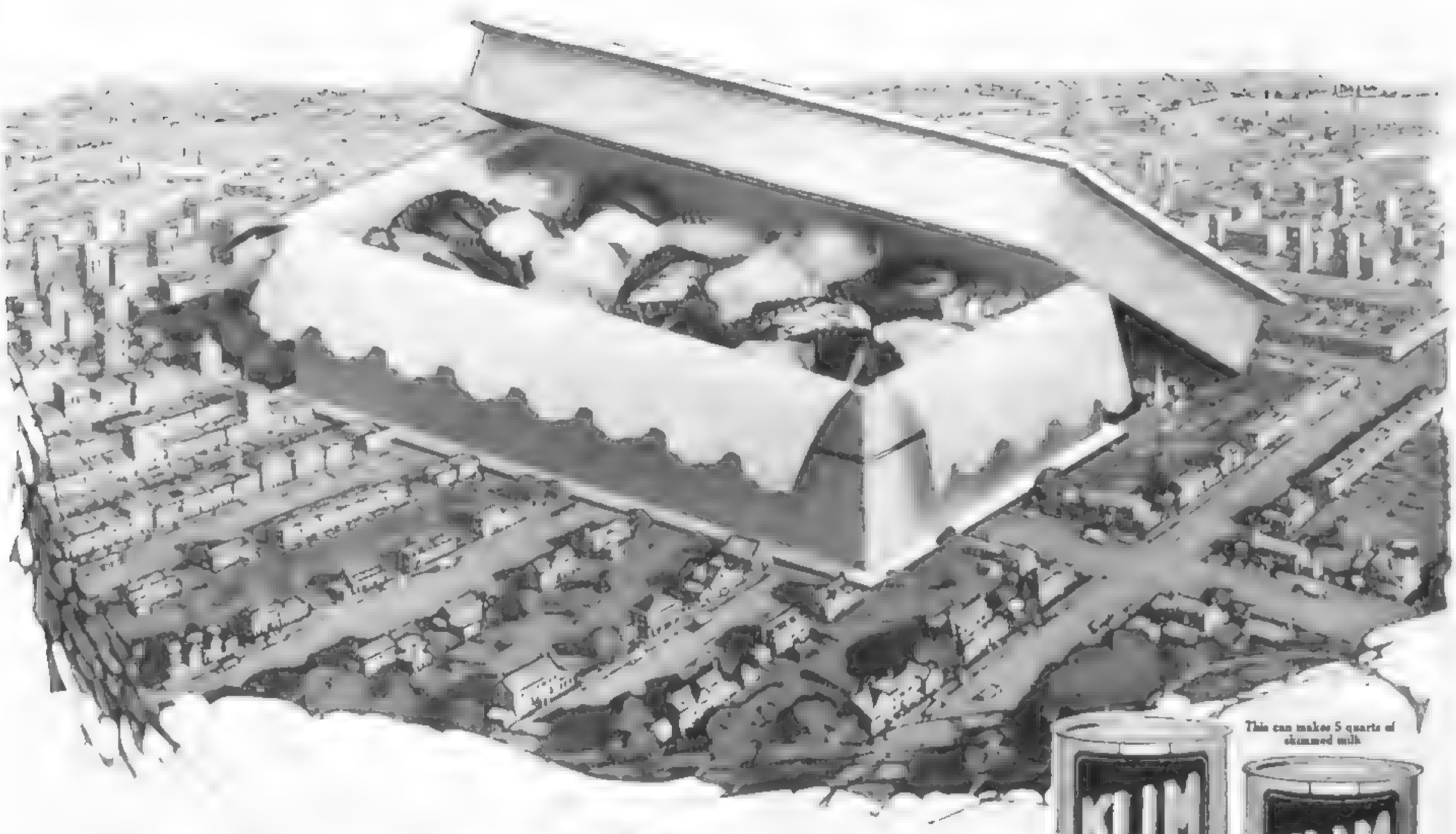
And there's the rub. The present Federal Trade Commission is not a body that ought to be intrusted with any such delicate and important powers. It is not a judicial nor judicious body.

It exemplifies President Wilson's failings in the exercise of his appointive powers. Increasing its membership to nine, if it were still characterized by the same bent toward supplying sensations, would not help it any. Setting it up, as now constituted, as a supreme court of last resort with powers of life and death over the nation's industrial organization would be folly.

Alongside it is another body exercising very important discretionary powers over business—the Federal Reserve Board; sober, balanced, experienced and leaning upon experience, doing its work competently, seeking solider results than a day's sensation; consequently enjoying the confidence of the country without regard to partisan division along political and economic lines.

Supervising and regulating power must be lodged somewhere. It must be in the hands of a body constituted and animated like the Federal Reserve Board if we are to get a real profit out of overhauling the antitrust laws.





Why Powdered Milk is used in the best candies

PERHAPS you do not know it, but for years the best cream candies, caramels and milk chocolates have been made with powdered milk.

The appreciation that the public has for good candy has been an incentive to confectioners, not to cheapen their product, but to improve the quality—and to produce the richest, creamiest candies, it has been found that milk in powdered form gives the best results.

In the first place, it improves the flavor, because the milk powder is put in when the batch is nearly cooked, so the milk flavor is not lost by being boiled with the candy.

This feature is particularly valuable in milk chocolate, when the milk flavor is important—caramels made of powdered milk are lighter in color and smoother—not stringy or tough.

Your favorite candies are made with powdered milk and owe much of their goodness to this fact.

Powdered milk is not a substitute for milk—it is milk with the water removed.

Milk is 7/8 water and 1/8 solids. There are several methods of removing the water from milk. Some of these methods require so much heat that the nature of the solids is changed and the natural milk flavor is destroyed by cooking.

A method by which the milk is not cooked and no change takes place is the Merrell-Soule method, which produces a milk powder without cooking and without changing the flavor. This is done by forcing the milk through a tiny pinhole under tremendous pressure. It comes out in the form of a spray into currents of warm air which dry the spray, and the milk falls like snow in the form of powder. This powder is called

Spell it Backwards

KLIM

BRAND POWDERED MILK

M-I-L-K—with the water removed is Klim.

K-L-I-M—with the water replaced is Milk.

It is fresh milk the moment you replace the water—milk with flavor unchanged—milk you can drink and enjoy. You can make such things as cheese and buttermilk of it if you want to—why not?—it is regular milk.

Confectioners, bakers, and ice cream makers should investigate powdered milk.

It will pay those who are not already using Merrell-Soule Powdered Milk to write for booklets explaining how their product can be improved, time saved, and shortage prevented.

A demonstration by an expert can be arranged at your own plant.

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

"Thought the Milk Was Getting Better Since Spring Weather Had Arrived"

T. B., of Dugger, Ind., writes us:

"We are highly pleased with KLIM. We tried it out on our children, not telling them what it was, in order to see if they could tell the difference between it and the natural milk, and not one of them detected the difference, or rather they accepted it as fresh milk, without comment, other than that one of the older ones remarked, 'That the milk was getting better since spring weather had arrived.' There is no difference between it and fresh milk that we can detect."

How to get Klim for use in the home

Klim is made in two forms—Whole Milk (Full Cream) and Skimmed Milk.

So many people have asked how they can use Klim in their homes that we have arranged to send a trial can of Full Cream Milk and Skimmed Milk direct by mail, and when they want more we will supply them in any quantity. This is the way to get it into homes at the lowest price—so that Klim will be less per quart than the current price of dairy milk.

Send for booklet describing Klim—its manufacture and its uses. Fill out and mail coupon for trial order.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Largest Producers of Powdered Milk in the World

Production in 1919—15 million pounds, equivalent to 70 million quarts.

KLIM Powdered Separated Milk is manufactured in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products, Ltd., Toronto.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Enclosed find One Dollar ($1.00) (checks, money orders or currency accepted), for which send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream).
1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream and 5 quarts of skimmed milk

Name

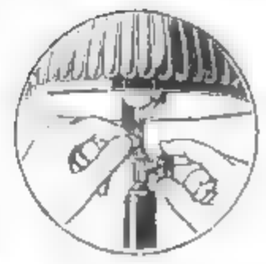
Address

City State

Merrell-Soule Company

The Coleman Quick-Lite

Most Brilliant Light in the World



The evening gathering is at its best when the brilliant light of a Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp is appreciated. Absolutely safe to carry from one room to another

"The Light of a Thousand Uses"

A GOOD lamp and lantern are necessities at any summer camp. The Coleman Quick-Lite—either lamp or lantern, is the most brilliant light in the world. It is truly the "light of a thousand uses" on farm, ranch, camp and country place. Lamps are ideal for cottage use. Lanterns are used everywhere—by Hotel and Liverymen, Night Watchmen, Garagemen, Plumbers, Sportsmen, Hunters, Campers, Fishermen—by everybody needing a strong, dependable light for outdoor use.

Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns are used by Railroads, Steamship Lines, Mining and Ditching Companies, Contractors, etc. Used on Government work and all kinds of construction having need for dependable artificial light. Used in U. S. Forestry Service, Agricultural and other Experiment Stations and many Government Institutions. The handy light for emergency use in Mills, Elevators, Factories, Public Schools, Colleges, State Institutions, etc. Unequaled for Tent Shows, Carnivals, Camp Meetings, etc.

for summer nights—

and all the Rest of the Year

On your outing this summer, have the light others enjoy. Use the COLEMAN IMPROVED MATCH-LIGHTING LAMPS AND LANTERNS—the most powerful portable lights ever developed for general household and farm use. Then take the lamps and lanterns home for use throughout the year.

All Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns are made of nickeled brass, highly polished. Lamps come with a variety of shades of various tints and colors. The Quick-Lite has a Universal shade holder which fits all shades made for gas or gasoline lamps.

Light With Matches

Before invention of the Quick-Lite Burner, all gas generating lamps and lanterns were lighted with an alcohol torch. Many attempts were made to produce a gasoline burner that could be lighted with a match, but all were failures until Mr. W. C. Coleman perfected the Quick-Lite. No torch needed. Exclusive Coleman product. Imitators beware of infringement.

These Lamps and Lanterns give a strong, white, brilliant light which, like daylight, is easy on the eyes. A common wick lamp gives but 12 to 15 candle power of yellow light; mantle lamps, 50 to 100 candle power. The Quick-Lite gives 300 candle power—the most brilliant light known.

Safe—Economical—Clean

A Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp or Lantern can be tipped over with absolutely no danger. No explosion is possible because the fount is tight and the fuel cannot spill. Makes and burns its own gas from common gasoline burning about 48 hours on one gallon. Cost to use—a little over one cent per night for three hours use.

The Quick-Lite has no chimney to get dirty. No wick to trim. No odor. No cleaning necessary. Fill once a week. Always ready. Turn off valve to extinguish. Made throughout of heavy gauge brass and steel. Will last for many years. Many thousands now in use on farms and in city homes, after more than ten years of service to the purchasers.

Dealers everywhere sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants. If your dealer can't supply, write nearest Factory Branch.

The Coleman Lamp Company

Largest Manufacturers of Gasoline Lamps in the World

Wichita St. Paul Chicago Toledo Dallas

PINK PETERS

By Edmund Vance Cooke

I

HE DEIGNS TO BE HERO-WORSHIPED

PINK PETERS says he ain't a-scared
Of anything, 'cause he's red-haired,
And that means somethin'.
Why, one day,
When him and me was out to play,
A great big p'leeceman passed and Pink
Stuck out his tongue, as quick's a wink,
Right at the p'leeceman's back; and he
Pretended like he didn't see.

Pink Peters says he bet I never
Made faces at a p'leeceman ever.

Pink Peters says back in Dubuque,
Where he lived once, his pa's a duke
And has a castle on a hill
And ever'thin'.
And Uncle Bill—
His Uncle Bill—he says is just
So full of bad he's fit to bust,
And almost always lives in jail,
Exceptin' when he's out on bail.

Pink Peters says he bets that I
Never even saw so tough a guy.

Pink Peters says he wouldn't ride
In autymobiles—not inside;
But sometimes when they're whizzin' by
He jumps 'em just to see 'em shy.
He says a autymobile car
Is commoner than codfish are,
And anyone can own a Packer;
But his dog—it can chew tobacker.

Pink Peters says he'll bet a cat
Our autymobile can't do that.

Pink Peters gives the door a slam
And says he doesn't care a wham
For what his mother says.
And when
I ast him say that word again,
He says, "Oh, shucks!" he knows a word
The worst that no one ever heard;
And if I'm good to him he bet
He'll learn it to me some day yet.

Pink Peters is more good to me
Than scarcely any boy could be.

II

HE FORMS A ROBBERS' RING

PINK PETERS says the only way
For boys to git their rights to play,
Instead of goin' to school all day,
Is just to join his Robbers' Ring,
With oaths and swears, and everything.

And then he'd show us how, he said,
To make real bullets out of lead.
You take some clay and make a mold
With marbles in it, like he told;
And then you cut a piece of lead,
Down cellar somewheres, like he said,
And melt it down, just like he does,
And pour it where the marbles wuz;
And there's your bullets!
Or, he said,
That gold might do instead of lead.

And then you find someone that's caught
The asthma, like your grandpa's got,
And hook the medicine he smokes,
'Cause it's saltpeter. Then when folks
Is makin' medicine for spring
You swipe some sulphur and you bring
Both of them to the Robbers' Ring
And mix them up like anything!
And there's your powder.
Then you're done.
Then all you need is just a gun
To shoot 'em with.
And then you save
Your plunder in the Robbers' Cave;
And then if any of the gang
Betray each other they shall hang!
Hang like a dog, until they're dead.
Just like a dog! Pink Peters said.

Pink Peters said that maybe he
Would let me join, so's I could see!

III

HE DEPRECATES A SOFT PEACE

PINK PETERS heard my ma say "Dear!"
She said: "I want you. Please come here."
And then when I come back he said,
"Well, blam!" he says. "They call me Red
And Brick Top, Ginger, Old Mahog,
And Sorrel Top and Setter Dog,
And Ruby Light and Danger Rag,
And Ripe Tomat and Fiery Flag,
And Auction Sale Each Day This Week,
And Banner of the Bolsheveek,
And Squirrel Tail. But, heavenly gee!
If anyone done that to me—
What your ma did—I tell you right,
Next kid I met would haf to fight.

"Yes, sir," Pink Peters says; "and s'pose
You even get a bloody nose,
It shows you're brave and not a coward.
And whyn't I fight Eugene or Howard?
'Cause they'd be soft as pie for me;
And if I licked 'em, then I'd be
The champeen of our block and show
I wasn't a baby, even though
My ma did think I was, and bawled
Me out 'most every time she called.
Why don't you show 'em that you're sore
And won't be teased by them no more?"
And when I said, "Who's teasin'?" he
Jumped up and says, "Don't you sass me!
'Cause my ma never heaped disgrace
On my head right before my face;
And I can kill kids, just about,
By fightin' with one knuckle out!"

Pink Peters says he'd chaw his ear
If anyone should call him "Dear!"

IV

HE COMES OF FIGHTING STOCK

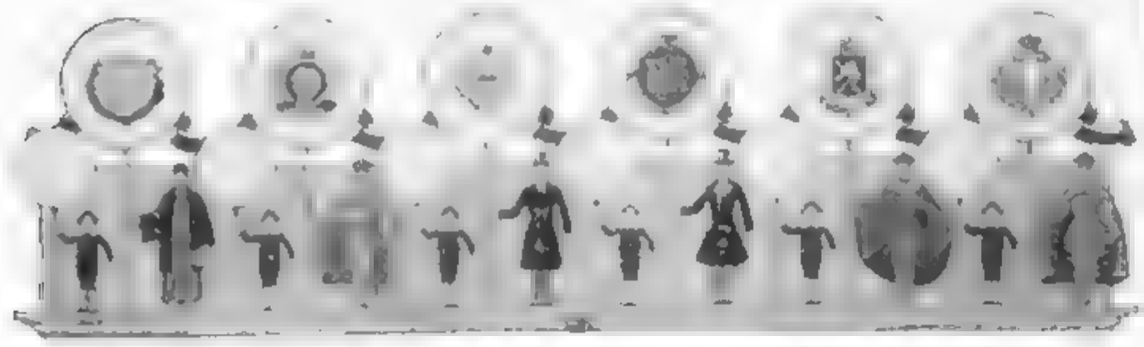
PINK PETERS says that he can fight
Most anybody, day or night.
He says that Germans, p'leecemen, bears,
Or nothin' like that ever scares
Him or his folks, and get him, Stephen;
He ain't afraid of teachers, even!

He says that any teacher takes
Her life in her own hands that shakes
Him by the shoulders right before
The whole blame' school. It makes him sore
To be shook like an ornery kid;
Though, 'course, no teacher ever did,
He says, for teachers know, you bet,
If they shook him just what they'd get!

Pink Peters says he's hard's a rock,
Because he comes of fightin' stock.
He says his pa's a D. A. R.,
Like all the Peters always are,
He says, and tells me get him right!
He hopes my pa and his won't fight,
'Cause when his pa fights he's so worse
You often have to hire a hearse
To find the whittlin's and the bites
Of other people which he fights.

Pink Peters says that seven times
His pa's been 'rested for his crimes;
Not just for speedin' and the like,
But regular crimes, he says. Sure Mike!
He says he bets that my pa never
Was 'rested for a real crime ever.
And when I had to tell him "No,"
He says my fam'ly's pretty slow;
But if I'm good and treat him right
Some day he'll learn me how to fight.

He says he'll bet that even his ma
Can kick the stuffin' out o' my pa.



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SHOES

HOW DREAMS COME TRUE

By VICTOR SHAWE

THOUGHTS! They are a strange power, indefinable. And yet they are material things—tangible, real; masters of the destinies of men. For it is by the trend of their thoughts that men are held in the sluggish bayous and backwaters of life; it is by the trend of their thoughts that men are carried to the desired havens of life, to places of power and pomp and luxury.

He whose thoughts are uncontrolled, unguided, is a derelict—a vessel without power and without worth. He is the plaything of adverse tides, the sport of chance and circumstance.

He who has a definite objective, a goal toward which he strives, is possessed of power—psychic, dynamic. His friends, the stranger upon the street, the tides of circumstance, the very winds of chance, all the elements of life unite to make his goal attainable.

Attesting these truths are the careers of Harold Bailey and Ed Brennan. The story of the career of Thomas Stone is but a background for the story of the careers of these other men.

Stone served his apprenticeship in the machine shops and foundries of Moline. His was the talent of a Tubal-cain. He became famed as a master worker in metals. Skilled journeymen came to tend his furnaces and hearths. From the beginning he was ambitious. Even as he built his first small shop he was planning a larger one. Industrial power was his objective, and toward this goal his thoughts flowed in a strong current.

In the beginning he superintended the work of his shop, that the product of his furnaces and hearths might be finished flawless for his customers. And because he gave honest values for an honest price he and his workmen were never idle.

He employed Harold Bailey to keep his accounts and to relieve him of the lesser details of the management of the shop.

Stone worked, and while he worked he dreamed and desired and planned. Industrial greatness was his goal. More furnaces, more workmen, wealth—these were the things to make his goal attainable. Such were his thoughts. By the trend of them he shaped his career. By the power of them he achieved the goal of his desire.

For a time Harold Bailey was his employer's confidant. He listened to Stone's plans, considered them critically, pointed out their weaknesses and strength—and wondered why a man should want to spend his life in such endeavor.

Bailey was twenty then. His dreams were of the girl who had promised to marry him. His desire was a home where he could enjoy the books he loved, where children would be welcomed.

He was twenty-two when he married. He bought a place of several acres at the edge of the town. He borrowed money with which to build. He and the girl he married took joy in flower gardens. They set out a few shade trees and an orchard. They started a hedge such as English folk delight in to shelter them from the gaze of curious passers-by.

Stone realized that Bailey's young wife possessed an attractiveness and intelligence above that of the average run of womankind. But a wife was a handicap to a man just starting in life. Stone had thought this thing out for himself. To win in a large way in business a man must take chances. A family would be a constant drag to a man's courage. Then, too, instead of being able to put money back into the business there would be the home to pay for, the wife's clothes to buy, children perhaps, and doctors' bills.

It came about as Stone had expected. Within three years there were two children. And Bailey spent more and more of his spare time round his home, puttering with his flowers and shrubbery; reading books and magazines that taught nothing of business methods.

The time came when Stone's business had outgrown the small shop. New buildings were being constructed. And Stone was planning to buy control of a competing plant in another city. His time was taken with financial details. He decided to employ a manager for the Moline plant. He knew Bailey had complete mastery of the details of the organization. But he had no financial interest in the business.

Stone increased Bailey's salary and gave him a private office and the title office manager. He took Fred Holmes from the shop and gave him the management of the entire plant. Holmes was unmarried. He already owned a considerable number of shares in the company.

Stone bought the competing plant as he had planned. Later he obtained control of another. One by one he bought others until at last he controlled an industry international in its scope. This was the thing he had dreamed of, had desired and labored for. Thought was the power that made the achievement possible.

For twenty-five years Bailey remained in the employ of Thomas Stone. For twenty-five years he remained contented with his position. For twenty-five years he remained contented with his books and flowers. The unpretentious house in which he lived had become the home he had dreamed of and desired as a youth. He had lived as he had planned to live. He had educated his children as he had planned to educate them. The unambitious things that had been the goal of his desires he had attained.

Then came a shifting in the affairs of nations and of men. In the months that followed the beginning of the war Stone was one of the few who foresaw a prolonged struggle. He called together the managers and superintendents of his mills and factories. He pictured to them new profit possibilities. Then he indicated the manager of the Moline plant.

"Mr. Holmes is to be manager of all our properties," he said. "And you, Jackson," he continued, speaking to the superintendent of one of the smaller factories, "you know the record Mr. Holmes has made. See if you can better it during the next twelve months."

Jackson was not yet thirty. Like Stone he had worked up from the ranks. He had not been in Moline a week before he clashed with Bailey. He was an impatient man, quick of thought and action. When he gave a suggestion he wanted it acted upon immediately. He had not learned to accept suggestions from a subordinate.

Bailey was past forty, deliberate of thought and action. He resented Jackson's effort to change methods of operation that had been evolved through years of planning and experimenting.

The result was inevitable. There came a day when he told Jackson to find someone else for his place.

"Don't be a fool," Jackson had said. "I am responsible for results here. Why, man, you've been here all your life! If you quit it will not be long until you will be on the toboggan. Think it over. We shall get along all right when we are better acquainted."

But Bailey weighed the opinion of under thirty against the experience of past forty and knew that he and Jackson could never work together harmoniously, that they would always antagonize each other. He did not worry about the future. For several years he had been drawing three hundred dollars each month. His home was paid for. His children had finished college and were earning their own living. He had more than two thousand dollars in the bank. He discussed the matter with his wife, as he had discussed all the problems they had faced together.

"You are more valuable to Stone than to anyone else," his wife had declared. "For years you and Mr. Holmes worked together without friction. Why not go to New York and see if he can make a place for you there?"

A few days later Bailey called at the New York office. Holmes greeted him warmly. "You are here just in time," he said, when Bailey explained the situation. "We are going to reorganize our office methods. You are just the man to handle the job."

Then he hesitated a moment. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Stone has been favoring the younger men lately," he qualified. "I am to meet him at his club to-night. I'll take you with me and we will arrange the matter so there can be no comeback."

That evening Bailey accompanied Holmes. The club where Stone spent much of his time was such a place as Bailey had never before seen. He was taken through spacious rooms, deep and wide, paneled with soft-toned walnut, hung with tapestries of golden colors and browns. Heavily upholstered chairs invited repose. Bailey glimpsed pictures he would have liked to stop and study. He passed bronzes and dainty bits of marble statuary. As he walked silently over the deep plush of the carpets a new desire was born in his consciousness. He realized that these were the things to which Stone had become accustomed. The thought came to him—not clearly defined as it later became—that these things might also have been his if in the beginning he had been willing to work with Stone instead of for him; to put aside his desire for a cottage furnished with installment-paid furniture.

Stone, grown fleshy and bald, greeted Bailey from the depths of an easy-chair. "Hello, Harold," he called. "It has been six years since I last saw you. How is the home town and the wife and children?"

Bailey answered easily, unembarrassed. He had never been held in awe of Stone as others had.

Then Holmes explained why Bailey had come to New York and suggested the position that might be given him. Stone negated the idea.

"There is nothing against you or the work you have been doing," he told Bailey. "But this is a young man's job. It has been our experience that the young men are more willing to seek new methods, to try untried ideas. The older men are content to improve the proved methods. They make fewer mistakes than the young men, but in the end the young men with their initiative accomplish more.

"We will find something for you as good as you had in Moline," he continued. "And we will keep you on the pay roll as long as I have anything to say in the matter."

Stone smiled in a friendly way and offered his hand. The matter was closed so far as he was concerned.

Bailey had spent most of that day with Holmes. From Holmes he had caught something of Stone's vision of the business possibilities of the war. Instead of returning immediately to Moline he spent the following days idling in the best hotels of the city. Most of the men to whom he talked spoke of the war in terms of months. A few spoke in terms of years and in the same breath spoke of new business possibilities.

Bailey had spent his life without desire for wealth simply because he had never known wealth or the things made possible by wealth. In these hotels he watched with a feeling of envy the people who seemed so accustomed to luxury. He studied the appearance of the women, and for the first time appreciated the difference between a dress and a gown. The memory of a remark Stone had made more than twenty-five years before troubled him.

"I do not care how fine a girl she is"—this is what Stone had said—"if you marry her now you will be tied to your salary and your job for the rest of your life. For you I am not concerned. But you are not being fair to the girl."

Now, watching the women who passed in the wide corridors, Bailey wondered if he had been unfair to the woman he had married. He spent but little time in idle dreaming. Soon his new desire took form in thoughts and his thoughts crystallized into a definite plan. He weighed its possibilities, considered its weaknesses and its wisdom; he criticized it impersonally, changed and added to it.

The plan at length seemed reasonable to him. He telephoned to Holmes and said he intended to take a vacation of several months before he began work again. Then he returned to Moline. He compared the cheapness of his home with the luxury he had so suddenly come to desire.

"If we could have such furniture and such carpets," he said to his wife, "and if we could have a home where they would not seem out of place ——"

"And our flowers and trees," his wife suggested.

"And our flowers and trees," he added.

Then he told her his plan.

"Dear," he concluded earnestly, "are you willing to have me gamble with the money we have saved?"

"If I may first buy two of just the kind of dresses I have always wanted," she said.

"Gowns, dear," he corrected. "Gowns."

The business opportunities of the war would be in the commodities of war. Bailey had decided to engage in the production of some one of these commodities. From Stone he had learned the principles of finance. His first problem was to decide upon the thing he wanted to produce. His experience had made him familiar with the processes of transforming smelted ore into the manufactured products of commerce. He knew that already there existed a shortage of copper. At one time he had bought a few shares of stock in a copper-mining venture. He knew that the majority of the stock of the mining company was owned by the business men of Moline. He decided as a first venture to investigate the worth of this property. He talked with the men who controlled the mine and found them eager to have him take hold of the business. He was told that a large body of copper had been opened, but that for some reason the ore had never been mined profitably.

He went to the Western state where the property was located. In a town not far from the mine he talked with an engineer who at one time had made an independent investigation of the worth of it.

"There is plenty of ore there," this mining engineer said, "and it is located less than three miles from the railroad." These were facts that had been emphasized when Bailey bought his shares of stock. "But the claims are at an altitude of more than three thousand feet above the railroad," the engineer added. "To reach there by rail would require a difficult grade of nearly eight miles. The cost of this grade has been estimated at more than a million dollars. That is why the big outfits have never been willing to take control of the claims.

"If you have money to invest why don't you take on timber?" the engineer suggested. "There are billions of feet of fir and pine and spruce between here and the Coast. If the war continues the price will go to double what it is at present. Even if the war ends immediately the price can never go much lower than it is."

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

When Bailey was convinced that the mining venture could not be handled successfully he talked to other men about the possibilities of the timber. He became interested. He went from city to city investigating various propositions. Finally he decided to learn by actual experience something of the timber business.

One day he saw on the blackboard in front of an employment office a request for a timekeeper for a logging camp. He applied for the place. He paid the required fee and was sent to a camp on the river a few miles from the city.

It was Bailey's intention to learn as much of the mechanical side of the timber business as was possible in a limited time. Within a few months he became familiar with logging operations. He followed the log rafts down the river to the sawmill and spent long hours there.

He had intended to spend but a few weeks at this work. For more than two years he worked in the shade of the clean cool firs that grew beside the banks of the wide swift-flowing river and spread like an army at rest across the low range of mountains along the coast.

The loggers, their nomadic lives, their reckless spending, their willingness to fight or to be friendly, held an interest for Bailey that only a man who has spent his life within the narrow confines of an office can appreciate.

In the evenings the loggers sprawled on their bunks or played cards under the uncertain light of lanterns. Their talk was of other camps they had known, of the log drives of earlier days, of fighting they had done and of women they had wooed. Austrian and German, Frenchman, Finn and Scot fraternized there with Yank and swart Canuck. They jested about the war with the wisdom of men unnationalized by years of wandering in alien lands.

But the war continued and with growing frequency the more reckless ones packed their turkeys and disappeared. They went north to Vancouver and enlisted with the Canadians; or they drifted south to a certain city where American money could be exchanged for German coin and where transportation was given freely to those who wanted to return to a certain neutral port in Europe.

"If this continues there is going to be a shortage of labor," Bailey suggested to his employer, a timber operator named Sheldon.

"What can be done about it?" Sheldon asked.

"Double your crews in the woods and have a surplus of logs on hand when the real labor shortage comes."

"And if the war ends sooner than we expect?"

Bailey shrugged his shoulders. "How much can you afford to lose?"

Sheldon laughed. "I have been figuring on this thing for weeks," he said. "I have decided to make a real clean-up—or go broke. I am going to begin hiring more men as fast as I can get them. It will be hard to get a good foreman for the new gang," he added. "These loggers are becoming so independent it will take an unusually good man to hold them and get any work done."

"You have a good man here now," Bailey suggested. "I believe Ed Brennan should make a good boss."

"Brennan is a good man," Sheldon admitted. "He is a good man and has judgment. But he is too old. Bossing a gang of loggers is a young man's job."

"He is not much over forty," Bailey argued. "He is just at an age when his judgment and experience should be valuable."

"That would be the trouble with him," Sheldon retorted. "He would have too much judgment. He wouldn't take the chances a younger man would take. He would be too considerate of the men. He would not drive them as a younger man would."

Bailey did not press the argument.

Between him and Brennan a warm friendship, born of mutual admiration, had developed. They were opposites in every way. Bailey was a small man, frail looking, careful of his personal appearance, soft spoken and deliberate. Brennan was a huge man. He was careless of his appearance, swift in decision and action. Though the two men had considered the many problems of life from widely divergent viewpoints, their conclusions were like enough to bring them together on common ground.

Bailey often wondered why a man of Brennan's apparent ability should be working for men who were his inferiors in experience and judgment. And Brennan wondered also about Bailey.

One afternoon some loggers came into camp bringing liquor with them. Brennan began to drink with them. In the evening he obtained a flask from one of them and took it to the building Bailey occupied as an office. Bailey glanced once at his friend's flushed face and knew why he was still working for day wages. He poured a drink from the bottle Brennan thrust into his hands. Then he put the bottle on his desk and took out a box of cigars.

"Sit down and smoke with me," Bailey invited.

"You've been wondering why I am working in a logging camp," he said when their cigars were lighted. "I am going to tell you."

He told of his home, of his wife and children. He sketched briefly the events leading to his leaving the position he had held for so long. Then he told of his determination to find an opportunity for making money enough to gratify his newly awakened desires.

"I believe the opportunity is here in the timber if I can only see it in time," he concluded.

"Sure, there is an opportunity here," said Brennan. He leaned forward and ran his blunt fingers through his mane of graying reddish hair. The liquor had broken down his habitual reserve and now he talked eagerly, fluently.

"Sure, there is an opportunity here," he repeated. "That is why I am staying here myself. I am a shipbuilder by trade and a sailor. When the submarines began to sink ships I figured the time would come when new ships would be built to replace the lost ones. I knew the grandest ship timber in the world was here. I came thinking that if I were here and ready I might find my chance to build a ship after my own fancy.

"I've always wanted to build such a ship. When I was a little lad I left my home in Ireland for the sea. I shipped as a cabin boy at first. By the time I was twenty I was rated as a good seaman. I had seen half the ports of the world. But the ships interested me more than the sea. So I apprenticed myself to a builder on the Clyde.

"Ah, they built ships in those days!" Brennan said. "And they made master builders of the men. From stem to stern they taught us to frame the timbers and they taught us to mold the timbers and to lay the patterns on the floor.

"And when I had learned my trade well they began to build steel ships." There was a note of regret in Brennan's voice. "I was too old to learn my trade over again, so I went back to the sea. It is the thought of the ship I should like to build that has brought me back to the land again."

"What are your plans?" Bailey asked.

"Ah, that's what has made a failure of me!" Brennan answered. "I have no plan. I have only the abiding desire."

There followed a pause. Brennan's gaze wandered to the desk where the flask of whisky stood.

"Let's go for a walk," he abruptly suggested.

They left the camp and followed a logging road that led into the low hills beyond the river. Soon they turned into a path the swampers had cleared into the virgin timber on the edge of Sheldon's holdings. As they walked Brennan pointed out individual trees.

"Douglas fir!" he said. "'Tis the grandest timber that grows for the building of ships. Straight and clear many of them are for over one hundred feet. And we are cutting them into little boards—spoiling them for the purpose for which they have been growing all these centuries."

"You believe it would pay to buy them and saw them for the shipbuilders?" Bailey asked.

"It would pay better to build the ships ourselves," Brennan replied. "Here is the timber and yonder is the river. Sheldon has room at his docks for outfitting a half dozen ships at a time; and just beyond his sawmill there is room to build the shipways."

"What would be the cost of building such a ship as you have planned?" Bailey asked.

"Ten years ago it would have cost near to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. What the cost would be to-day I can't even guess."

"We'll figure it," said Bailey.

The next evening they began building with their pencils the ship Brennan had envisioned for years. Brennan sketched the plans of the vessel in detail and figured the dimensions of the individual timbers. Bailey changed the figures into terms of board feet and dollars.

Brennan designed such a vessel as every mariner hopes some day to be master of. He had shipped on vessels that in storm would hog and sag until it seemed the very fastenings must break. He had helped to build such vessels. And he knew their every weakness. So he designed his ship with no scrimping of timbers, no economy of driftbolts or treenails. When the work was finished he studied Bailey's figures and shook his head hopelessly. The plans called for more than two million feet of timber. And the estimated cost of the completed ship, including engines, equipment and labor, was nearly half a million dollars. Another hundred thousand had to be added to this to allow for profit and possible error in estimating.

"'Tis a staunch vessel I have planned," Brennan said. "But 'tis one I'll never build."

"Why not?" Bailey demanded. "Ships will have to be built to replace the ones that are being sunk. And if our country enters the war a still greater demand will be created."

The more Bailey studied the possibilities the more firmly convinced he became that in the building of ships he would find the opportunity he was seeking. The very force of his conviction served to quicken Brennan's belief that the thing might be accomplished. So they continued to figure costs, to draw plans and study books and marine journals.

The winter of 1917 passed and the spring of the new year came. War was declared. When the Emergency Fleet Corporation was created Bailey went immediately to Sheldon. "Can you deliver twenty-four million feet of Number One Douglas fir at your docks within nine months?" he asked.

"At how much a thousand?" Sheldon wanted to know.

"Forty-five dollars."

Sheldon whistled softly.

"With whom should I be dealing?" he asked.

"With the Emergency Fleet Corporation—in Brennan's name and mine," Bailey answered without hesitation. "And at that figure we would expect the use of your docks for the duration of our building operations and also the use of your frontage along the river."

"You've bought something," Sheldon said briskly. "I've been wondering what kept you and Brennan here on this job."

There were able builders and seamen as well as men of finance comprising the committee that listened to Bailey's proposition. His estimates were without flaw and he held the attention and gained the confidence of the members of the committee. When he realized he had sold them his plans he called on Brennan to close the contract.

And Brennan, with eloquence born of belief in the worth of the vessel he had designed, took up the theme of his desire. He told of the magnificent trees that stood near the river's edge awaiting the loggers' axes and saws. With graphic word pictures he showed how the great timbers should be shaped into keels and keelsons; of stem posts and stern posts framed by the hands of master craftsmen; of frames molded from the clear unblemished timber; of sixty-foot timbers sawed a foot in width and a foot in thickness. He wove the story of his desire to build an honest vessel into his theme, and unconsciously—by word, by suggestion—he disclosed his mastery of his trade, his ability to build as he desired to build.

"We want you two men," the chairman of the committee said, when Brennan had finished speaking. "But we are going to build a standardized wooden ship and we shall expect you to build to our design and specifications."

"Damn your standardized ships and specifications," an old admiral flared. "This man has designed a ship that I myself should like to be master of. Let him build it in his own fashion."

At last, after much discussion, it was decided that way. The ship was to be built as Brennan had designed it. And the Emergency Fleet Corporation was to advance money for materials and labor and was to build and equip and hold title to the shipyard.

"You will be satisfied with a cost-plus-ten-per-cent contract?" the chairman of the committee suggested.

"Such a contract would put a premium on extravagance," Bailey answered. "We believe we can build a satisfactory vessel for approximately five hundred thousand dollars. We want a contract for twelve vessels and a flat rate of profit of fifty thousand dollars for each completed vessel. We will contract to deliver twelve completed hulls within twelve months."

The committee agreed to allow the contract as Bailey wanted it.

"We are going to need more than two thousand men," Brennan told Bailey a little later. "I doubt if there are more than two hundred ship carpenters to be had, and of them not fifty will be able to line the timbers for us. We are going to have to train nearly all the men we employ, and that will be no small undertaking in itself. We can get old Parsons as yard foreman if he is in the country. And there is Pierson, a New Englander, who will make a good construction foreman."

One by one Brennan named men he had known and worked with, most of them ship carpenters of the old school, men who could line the timbers and frame them and who did not think it beneath their dignity to work as riggers or fasteners if the need came.

An officer of the Intelligence Department volunteered to find as many of these men as possible.

While the government engineers were building and equipping the yard Brennan put up a mold loft and began to lay his patterns on the floor. One by one the men he had sent for reported at the yard and commenced work. Other skilled craftsmen, men unknown to Brennan, began to come. For word had gone out to the established yards, the way ports and logging camps, that a builder of the old school was master of the new yard.

Within six weeks the shipways were ready, and as the first keel was being laid the futtocks for the square frames poured from the band saws in a constant stream. Overnight a framing stage was erected.

"What is your best record for raising frames?" Brennan asked of Pierson, the New Englander. Pierson told him.

"There are the futtocks," Brennan said. "Select your crew and see if you can better that record."

Pierson's men had now learned teamwork. It was sixteen days before all the square frames were in place on the first keel. Other crews rigged the stem and stern posts into place and began fastening the cant frames. Other men were at work framing the deck strake and deck beams. Ceiling timbers were unloaded conveniently near for hoisting into the vessels.

In all the swiftly moving panorama of men and materials there was order and method. Day after day Bailey sat in his office planning, foreseeing, coördinating. He was

(Concluded on Page 75)

REO

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¶ Reo is one of the recognized successes in the automotive industry. ¶ And Reo success is more than merely financial. ¶ That alone would not constitute success as we understand it. ¶ Reo has paid big dividends to owners of Reo cars — more millions have been distributed in the form of increased efficiency — earning capacity — and in savings of operation and upkeep. ¶ More and more we are learning that only those concerns that perform a better service for the public are entitled to survive. ¶ Selfish concerns—those enterprises which are conducted only for the benefit of the owners and whose policies are narrowed down to that viewpoint—are under a ban of public opinion. ¶ Nor can such enjoy a lasting success—however great the earnings in the first brief period of years. ¶ Reo success has been progressive. It has shown a uniform growth from the very beginning. ¶ Each year has shown a remarkably even relative increase over the preceding year. ¶ It has been the steady, sturdy growth of the oak—that is why Reo has easily weathered the storms that have swept away many of faster—but frailer —development. ¶ From the first the Reo policy has been right. ¶ That policy looked to a moderate growth with later fruition—not to immediate bigness or immediate big dividends. ¶ From the first the Reo policy has been one of quality first. ¶ Never ambitious to make all the motor cars but only the best, Reo early succeeded in establishing a reputation that always has been the envy of less foresighted rivals. ¶ Although an annual turnover of thirty millions of dollars places Reo among the few great manufacturing concerns of the world, yet we never have boasted of the quantity we produce. ¶ For quantity is secondary in our plans. ¶ We never have and never will make more motor cars or motor trucks than we can make and feel sure that each Reo will be as good as the best Reo that ever left these shops. ¶ Adhering to that policy, we feel confident that Reo success will continue in the future as it has in the past—a well rounded, well deserved success—because based on the fundamental consideration—service to the public.

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FISK CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 72)

surrounding himself with capable assistants that the organization might function with increasing smoothness and efficiency.

Five keels had been laid when the first disquieting check occurred. Nearly a week after the garboards had been fastened in place on the first ship, Jensen, a government inspector, went to Brennan.

"A plank in the garboard strake has cracked," he said. "It will have to be taken out and replaced with another timber."

"I've noticed that plank," said Brennan. "It is just checked on the surface. The strength of it is not affected."

"The plank is defective," Jensen insisted decisively. "You will have to suspend work on the ship until a new timber has been put in."

Brennan looked at the inspector incredulously.

"Do you mean that?" he demanded.

"I certainly do," Jensen answered.

Brennan's face flushed with quick anger.

"I may have to put in a new plank," he said, "but I'll see you in hell before I shut down the other work on the ship while I'm doing it."

He went immediately to the district office and took the matter up with Jensen's superior.

"Jensen is a good man," was the answer he received. "If he says to shut down while the plank is being replaced that is what goes."

"I'll remember what you say, Mr. Stohlman," Brennan replied. "But I'll ask that you write a letter to the effect that you are ordering this."

Brennan had no intention of stopping work on the ship, even temporarily. He immediately selected a crew of fast workers and removed the condemned plank. He was careful to replace it with a piece of timber that Jensen said was satisfactory.

This was but the first of a series of aggravating delays; some caused by orders from Jensen; others by orders from his superior, Stohlman; and still other orders coming from Philadelphia.

The specifications called for a certain type of reciprocating engines and boilers. That there should be no delay these engines and boilers had been ordered as soon as the keels were laid. The engine foundations had been put in the first ship. Then came orders to tear out the foundation for the reciprocating engine, discard the engine and put a foundation in the ship for a steam turbine.

"And never in the world will a turbine be a success in this type of wooden vessel," said Brennan. Mariners who had had experience in such matters agreed with him.

Later a steam-steering device was specified that Brennan knew was too powerful for its purpose. The rudder stocks were made of Australian ironbark, the toughest wood that grows. But Brennan knew that the steering rig was powerful enough to splinter such a stock in the stress of storm as if it were matchwood. He spoke to Stohlman about it.

"We are going to give this steering rig a trial," Stohlman explained. "If it is not a success we will try some other device."

"But, man, we are at war!" Brennan remonstrated. "We have no time for experimenting. Ask other seamen about this. They will tell you the same. The steering rig is too powerful for a rudder stock of wood."

"We are going to give the device a trial," Stohlman repeated.

Not long afterward instructions were received to change the arrangement of the hatches.

"I designed a cargo carrier," Brennan stormed. "Before we are through we will have a cross between a barge and a passenger boat.

"And now they are going to change the arrangement of the hatches so as to make loading as difficult as possible," he concluded in disgust.

"Perhaps the intention is to carry all the cargo on the deck," Bailey suggested.

The sarcasm of his tone was lost on Brennan.

"No," he said; "they are going to have the deck so cluttered up with unnecessary equipment there will be no room for a deck cargo."

"Listen, Ed," Bailey said earnestly, "the men who gave us this contract had no intention of hindering us. They wanted ships built and they gave us the contract because they believed we could build ships and build them quickly and well."

"Then why are they always interfering?" Brennan demanded.

"I believe the men who gave us the contract are not interfering," Bailey replied. "I believe these delays are the work of some subordinate official who is not a good American. We will stall these local men until our first ship is launched," he continued. "Then I will go to Philadelphia and find out who is at the bottom of the trouble."

It was noon of a day in August. The boss calker and his men were lounging under the scaffolding. Their luncheons had been eaten and they waited for the sound of the whistle. For the last week they had been working twelve hours a day. They did not complain. Their pay was commensurate with the work they were doing. Nor had they been working by the clock during that week. A date had been set for the launching of the first vessel. They were betting with other craftsmen in the yard that the calking on the hull would be finished before the hour set for the launching.

Along the deck and on the scaffolding oakum was piled—arranged so there would be never a delay for want of material.

A ray of flame ate hungrily along the walls of the deck house of the new ship. Black smoke began to rise in the still air. Men in different parts of the yard observed it and cried warning.

Provision had been made against such disaster. Soon streams of water were playing across the deck. The city fire trucks came clanging to the scene. A fire tug shrilled her way down the river to give aid. But in the heat of the noon sun, fed by the piles of tar-saturated oakum, the fire swept forward into the forecastle and burned there until the fire fighters from the city controlled and finally quenched the blaze.

Stohlman was at the scene even before the fire was under control. Later that afternoon he spoke to Bailey of the damage that had been done.

"The deck house will have to be rebuilt," he said, "and the stem post and knightheads will have to be torn out and replaced. It's a great pity," he added. "It will delay the launching for nearly a month."

"I know the deck house will have to be rebuilt," Bailey admitted. "But about the stem post and knightheads—Mr. Brennan says they are not damaged; just charred and seasoned somewhat.

"And about the launching"—Bailey spoke even more deliberately, more slowly than was his custom—"the time has been set for noon, three days from to-day. We are going to launch the vessel at that hour and on that day."

"You have authority for that statement from Philadelphia?" Stohlman asked.

"No," Bailey replied. "I am authority for the statement."

The following morning the insurance adjusters and government inspectors went with Brennan to appraise the damage the fire had done. After a thorough inspection had been made it was the opinion of the insurance men that the deck house would have to be rebuilt and some of the deck planking replaced.

"Don't you consider the stem post and the knightheads have been damaged?" Jensen asked.

"Not a bit in the world," one of the insurance men replied. "The timbers are charred to some extent, but they are not damaged. A little scraping will make them good again."

"I don't agree with you," said Stohlman. "It is my opinion the heat has materially weakened not only the timbers but the fastenings as well. We can't risk launching a vessel in such condition. The stem post and knightheads will have to be torn out and replaced."

"Those timbers are still green," Brennan contended. "The only effect the heat would have would be to season the wood."

"You seem to have come to an understanding with these gentlemen who represent the insurance companies," Stohlman said, leaving an unpleasant inference. "Mr. Jensen and I are shipbuilders," he continued without pause. "It is our judgment that these timbers must be replaced. And they will be replaced before the ship leaves the ways."

At noon that day Bailey and Brennan were together in Bailey's office when a workman was admitted. The man was nervous, ill at ease. His fingers moved incessantly over his palms.

"What's worrying you?" asked Bailey.

"I believe I know who started the fire yesterday," the man replied. "I was eating lunch on the deck of the ship next to the one that caught fire. It is against the rules to eat on board the ships and I was alone. I was lying beside some timber on the poop deck when I saw that inspector—that man Jensen—at one of the windows in the deck house. He was flashing a pocket mirror across to the deck of the other ship. I thought he was most likely flashing a light in somebody's face; but I did not look to see for fear he might notice me. I was afraid if he saw me he would report that I was eating on the deck and I would be discharged. He stayed at the window only a moment or two.

"I've been thinking about that looking-glass ever since. I believe he was using it as a burning glass, holding the burning ray on a pile of oakum."

"Are you willing to repeat this when Jensen is present to hear what you have to say?" Bailey asked.

The man seemed very willing to face Jensen with his accusation. Bailey telephoned to the district office of the Intelligence Department. Then he called two guards who were on police duty in the yard into his office and sent for Jensen.

As the inspector entered the room the guards seized him, searched his clothing and removed a revolver. Then Jensen faced Brennan—silent, defiant.

"We know who you are," the shipbuilder said. "We are going to find out from whom you are taking orders."

Jensen's glance shifted from Brennan to the guards, across to Bailey and then back to Brennan. He moistened his lips and tried to force a smile. But Brennan was moving forward, his head outthrust, his hands hanging loosely at his sides.

"Will you talk now, or later?" Brennan asked.

"It was an accident," said Jensen, his voice raised scarcely above a whisper.

Brennan leaned forward with an almost imperceptible movement. The weight of his whole body was behind the blow he delivered.

"It is not how it happened that interests us," he said a moment later. "We want to know from whom you take your orders."

"Before God, I don't know," Jensen sobbed through bruised and bleeding lips.

Brennan leaned forward again and Jensen threw both arms before his face. Brennan laughed—but the laughter was harsh, without mirth.

"Who gets your reports?" he asked.

"I never send reports. I wouldn't know where to send them. My orders and wages come to me through the mail. I carry out the orders as far as I am able to. I was sent here from Canada a few months ago. A short time after the Emergency Fleet Corporation was created I received a blank application form with instructions to apply for this position. I do not know who sent me the application."

"You know you will be interned as an alien enemy?" Brennan asked. Jensen bowed his head in silence.

"And you are aware that that is all that will happen to you?"

Again Jensen nodded in silent assent.

"You take too much for granted," Brennan said, as he leaned forward again.

"I am not going to kill you," he continued a little later. "But I'm going to make a coward of you."

Jensen lay on the floor where he had fallen—inert, unconscious—when the officer for whom Bailey had telephoned arrived with his men.

"A German agent," Brennan explained briefly. "This is the first of the gang. We want you to go with us for another one."

A little later they entered Stohlman's office unannounced, with drawn revolvers. Stohlman was searched. An automatic was taken from one of his pockets. Another was found in a drawer of his desk. He stormed, demanded an explanation and threatened Brennan. Jensen had been supported—half carried into the room.

"It's an explanation you want, is it?" said Brennan. "There is part of the explanation. Jensen said he knew German agents were well cared for in our internment camps. I suppose you are aware of that fact also?"

"I do not know what you are talking about," Stohlman declared.

"Neither did Jensen—at first," said Brennan grimly.

A soldier stood beside Stohlman's desk. He held one of Stohlman's revolvers in his hand. It was a mad risk, but Stohlman knew what he might expect at Brennan's hands. He hoped to catch the soldier off his guard, to recover the revolver, to fight his way to freedom. But the soldier met him smiling and gave him the gun—butt downward in the face.

"That is all the confession we need," Brennan said.

A girl, Stohlman's stenographer, came into the office from another room and stood for a moment watching with terrified gaze.

"Why don't you stop them?" she whispered to one of the soldiers.

"A German agent," came the reply. "Let him take his punishment."

"A German agent!" the girl repeated curiously. "If he is a German agent I know another one—the man he has been taking orders from." She spoke a name that had become familiar in the shipbuilding industry. "And I thought it was a personal grudge they held against the Bailey and Brennan yard!" she said.

That afternoon Brennan stood at a window in Bailey's office. The worry lines that had gathered between his brows during the last few weeks were gone. His hat was tilted down over one eye. From time to time he hummed snatches of an old chantey. Once he looked at his bruised and swollen hands.

"Man, oh, man!" he exclaimed. "'Twas like an hour of the old days. If it were not for the dignity of my position I would be tipping a bottle with the boys this same afternoon." Then, in a more serious mood, as he stood watching the activity in the yard below him—"'Tis a dream come true," he said.

"Can you explain it?" he continued, musing, his mind wandering from the present to the half-forgotten days of the past. "My old mother has always told me my chance would come some day. I'd build the ship, she used to tell me, and she would christen it for me.

"I should like to have had her here to see the first launching," he continued, "but I wanted to see the first ship in the water before I sent for her. I've been afraid my luck wouldn't hold; that something would snatch it all away from me." A whimsical smile lighted Brennan's face. "The mother! She doesn't believe in luck. She says that what we call luck is a combination of prayer and effort. I believe she gives prayer most of the credit."

Bailey looked up at his partner. An affectionate, comprehending smile was on his lips.

"I did not tell you," he said. "Mrs. Bailey went to New York several days ago to meet your mother. They will reach here this afternoon. Mrs. Bailey and I decided quite a while ago that no one but your mother should have the honor of christening this first ship."

A final inspection of the ways and launching cradles had been made. At a signal three hundred sledges began driving the wedges from under the shores and keel blocks. A trembling like the pulse of a current of life swept through the timbers of the ship.

Brennan's mother, her old voice proud and clear, spoke the words of christening. Two thousand men who had done their part in the building of the ship raised their voices in triumphant cheering, the sirens of a fleet of river boats and tugs welcomed their statelier sister of the sea as she rode buoyantly out into the broad current of the stream.

Mrs. Brennan watched in silence.

"'Tis a dream come true," she confided to Mrs. Bailey, who stood beside her. "Since first my Eddie came back from the sea with his stories of the great ships I have hoped to live to christen one as I have done this day."

"And all the time you prayed that it might be granted your son to build the ship," said Mrs. Bailey. "I know, for I have a son and husband for whom I pray."

"The women always pray," Mrs. Brennan replied. "I mind how Mr. Bailey explained it last night," she continued. "He said my Eddie had desired this thing for the thing itself, and that he had desired it for the wealth it would bring. And so, unknown to each other, they had in the beginning desired and dreamed, and then came a time when their desires and dreams crystallized into thoughts and plans.

"He said that some power beyond his comprehension brought them to their opportunity," Mrs. Brennan concluded in her wise, gentle way. "I'm thinking Father Michael at home would say that a woman's prayers and the power beyond a man's comprehension are the same."

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2.—You turn the crank.
3.—You do the same.
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OUT-OF-DOORS

PROVED EQUIPMENT

THERE is a proverb which says: Blessed be Nothing. Any housekeeper who has a twenty-five-room cottage, with Bolshevik aids on the second, third and fourth floors, knows what that proverb signifies to-day. The more we have, the more trouble we have.

In the good old cave days when the fishing or hunting grew poor a man had to move and even then his possessions bothered him. He began very early to float stuff on logs, use the wind in getting across the lake and dogs as pack animals. What he could not pack on dogs, horses or members of his family he carried on his own hairy legs. When it came to taking a Dutch oven and a wall tent it sometimes gave him pause.

In sport, in war, in Boy Scout work, in vacation plans, we come round to much the same problems which the cave man had on May first when the rent was raised. We want to go cross lots; what can we leave behind?

It has always been difficult for a man to carry his bed and board and his house on his own back, and upon that problem able minds have spent considerable thought. Suppose, for instance, we study the equipment of the Japanese soldier, who is generally supposed to have been handled in a shrewd and practical way.

The first consideration of the Japanese staff was to keep the private soldier in the shape of a good physical machine. Each soldier was taught that his health was of first importance. That is a mighty good idea for any man in any place to remember, whether it be inculcated through love of an emperor or fear of a guardhouse. It worked in the Russo-Japanese War, where the loss through preventable disease was made almost negligible in the Japanese Army.

Outdoor Health Rules

The Japanese was not only clean and very clean, but plumb clean. He rarely ever got sick unless it was from sleeping in an abandoned Russian camp, which he never did if it could be helped. Good water or none, good food, dry beds—those were problems which the Nipponese met. Their equipment is worth observation by outdoor men.

The Japanese carried, besides his rifle, bayonet and ammunition, his shoulder knapsack and his catchall bag. Attached thereto was his mess tin full of rice and his aluminum water bottle filled with boiled water—not ditch water, for his doctors did not intend to lose an expensive man by letting him take typhoid or dysentery. Over his knapsack was his rolled blanket and at the sides hung his extra shoes and a little spade. He had two little sacks, one of which contained two needles, a pair of scissors, a comb, a toothbrush and a skein of good thread. This case went in the knapsack, where there was also a small rubber sheet which made one-sixth of a tent for six soldiers. The second canvas bag contained the extra supply of underclothing. The weight was kept down as low as possible on all of this equipment. As a fool-proof packing outfit we cannot reduce it very much except by leaving out the rifle, bayonet and ammunition, and perhaps the intrenching tool. This latter, however, in any permanent camp is one of the most useful things you could have; and one not often enough found round camp. Without some sort of spade you cannot make an ice box, ditch a tent or dig a hole to bury waste.

Back of all this equipment there was just one idea in the mind of the Japanese medical corps and the Japanese commissary: It was intended to keep that soldier comfortable and healthy. Each man had issued to him instructions in personal hygiene, which perhaps may be worth while to read here:

A Beaver Cutting. Photograph Taken in Lake County, Minnesota

"Infectious diseases are caused by poisons getting into the body from the outside, which can be prevented by proper care. These diseases are caused by microscopical objects called germs. In former times the number of deaths from these diseases exceeded the number of those killed in battle. Therefore never neglect to exercise the utmost caution against these germs.

"The infectious disease which is almost always present with an army is typhoid fever. This is caused from germs in food or drink. Therefore the first step in preventing it is not to eat raw things and not to drink unboiled water.

"The means of preventing dysentery and cholera are almost the same as those for preventing typhoid fever. Unripened fruit is apt to produce diarrhea, therefore be very careful of that.

"Plague generally comes through injuries to the skin. Therefore even a little wound should be examined by a physician. Never walk with bare feet, as rats and fleas spread this disease; kill them or drive them away.

"Malaria is spread by mosquitoes, therefore protect yourself from them as much as possible.

"Do not forget to keep every part of the body clean. In case one cannot take a bath frequently, rub every part of the body with a towel daily. Keep the hair cut short and wash the head frequently. Every morning brush the teeth well. Keep the hands and feet clean especially. Dirt from the nails contains poisonous material, therefore cut the nails often and clean them.

"Wash underclothing and stockings often, otherwise there is no value in keeping the body clean. Keep the shoes soft and oil them frequently.

"Shoes are the horses of the infantry, therefore protect them as carefully as riders do their horses.

"The origin of strength in the human body is good food. Eat sufficient and do not go hungry, but remember that too much eating and drinking causes ill health. Never partake of any dish that gives an offensive smell or an unusual taste. Never eat any raw food or drink unboiled water, and never eat or drink supplies left by the enemy. Tea and coffee are excellent stimulants when one is tired, and so is tobacco.

"On the march be careful to walk with measured steps from beginning to the end, and do not march with the face downward. When climbing obliquely or when marching against the wind do not talk much and do not smoke.

"Always bear in mind to become accustomed to drinking little on the march, for those who indulge in frequent drinking feel thirst more keenly.

"Never expose the head to the direct sunshine. Do not sleep on the damp ground, but cover it with straw or tree branches before lying on it.

"During a rest, when it is impossible to get water to satisfy thirst, keep a pickled plum in the mouth or a leaf or a straw; either will help to check the feeling of thirst."

Hints From the Sierra Club

The Sierra Club of the Pacific Slope has paid much attention to a light and practical outfit for mountain trips. Suppose we look over the weights of the items which are specified as sufficient for an individual participating in one of the club outings in the mountains:

	Lbs.	Ozs.
Sleeping Bag		
Wool comfort or eiderdown bag	8	0
Sheet of waterproof silk, 6 x 7 ft.	1	10
Total	9	10
Clothing in Addition to What is Worn		
Sweater	1	8
Pyjamas or nightgown	0	14
1 suit underclothing	1	2
Light pair shoes	2	0
6 bandannas	0	8
MEN / WOMEN		
1 pair trousers / 1 skirt	1	8
1 overshirt / 1 waist	0	10
6 pair socks / 6 pair stockings	1	0
Total		
Miscellaneous		
Toilet articles		
Towels—1 bath, 2 face	1	4
Knapsack or pack harness	1	6
Pocket roll (denim)	1	2
Dunnage bag	2	0
Candles and lantern	0	8
Total	8	4
Grand total	27	0

There are some points of coincidence in the Japanese Army and the Sierra Club outfits: Both tell the soldier to wear double stockings and to be careful about the quality of the drinking water. Both use a certain amount of horse transportation, but insist on its being reduced to the least common denominator—the pack-horse dunnage bag of the Sierra Club may not weigh over thirty-five pounds. Men are allowed an extra pair of trousers and an extra shirt, but no overcoat. Women are asked to take an extra lightweight skirt and waist, the walking skirt to be short, with knickers of the same color.

The Sierra Club does not insist on an extra pair of shoes, but does say that the shoes must have heavy soles and must be well broken in. It advises light shoes for wear round the camp and asks each attendant to carry adhesive tape for blisters and chafing. Very good for soldiers also; though soldiers perhaps do not have the fine-mesh mosquito net and heavy gloves and colored glasses which the Sierran is advised to have along.

We find military equipment in the Sierra luncheon bag with shoulder strap; also in the pocket roll made of denim in which toilet articles and knickknacks can be carried easily. This roll is three feet square; has three pockets each a foot deep, the upper pocket divided into three compartments. The entire roll can

A Beaver Dam at the Outlet of Little Moose Lake, New York

be tied with tapes and is large enough to carry everything except bedding.

Here we see also the old frontiersman's "possible sack" once more in evidence. In the olden times no hunter was without this little sack of buckskin, long and narrow, which he suspended from his neck or thrust up under his belt. It carried his tobacco, his bullet molds, his moccasin awls, perhaps an extra bit of lead, sometimes a little parched corn and jerked venison. Without the old "possible sack," Daniel Boone would have been anchored. With it he could go almost anywhere. He carried no canteen or drinking cup; nor did the frontier women wear dark veils or grease paint—which may be considered staple outfitting in mountain trips to-day.

Of all the above-mentioned articles, whether for war or peace, the most important thing is the footwear. The shoe of the Japanese soldier was substantial and so is that of the mountaineer. In any case it is intended to keep the foot from being bruised or chafed. Don't overlook the double-stocking idea. I suggested to a young man in our office, who was going into the army without much knowledge of out-of-door work, that he would do well to get his army shoes plenty large to accommodate a light pair of lisle-thread stockings under his army socks. He wrote from his cantonment, and afterward from France, most gratefully for this advice and said he had never had a chafed foot on any hike.

The Sierra Club prints some instructions in regard to camp beds which are at least worth noting:

"The sleeping outfit should consist of a sleeping bag made by doubling two wool comforters so as to give the bag the greatest length, and sewing securely together across the bottom and two-thirds of the way up the side. This bag should be lined and covered with gingham or sateen, which should project a foot or two beyond the top as a loose flap. The wool comforters may be sewed up into separate bags as indicated, and one lined and the other covered. One bag can then be slipped inside the other for ordinary use and removed easily for knapsack trips where economy of weight is desirable. A tall person will require extra length comforters. Blankets are too heavy and cotton comforters are not desirable.

"A waterproof sheet or covering, at least six by six feet, should also be taken. Canvas and the ordinary rubber blanket are entirely too heavy for this purpose. The most serviceable and satisfactory material is waterproof silk. It is strong, durable, perfectly waterproof and very light. A piece five yards in length, cut in half and sewed together along one side, will make a large sheet that will protect the sleeping bag from the ground and form a covering as well."

Lessons for Boy Scouts

The Boy Scouts is an organization on whose equipment considerable thought has been expended, so that perhaps we may learn something more from our juniors. The Boy Scout movement is one of the best things that has happened for the boyhood and manhood of America.

The boy who goes into camp ought not to be asked to carry very much weight. His equipment has been cut down to about a quarter of that needful for the grown man. As to the items of such equipment, good business men have printed many pages of pamphlets and advertisements mentioning many things as indispensable. Suppose we look at a few of these things to which we can give our own august approval.

I see one thing advertised for Boy Scouts which every man ought to have in camp—a good pocketknife with a strong blade, can opener, screw driver and boring awl. The small hand ax is another good thing, but not all hand axes have good steel—and that is absolutely essential. Still another item which we have found in the soldiers' equipment, also, is the Boy Scouts' trenching tool, or little spade, which is not quite two feet long and weighs three and a half pounds. Thus far we have nothing which is not useful and compact.

We come upon another camp article which has been recognized by the Japanese Army and the Sierra Club, as well as the Boy Scouts. This is the waterproof sheet. The boy can buy it for two dollars and a half at a weight of about two pounds. It has snap fasteners to keep it in place over the blankets.

The great argument in favor of the Boy Scout movement has been that it offered character-building and gentlemanly training to many boys who did not find such things at home. The scout masters insist on the essential outdoor religion of cleanliness and neatness, which is a part of the very life of the soldier, the officer and the gentleman alike.

A scout is taught that shoes or other leather may be washed clean with soap, but must be dried slowly and touched lightly with oil. The boy is taught to fold his clothing neatly when it is not in use. He is taught to keep his khaki clothing clean—not by rubbing soap directly on the goods, but by washing it off with a suds. When the garment has been washed it may be rinsed in water to which two cups of coffee grounds have been added. This keeps its color.

Duffle or Duffel?

One article of equipment that is not recommended by the scout master is tobacco. Very sensibly, as it seems to me, the Boy Scout is taught to cut out the cigarette notion—at least until he grows older. The use of the cigarette in all the armies of the world seems very general. If you are to believe all the news stories and all the fiction about the late war you would think that most of it was a mad struggle on the part of the soldier to get at a cigarette. It is impossible for a playwright to write a war play without filling it with cigarettes. I myself—being one of the very few men who do not use cigarettes—am unable to see any sense in the habit, though all my bad habits are very sensible of course. In my experience the cigarette is a harder habit to break than that of using liquor; and I believe that cigarettes are very bad for any boy. That seems to be what the scout masters think also.

There seems to be no special reason why Boy Scout magazines should call a duffle bag a duffel bag. The duffel cloth used as socks in the Far North is made of wool; but a duffle bag usually is made of canvas. The dictionary allows either as applied to the sack itself, but sporting usage puts duffel north of fifty-three and duffle to the southward, each for its own article.

The Boy Scouts did an enormous work in the late war. They took one out of each twenty-three of the subscriptions in the first three Liberty Loan campaigns and brought in some millions of dollars. They located millions of feet of black-walnut timber for government use. They have planted a great many thousand trees—in part in the Roosevelt Memorial work and in part as general organization work. They have in many ways been very useful; and their body will have done its greatest work in developing good all-round men for use—or rather usefulness—in this country later on.

One of the popular stunts of the Boy Scouts was that of building a fire by the aboriginal method of rubbing two pieces of wood together. Another one which I see illustrated is that of boiling water in a birch-bark vessel. Of course we all like to hark back to ancient times and feel real woolly and adventurous and primitive; but as a matter of fact I don't suppose any Indian has made a fire that way since the time of flint and steel, or used flint and steel since the time of matches.

You don't catch any Indian going out without dry matches and you ought not to catch a Boy Scout doing any such thing either. If he were cast away on a desert island or lost in some vast wilderness he would be mighty apt to be so wet or so tired that he couldn't make a fire in a thousand years with two sticks; and there are so many utensils of copper, tin, iron or other material in which water can be boiled that it does not seem to me to be needful to boil it in birch bark. Better teach the boy not to leave the water kettle home, or the matches either, and spend the rest of the time teaching him to do his full share of the camp work and to tell the truth even if it hurts.

There is one expression in a Boy Scout article which I have before me regarding which I wish to express the most violent and unrestrained disapproval. Why should a Boy Scout be taught to call his food "eats"? Of all the crude and vulgar slang words in our language, I think that is the worst. When I see a sign hanging out over a sidewalk bearing the word "eats," I never eat there but avoid the place as a pestilence. A gentleman eats food and in camp may eat grub, chuck or chow—but he never eats "eats."

The Government of the United States, like the Nipponese Government, now begins to weigh the national value of a healthy man. The United States Public Health Service, under Surgeon General Rupert Blue, has issued for the use of boys, fourteen years of age and over, a little pamphlet called Keeping Fit. The chief scout executive of the Boy Scouts of America has taken up the matter of judicious distribution of this pamphlet. The wonder is that parents and governments and employers, business men, and individuals of all sorts and conditions, have not long ago seen the necessity for the distribution among all our young men of precisely this same sane and sound document on keeping fit. This booklet begins with the young and lays a good foundation for physical fitness in manhood and middle age. If scout masters can properly bring all these lessons home to the youth of the country they will be teaching religion in its best and broadest sense; because, to quote the little pamphlet: "Fitness—physical, mental and moral—depends fundamentally on health. This means not only the avoidance of diseases and defects, but positive, abundant health—prime condition of mind and body. Every young man in America, to be worthy of the heritage left him by the heroes of the battlefield, should know the laws of physical and mental efficiency and live up to them. Keeping fit for America's task in the new world is the present obligation on every youth of the land."

Colonel Munson's Last

We can check back and find common points of view for the Japanese Army and the United States Public Health Service. It has been said that an astonishing number of our young drafted men were found unfit for service. This government pamphlet also says the principal causes were defective eyesight, poor teeth and bad feet. It goes on to tell the ignorant person something about the uses and abuses of the eye—a page of good counsel about caring for the eye and curing defective vision. The same attention is given to the care of the teeth.

On the train the other day I met a nice-looking officer in a captain's uniform, whose insignia showed that he was in the medical corps. I asked him if he had been abroad and learned that through the entire war he had been stationed as a dentist in one of the Southern cantonments. He probably did his part. The Public Health Service bulletin, had it been printed twenty years ago, might have spared him much of his labor.

As to feet, here is what the bulletin says:

"In battle an army gets from where it is to where it is going on feet. A good general takes almost as much care for his men's feet and stomachs as he does for their powder and shot.

"Men were not rejected for corns and bunions, unless they interfered with wearing a military shoe or with weight-carrying power; but they are a nuisance and they can be avoided by having properly fitted shoes, snug but not pressing or stubbing the joints or toes. The army last is a safe and good-looking shoe. . . .

"The most frequent foot trouble serious enough to cause rejection and real handicap was the fallen arch or flat foot. This may be prevented by wearing shoes which do not put too heavy a strain on the arch of the foot, but give it mild support. Many things besides shoes may cause flat foot, and a doctor should always be consulted for any continuous foot discomfort. Foot strain is also a cause of some kinds of backache and other nervous trouble."

In these days there is more or less talk of electing some army man to the thankless job of being President of the United States. I think the only army man who ought to be eligible should be Colonel Munson, who invented the army shoe. The Munson last has been one of the great agencies of civilization. Personally I am always in favor of universal suffrage until I see the French heels of women's shoes. Then I am altogether clear in my own mind that no woman who will wear that kind of a heel is intelligent enough to deserve the vote.

All of these things are of general importance, indeed of such business importance that it is very much worth while for any man to note a few more of the statements of this little United States Health bulletin—the doctrine coincides so perfectly with that of the sportsman and the out-of-door man:

"To be really physically fit, however, it is not enough to be free from disabling defects. Many men were rejected from the army simply because of poor physique. You must be in good general condition all the time if you want to win out, whether in war or in peace.

"To achieve the maximum of physical and mental efficiency you must follow some common-sense rules.

"The first of these is sufficient exercise of the right kind. Reading the sporting page, yelling in the grand stand and watching the baseball bulletin boards may be enjoyable, but will never make a man vigorous. He must himself take daily exercise. Hiking, baseball, rowing and canoeing, skating in the open air, swimming, tennis, team games, general gymnasium work, boxing and wrestling where the air is fresh—are among the most beneficial forms of exercise. Any useful work using the big muscles actively is as good as sports.

"Your daily exercise should be vigorous enough to cause you to perspire freely. This helps the body to throw off certain waste products which, if they are allowed to accumulate, will act as poisons. After exercising take a bath. A shower is better than a tub bath. A washbowl or any other contrivance is better than nothing. Warm water should be used first, then cold. The bath should be followed by a vigorous rubdown with a coarse towel, the whole process taking no longer than four or five minutes.

"The bath and rubdown should produce a healthy glow of the body and a general feeling of well-being.

"Second, sleep in the fresh air, work and exercise in the fresh air as much as possible, and be sure to have the indoor air kept fresh during the day. Fresh air is almost a cure-all. It is usually more valuable than any quantity of medicine.

"In the third place, you probably need at least eight hours' sleep every night. A man can get along on less, but he cannot keep himself in the best possible physical and mental condition. Do not lie in bed after waking, but jump out, bathe and dress immediately. Avoid soft mattresses, feather beds and too much covering.

"Proper food is another requirement. The system needs not only the kind of food that is rich in nourishment, but vegetables and other coarser food to give bulk."

Honors for Cher Ami

As sportsmen let us pause long enough for a word and a thought of commendation for some of the returning brave just back from the war. About the middle of April one thousand war pigeons came back to America from France. They had taken their chances and done their work like gentlemen. One of these birds has been recommended by the general of the army for the D. S. C.—the first time a pigeon has been thus recommended in the history of war.

It is no wonder that the daily newspapers have played up the story.

The name given to this pigeon is Cher Ami, a name which it got in the Argonne. It was this bird which brought back the news of victory when the Yankees crossed the Meuse. It came back to its loft at headquarters, shot through the breast and with its left leg ripped off by the same bullet; but the message hung to the tendon of the leg and the bird flew thirty-seven miles from the front line back to General Pershing's headquarters, so the message was received. So Cher Ami, even in these unsentimental days and even in this worse than brutal war, is to be decorated as a hero.

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One of the best ways to judge a tire is to weigh it, for mileage depends in a large measure on the quantity of quality materials. Of course weight might be due to many factors that do not improve quality, such as unnecessary wire in the beads, or weight-giving compounds. But once assured that only quality-giving materials are used, then weight is an excellent guide to durability.

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Any capacity—5 to 400 tons—for any requirement.

IN HIGH C!

(Concluded from Page 63)

wide with momentary terror before he could control himself to meet Julia's laughter.

The music, crescendo, was in its magnificent climax when Mrs. Garrett-Welden appeared.

Awaking from her surprise Mrs. Ireland was demanding angrily: "What foolery is this?"

"Ask Mr. Hilary. He knows all about it!" said Julia curtly.

She hurried to the side of Mrs. Garrett-Welden, who stood dumfounded a step inside the room. She took that lady by storm: "Have you announced that reward?"

Mrs. Garrett-Welden fought against this compelling personality, to reject the impossible demand. She wavered—looked for guidance to Hilary, unavailingly, as had Mrs. Ireland, and found that all his staring attention was upon Julia Sinclair. She rallied herself, but her voice had none of the determination she intended; actually she was rather frightened by her interrogator's aggressiveness.

"Why should I pay the—the thief to restore my own property?" She tried to threaten but it was a weak effort: "It will be the worse for you if you do not return my jewels. You will get a longer term in prison and ——"

"Drop that idea and we'll get along faster," said Julia brusquely. "I am not going to prison unless you persist in being a fool! Ask Mr. Hilary ——"

Hilary's nerve cracked. Fay Monarch was replaying the duet from La Bohème.

"Stop that infernal music, Frances!" He wheeled on Mrs. Ireland. "Can't you see that the pain from this shoulder has me on edge! Stop it!"

Again it was Julia who answered: "I have a more interesting piece to play for you, Mr. Hilary," she cooed. "You'll enjoy it—less!"

Never pausing she resumed on Mrs. Garrett-Welden: "I just said that I am not going to prison unless you continue to be a fool. That isn't quite right. I'll never see the inside of a prison—please realize that now. I can prove that I did not take your diamonds—that someone else did, and name that someone. But—I might delay the telling! And if I do that, don't you see, the thief almost certainly will get the booty away? Ultimately he will land in prison—I'll attend to that—but if he isn't caught right away I'll wager you'll never set eyes on your diamonds! You'd pay to a detective without demur the price I ask if he were to recover your jewels. Why not pay me?"

In puzzlement Mrs. Garrett-Welden's gaze shifted from Julia to Hilary. Silent, his face grim, the ease of manner that had made him a woman's man almost wholly departed, Hilary suddenly took on a more incomprehensible aspect than the young woman who so equably but boldly pressed her gentle banditry.

Hilary seemed to be steeling himself for a blow—and he was.

The sheriff tipped the balance. Partly Julia had taken him into her confidence. She had promised him another prisoner and the diamonds, provided Mrs. Garrett-Welden met her terms. Principally the sheriff was interested in the diamonds—he wanted no such loot to go unrecovered from his bailiwick. There was selfishness then in his backing up of Julia's ultimatum and a mental reservation to arrest Julia for extortion if after the deal had been consummated Mrs. Garrett-Welden desired to break faith.

"It's true what she says about paying detectives, I guess," he commented. "You'd give 'em more'n she asks if it looked legitimate—which I'm frank to say this doesn't. It's up to you, ma'am."

"Yes; it's up to me!"

Mrs. Garrett-Welden made her decision as she saw Hilary's body become more rigid. Some of the veneer that had thickened and toughened on her during the years of climbing gave way. She was back again in days when she had indulged her love for diamonds only through poring over catalogues; later when she had treasured her pennies to buy her first poor insignificant stones.

She remembered the hours she had spent, wonderful hours, marveling and gloating over their beauty. And within her rose an irresistible unquenchable longing for the baubles that had become a part of her being. She did not care whether Julia Sinclair was guilty. If Julia Sinclair could restore them ——

"I'll pay you—anything," she said softly, her eyes shining. "Get them for me—please!"

"Ten per cent of their value is the bargain," said Julia. The other woman's eagerness stirred a reminiscent smile: "I'm sorry I said that last night—I know you heard it -that they made you look like an ice wagon! I thought you had them just to make a—show. I didn't mean to be unkind."

"I'll give you my check ——" Mrs. Garrett-Welden was in a hurry.

"I'll take your word. Sheriff!"

Her sharp exclamation bestirred that functionary. She pointed to Hilary melting quietly through a doorway.

"Keep Mr. Hilary here for the present, sheriff!"

"He has no right!" Hilary faced them belligerently, his features set like a mask but for the eyes jumping back and forth. "I'm going to my room."

"We'll all go there in a minute or two," asserted Julia meaningly. "I want to play that tune I promised you. Thanks, Billy," she nodded as Monarch took a position behind Hilary.

She picked up the bag she had brought and headed for the music room. On the threshold she hesitated.

"I'm about to do some reconstruction work," she laughed. "It was on that account I went to New York—to get the tools! I judged, you see, that Mr. Hilary probably had destroyed the scream that he used!"

She disappeared, and thirty seconds afterward a woman's voice, piercing and strident, sustained at highest pitch, rang through the house. Twice, thrice—and again, the shrill rising note echoed with penetrating intensity. Then Julia stood before them holding up a phonograph record.

"The 'woman in the case' and Mr. Hilary's accomplice!" she explained. "He did not figure that anyone would be awake to recognize that never-to-be-forgotten high C of one of our most illustrious prima donnas when as Mimi she goes with her new-found love, Rodolfo, to make ready for the festival! He counted on that voice—what sacrilege!—sounding as no more than a scream to folks only half awake! See"—she held out the record for inspection and there were two marks on it that she had made—"he put the needle down as I did where she begins to take that note, and lifted it as she ends. . . . He did it of course with one of these toy phonographs, such as I have here." She bowed in derision at Hilary, whose face was deathly. "The shooting of yourself was surely a heroic measure—and well thought! Alas! that Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds should have annoyed The Opportunist enough to send her abroad at such an ungodly hour!"

Hilary's look was poison. He spoke jerkily, sneering:

"Your imagination is remarkable, Miss Sinclair. Why don't you also suggest ——"

"We won't bother with suggestions," she cut in. "We'll see, instead, what we can find in your room."

Hilary snarled and cursed himself. He gave no heed as Mrs. Ireland quietly crumpled in a swoon. The sheriff was at his side—already had laid a hand on his arm.

He got control of his reeling brain. They would find the phonograph in his room—but that was all. The record he had smashed and taken with the diamonds when he had made his trip to New York. The pieces of it were scattered by the roadside, where he had thrown them from the speeding auto. These never would be found. And with that thought came the desperate hope that neither would the diamonds!

What would the presence of the phonograph prove? A strange item in a gentleman's baggage—yes! A queer and out-of-place possession—that was all. What more could they make of it without supporting evidence? They could not convict a man simply because he had such an instrument and on the ingenious statement of a woman who already was more than circumstantially accused of the crime.

He looked round him defiantly. He saw a way—perhaps.

"I'm willing that you should search my room," he said quietly. "I don't doubt you'll find a phonograph, as Miss Sinclair expects. In fact, I'm certain that you will! But I can't tell you how she managed to plant it there!"

Taken aback by the abrupt change in him, by the quick turn he had given the situation through this implication that she was framing him, Julia paused with parted lips and gathered brows. She knew from his words that the diamonds were gone—that she had blundered in delaying her attack for the pleasure she had taken in producing this climax; blundered doubly in waiting after she had warned him.

Nor was her indecision unperceived by Hilary. Seeing that he had scored—the sheriff had transferred his gaze to Julia, his mounting faith in her plainly shaken—Hilary struck again.

"Come, come, Miss Sinclair"—his voice was stronger, with a hint of raillery—"you have an engagement, you know—to answer charges of burglary and larceny and shooting with intent! If you wish to inspect my room ——"

He shrugged and waved invitingly, then turned to Mrs. Ireland, who having been lifted to a lounge was coming to. "Don't worry, Frances." He spoke gently to her, encouragingly; he felt surer of himself every instant. "Just rest where you are till we come downstairs. Our burglar friend has run into a snag!"

But when he raised his eyes to Julia once more the uncertainty had passed from her countenance. She could not believe that he was to escape this way. She gave him a quizzical smile for his grin.

"Yes; let's go up," she said soberly.

In silence they trooped upstairs, Fay and Billy Monarch ranging somberly beside Julia; Mrs. Ireland's guests and her husband timorously bringing up the rear; Mrs. Garrett-Welden in a neutral position; Hilary leading with springy stride, the sheriff a step behind him. At the door of his room Hilary stepped aside.

"I'll remain passive in this," he remarked. "Sheriff, I guess Miss Sinclair can save us time in locating the phonograph!"

Ignoring the gibe Julia entered the room. She had to make good, and rapidly. Otherwise, Opportunity, which she was wont to bend to her will, which she was trying to use this very day to augment her finances at the expense of Mrs. Garrett-Welden, would be turned against her. For Hilary too had made good capital of Opportunity when with utter unexpectedness she had appeared on the scene while he had been spreading the alarm that a woman had shot him. Her presence then had lent the necessary verisimilitude to his story. Now she had to destroy that or fail to place him instead of herself in the prisoner's dock.

Surveying the uncompromising aspect of the room she trembled a little at the unpromising prospect.

"It's quarter after two," said the sheriff harshly. "Court's at three."

That galvanized her into action—that and the jeering challenge on Hilary's face.

Going directly to the closet she opened the door and pulled out two suitcases.

"Knows just where to look," chuckled Hilary, but his face was hard, his voice strained.

Unceremoniously Julia opened one of the grips and dumped its contents in a heap on the floor. There was nothing but a few odds and ends of clothing.

With the other she did likewise. A phonograph, no bigger than a man's collar box and similar to that on which she had reproduced the screams, was among its contents.

Hilary laughed aloud. "Remarkable!" he acclaimed. "And the diamonds—are they there too?"

On her knees, her back to him, Julia did not answer at once. Her hand was closing on a small oblong box that also had come from the suitcase. Shielding it from the gaze of the others she took off the lid. She wanted to laugh—laugh with joy, with victory—but she kept her face straight.

Leisurely she got to her feet. The hand containing the little box she hid in a fold of her dress.

"You will tell us where the diamonds are, Mr. Hilary," she said succinctly. She walked to within a pace of him. "You forgot to get rid of the cartridges you didn't need! See!" Her hand snaked out, and in it lay a box of revolver cartridges. "Five are missing—just five," she added triumphantly. "And there were five in the gun your burglar dropped!"

An unrestrainable oath stuttered from Hilary's lips. He was struggling for mastery of his vocal organs when his articulation froze absolutely.

Mrs. Ireland's husband, shrinking, apologetic, was framed in the doorway. In his hands blazed Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds!

"Joe—the chauffeur—just brought them to me," he explained haltingly. "He—ah—found them ——"

The chauffeur crowded past him.

"In the cushions of the car," he boomed excitedly. "Whatcha know about that? In the cushions of the car! I saw the ho e – a cut in the leather—when I turned the seat up to get some tools from underneath! An' say"—he jabbed a finger at Hilary while his English ran wild—"there ain't nobody but him been near that car since the shooting! Gee! He stuffed the rocks there when we was ridin' to town!"

Like a mother recovering her brood, Mrs. Garrett-Welden swooped on her treasures and hugged them to her breast. Mrs. Ireland's husband backed out.

"I'll go down to my wife," he said. "She—ah—fainted again when—she heard where these came from."

The eyes of all returned to Hilary. Numb and shaken, paralyzed, he swayed slightly on his feet. In its blank fixity his face was ludicrous.

Julia Sinclair's laughter was a trifle cracked as she patted Fay's shoulder; Fay was clinging to her, crying hysterically. Billy Monarch stood exhaling great long breaths of relief and grinning like a loon.

The sheriff cleared his throat.

"It's two-twenty-five," he said. "Court's at three."

Hilary turned woodenly as the sheriff touched his arm. A shudder went through him. His face, still dull and empty, wreathed into a ghastly imitation of a smile. With a nod he suffered the sheriff to lead him for the door.

"Mr. Hilary!" Julia was not malicious but ——

He stopped but did not look back at her.

"You have an engagement"—she spoke, oh, so low—"to answer charges."

(Continued from Page 24)

rested and keen. He had gone there expecting the class to make a sight draft upon him for energy—and it did. But it also furnished energy of its own—more than enough to meet the demand.

Up to that time he had looked upon foreign-born people as a sort of background in life. They shined your shoes, waited on you at the club, trimmed your lawn, cleaned the office. Now they began to stand out as human beings, revealing a hundred little courtesies and nice instincts. He realized how hard and limited had been their contact with Americans—that their pitiful vocabularies of slang and oaths represented exactly the kind of Americans with whom they had been able to make contacts. They gave him a wonderful training in courtesy, because it seemed as though only his nicest manners were good enough for them.

He learned to put himself in their places imaginatively. For instance, that honeymoon trip to Europe before the war, when money and perfect arrangements for taking care of his bride and himself made it easy to slip through a half dozen countries on the Continent, each with its unknown language, and hardly realize that one was in a foreign land. Thrown on his own resources like these Poles, with nothing but their hands and brains with which to find work in a country where they did not know the language, he doubted very much whether he would have made as good a showing in life.

He remembered a six weeks' stay in London, where his associates had been chiefly Americans, and how, like people of any country in a strange land, all differences were put on the basis of nationality. Unpleasant people and incidents that would have passed without comment at home were magnified by gossip as shortcomings of the British, and contrasted to what was assumed to be better in God's country. Picturing his Polish class living in such a backwater of gossip, shut off by ignorance of representative Americans and their language, he realized how easy it must be for them to get wrong ideas about America, and fall under the influence of people who would manipulate them for selfish purposes.

By the time his first class had reached the point of reading and writing English, Charlie was giving four nights a week to this work, taking on another class of Italians. This was due partly to his wish to help as many as possible. He had dropped the word "Americanization" in the sense of something mysterious that must be done to foreigners to counteract Bolshevism. But he applied it to himself, because in that connection it meant a wider knowledge of the people and ideals that make up America.

A Common Meeting Ground

THIS sort of work is going on all over the country—wherever neglected foreigners require teaching. And it seems to be the one thing upon which all people easily come together. Through neglect and misunderstanding the foreign-born employees in many a big industrial organization have often become suspicious of employers, and when welfare work, scientific piece rates, thrift movements and other projects are started honestly for their benefit they look upon them with distrust. But Americanization along the lines of teaching, with the ultimate object of helping them become American citizens, fitting them to pass the naturalization quiz, seems to be outside the zone of suspicion. Employers often look upon welfare work with distrust—they do not feel called upon to interfere in the private affairs of their men, and regard the thing as theoretical, and are apprehensive of expense. But Americanization on this plan involves no compulsion or expense. Benches and tables can be knocked together in almost any vacant corner of the plant. A wash room will do. If the factory has a lunch room, that makes a good schoolhouse without alterations. Volunteer teachers are secured from the organization itself, usually among the office men, pupils can come or stay away, and the expense for lesson leaflets and books is nominal.

In many cities Americanization is breaking down lines of creed and nationality. The churches and parochial schools in foreign colonies are being thrown open for the work, and volunteer Episcopalians and Presbyterians are found teaching classes in Polish and Italian Catholic churches.

On one of the East Side blocks of an Eastern city, across from a big public school, a Polish Catholic priest has built during the past few years a church and parochial school costing $400,000, all paid for by his four thousand parishioners. The father himself came from Poland less than ten years ago, and is a fine specimen of self-Americanization. Any week night one may find classes of his countrymen working in the Polish school building to master English, starting with no knowledge at all, and rising to the civic studies which prepare them for taking out naturalization papers. Some time ago one of the city's newspapers published some praise for this work, emphasizing the paradox of the Polish Catholic priest and the Y secretary working harmoniously together. The priest suggested that it might have been put in a happier way—that the Y man and he were simply two American citizens working for the good of America where work was needed.

That same city has a very promising Americanization class in the county jail. After providing fine buildings with athletic, educational and social facilities and building up big memberships the Y men began to see that great groups of people in the foreign colonies could be reached best in their own institutions such as the churches and lodges—even the saloons. So Americanization work has been shaped up to reach people where they naturally congregate, and to fit in with their own habits and organizations.

With this in mind the county jail was investigated, and there, sure enough, was a group of prisoners entirely ignorant of English. No finer opportunity to learn English than while one is in jail and has plenty of time to study! So a class was started, and is now attended by twenty to thirty foreign-born prisoners, taught by two Federal prisoners who, for peculiar reasons, are best able to keep it going—each is serving a sentence that will keep him on the job for the next year. Incidentally these jail pupils have been found most backward, indicating mental handicaps—perhaps that is why they are there.

One of the most difficult nationalities to deal with is the Russian. Time and again after thriving classes in English and civics have been formed among Italians, Poles, Hungarians and other Slavs, the Russian holds off suspiciously. He holds off really because among all the foreign-born he is unique in character and in viewpoint. There are a good many things that must be understood about him—but he can be understood.

For one thing, the real Russians in the United States are popularly lumped with the Poles and other nationalities. To the American eye they all look pretty much alike at the factory gate, but among themselves the differences are as great as those between North and South Americans.

Second, they are all under suspicion of Bolshevism, nihilism or radicalism of some sort. A great many are radical, but those most successful in helping them economically use this line of approach.

Third, American surface opinion has turned against Russia since that country went out of the war—there is a prejudice on that score, frequently manifested by open hostility of fellow workmen, and always felt though not expressed.

Finally, few of the Russians in this country intend to stay. Mr. Harvey W. Anderson, of the national Y, who lived in Russia eight years and speaks the language, says that the Russian in America is one of three types: He comes to this country to earn money, and when he has it he will go back; or he is a political immigrant, often highly educated, and can now go back as soon as passports are once more obtainable; or he has come to America since the war, either to escape conscription or for Russian Government work, and wants nothing better than to return.

It is perhaps for the best interest of Americans that the worth-while Russian immigrant return to his own land, for Russia's need is very great for men trained in modern industrial and farming methods, and if these temporary dwellers can absorb America's spirit along with her business methods, that sort of Americanization will aid in the reconstruction of their native land and the development of trade by which we may benefit.

Few Russians speak English. Herded by themselves, often isolated in camps and boarding houses, they are exploited by propagandists and *padrones* of their own nationality as well as by American employers. German propagandists have also been active among them, and hardly any American agency is helping them to make better contacts. But they are anxious for education, once suspicion is broken down, and in several instances understanding and good will have been established by first threshing out with them the political questions that bring them together in their own radical meetings.

In one case little groups of Russians were invited to attend English classes, but failed to appear. But when approached in their own radical meetings, on the general plan of reaching people where they naturally congregate, results were very different. A meeting was then called inviting all factions of Russian-speaking people, including the most radical. It was held in an old hall used by Russians, and Mr. Anderson spoke in their own language, about their own country, the revolution and Bolshevism. More than five hundred Russians filled the hall, including the local soviet of Russian workers.

Through his knowledge of Russian the speaker quickly gained attention. The meeting was thrown open following his talk, and more than an hour spent in discussion. This led to further meetings, and as the Russians learned that the chief motive in Americanization work was to make available to them nonpartisan educational facilities and give them contacts with America's best information and citizens, suspicion began to disappear.

Mr. Anderson maintains that conditions in Russia today have been brought about largely by leaders trained outside that country, and that America more than any other country is responsible, because thousands of Russians have gone home from this country with misinformation and prejudice, due to lack of opportunities for schooling and contact with real Americans here.

Work Among Italians

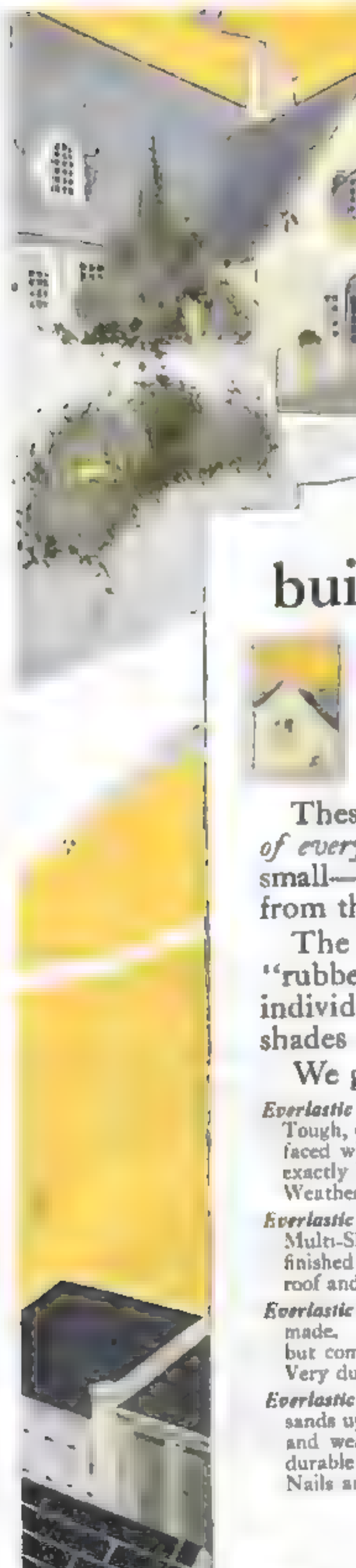
IN A GREAT Eastern refinery the work force has for years been made up almost entirely of foreign-born laborers. Processes and routine are organized to run with the least use of the English language—for that matter, any language at all. The worker is not asked to think, or talk, or even to listen. Everything runs by numbers and signs, time clocks and brass checks.

One of the office men got interested in the kindergarten method of teaching foreigners to speak English and organized a class, which met in the cafeteria every afternoon when the day shifts quit work. For years he had been dealing with these men in the office, checking up their production and making up their pay envelopes. For accounting purposes most of the company's dealings were reduced to badge numbers, but for emergency purposes it was necessary to have some sort of name and address as well.

The office man found that his class was made up chiefly of Italians. None of them could speak twenty words of English, and not more than half could read or write Italian. But he found them anxious to learn and glad to walk a mile or two out of their way from the different departments to spend an hour in class twice a week before going home. The very first lesson roused his interest and sympathy. While teaching them English he acquired Italian words and phrases and learned to speak their names clearly. Their manners were so good that he felt his responsibility as an American to treat them with at least as much courtesy and dignity as they showed him.

And in learning their names a highly illuminating situation was brought to light. Helper Number 3589 was down on the company records as Pat Davis. Materialized in the class he proved to be an Italian sixty years old, who had been in this country half his life and raised a family, yet had never learned to speak English. Far beyond the age when learning was easy or education likely to be carried to any

(Concluded on Page 87)



For steep-roofed buildings of every kind—

NEARLY everybody is familiar with Barrett Specification Roofs, which are used on more *permanent* structures than any other kind of roof.

We now want to make the public equally familiar with our Everlastic Roofings.

These are made in four styles, adapted for *steep roofs of every kind*, including factory buildings—large and small—farm buildings, schools, churches, and residences, from the humblest to the finest.

The Everlastic line includes roll roofings of the "rubber" type, or with crushed slate surface. Also individual and strip shingles in beautiful soft natural shades of red or green that *won't wash out or fade*.

We give below a brief description of each style.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles. The newest thing in roofing—*four shingles in one.* Tough, elastic, durable. Made of high grade water-proofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather- and fire-resisting to a high degree. Need no painting.

Everlastic Tylike Shingles. Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles; size, 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Tylike Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and, in addition, costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Manufactured the same as the Everlastic Shingles described above, but comes in rolls. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. This is one of our most popular roofings. Thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Write for free booklets today

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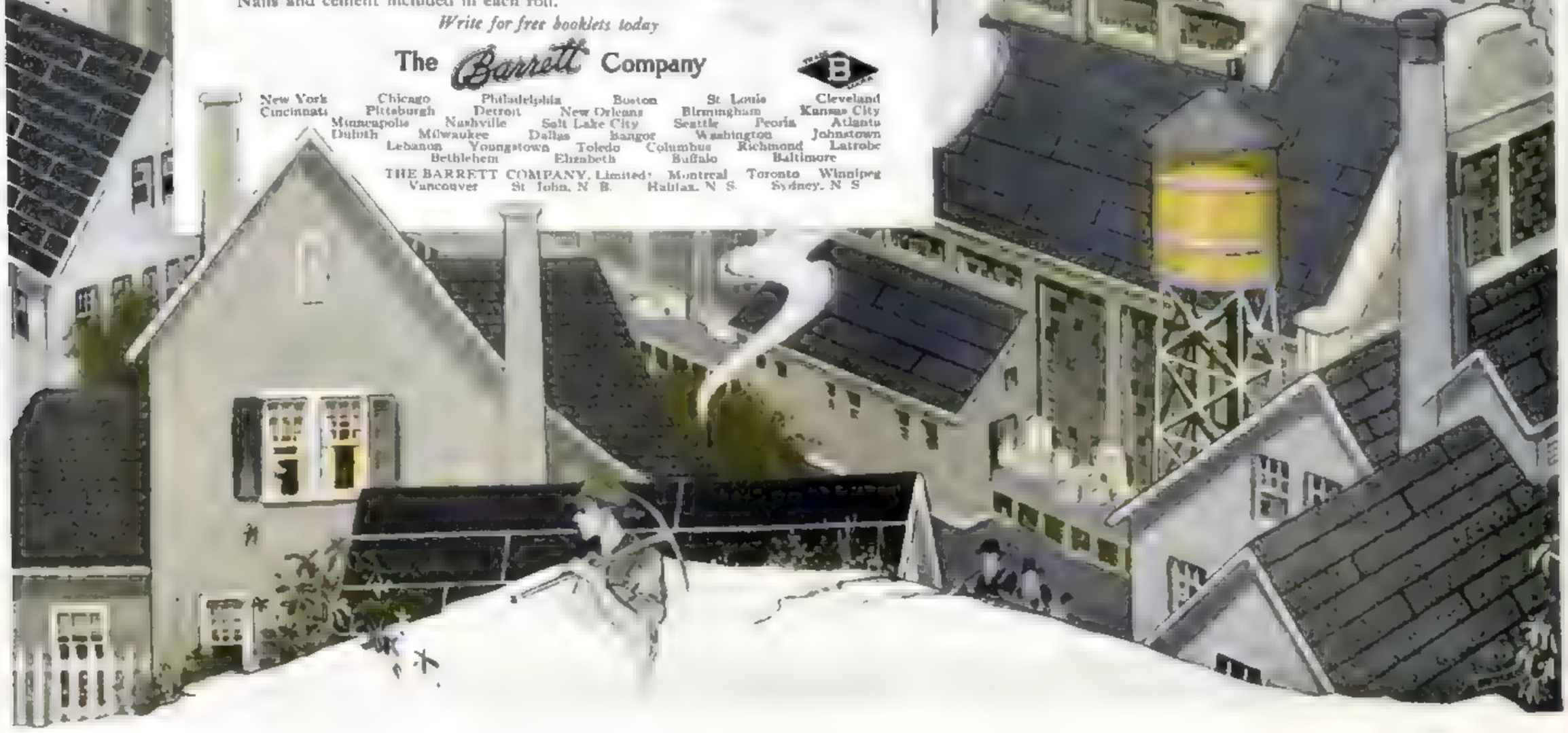

"Makes Friends

The accumulated experience of more than 600,000 Overland owners is the most important factor that enters into the construction of this Overland Model 90. This car will meet your ideals of motor car *appearance* as well as your ideals of *efficient*

WILLYS OVERLAND

of Its Owners"

and *dependable service.* It couples *luxurious riding comfort* with power and reliability on steep hills and rough roads. Its *low price* is made possible by our facilities for volume production which public appreciation of Overland cars has built up.

, TOLEDO, OHIO

Toledo, Canada

"Come On Over! *Amerikorn for Supper!*"

MAMMA'S Angel Child is happy these spring days when told that Amerikorn is to be on the table. She always wants company when they serve her favorite dessert—

"Angel Child" Amerikorn

Cook the Amerikorn just as you would for Breakfast Food; pour into individual molds and set away to cool. Whip ¾ of a cup of cream until stiff, add ¾ cup crushed strawberries, sweeten to taste and pile lightly on the cool, white pyramids of Amerikorn.

For breakfast, also, as a quickly cooked cereal to be served with cream, milk or butter, Amerikorn is ideal for summer use. It is prepared in three minutes—no over-heated kitchen. It saves labor and fuel; is rich in nourishment; "tasty" in flavor; easily made and served. Nothing else quite takes its place.

Have Amerikorn on your pantry shelf always. You can depend on it—not only for the quick breakfast and for supper porridge, but for all sorts of dainty desserts—hot or cold. Order today.

Prepared by

Chas. A. Krause Milling Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Amerikorn
NOURISHING · DELICIOUS · ECONOMICAL

"The Nation's Breakfast Food"

(Concluded from Page 82)

great length, still he came to the class regularly and worked harder than any other pupil. Some simple words seemed especially hard for him. "This is a plate," said the teacher; and Pat Davis would repeat over and over: "This is a p-r-rate." But he was quicker than the others at learning numbers and telling time.

Investigation showed that his real name was Pasquale Dazzo. This had been corrupted into Pat Davis for company purposes by an Irish timekeeper. The office man made it a point to have all his pupils' names correctly entered. Sections of old pages of company records were filled with manufactured names for foreigners, such as Heditch, Weditch, Youditch, Oneditch, Twoditch, Threeditch, and the like.

"What is your name, John?" a timekeeper would ask.

"Ippolito Fantozzi," would be the answer.

"All right. Your name is Bill Smith—now remember that!"

Nicknames identified dozens of men whose real names had been forgotten. One of the oldest employees had long been known simply as Five o'Clock; and nobody knew how that had come about. Five o'Clock had three sons in France. Many employees signed the pay roll with a cross, saying, "Oh, me no write." The office man made it a point to teach them how to write their names at least, and give them the satisfaction and dignity that went with that accomplishment

Like other volunteers in this work he soon learned that the chief thing in Americanization is the American himself—that one cannot teach Americanization to the foreign-born without realizing it and demonstrating it in his own character.

"The very first step is getting right yourself," he says.

Two kinds of Americans make the best teachers of foreign-born classes, and at the same time get most out of it themselves: One is the office man and executive in business concerns employing a large number of foreigners—through volunteer teaching these men acquire a priceless knowledge of the people working under them. The other class is found among college students, particularly in the engineering and technical schools. Through Americanization work they learn to understand and get along with the very men with whom later they must build their bridges and run their shops. It is admitted by technical men themselves that they have been a little short on the human element, and that for lack of everyday comprehension of everyday people both their results and their incomes have often fallen short. Volunteer Americanization work at college gives an opportunity to learn men while they are learning materials, machines and processes.

A young student at one of the big Eastern universities was sent down into the railroad yard to teach English to a class of Italians. His father was wealthy and he had never mixed much among people outside his own clique. The work appealed to him so strongly that he spent two nights a week teaching until graduation.

Then dad sent him out West to one of the paternal lumber camps, to see what the boy's technical education was worth in straightening out production difficulties. Instead of tackling the job from a technical standpoint, however, the boy got interested first of all in the human side. That camp had a big labor turnover and a lot of discontent—a strike was impending. Through his knowledge of men and the ability to deal with them sympathetically and squarely he soon displaced an overbearing superintendent, corrected bad living conditions and unfair wage scales, and made a loyal, willing work force. When we got into the war he enlisted, and through his understanding of men as much as his education he rose from private to captain.

Another college man, after earning his own education, started at the bottom in a big automobile plant, apparently quite unknown, and with a long, stiff climb ahead of him. When we got into the war, however, it was seen that something had to be done to transform that factory's great foreign-born work force into real American citizens. At college this obscure youngster also had taught English to foreigners as a volunteer. Within a few months it was noticed that he had a certain knack with the auto factory's workmen—that he understood men, and men liked him, and wherever they placed him he created a good human spirit. This led the management to ask his counsel about the Americanization work that was being planned, and ultimately they made him the key man in their plan for teaching English and citizenship, which involved several thousand employees studying in small groups under several hundred volunteer teachers.

Two college students were sent down to a railroad roundhouse to teach English and civics. By way of breaking the ice they first took a lesson themselves from the roundhouse men, who showed them over the place. Both of these youngsters were taking engineering courses with a view to railroad work. In that two hours' survey they learned more about a roundhouse than they had learned in two years of class work. For workmen in every line have their own trade tricks and short cuts, which can be learned only through close contact.

"You're college men," spoke up one of the roundhouse force. "I wish you would tell me something." Taking out a piece of chalk he drew a diagram of a cylinder head. "When I want to get a piece of metal to go round a cylinder I have to measure it off. But I understand there is a way of calculating that better."

In ten minutes, through a simple arithmetic lesson, one of the college chaps made that formula clear.

"Well, if I had ever thought it was as simple as that I'd have learned it long ago," declared the mechanic; and there was no ice to be broken on either side after that.

Nor is it the engineer and technical man alone who profits by bringing out his own Americanism in this work.

When English teaching by the Roberts method was introduced into a big rubber factory, the sales instructor saw such possibilities for his own pupils that he set them all teaching foreign-born workers for the sales experience they would get in making things clear to everyday people under the handicap of a difference in language and thinking. What his sales students got out of the experience was later illustrated in an amusing way. One of them happened to be a Bible-class teacher. The job of forming a Bible class among some of the radical foreigners was put up to him as a dare.

"Those fellows are half anarchists—it can't be done," he was told.

But within a month he had them all coming to Bible class, and thoroughly interested. It was very simple after all. Using his knowledge of foreign-born laborers, acquired in teaching English, and comprehending the subjects in which they were most interested, he had just given Bible study their own slant.

On the Sunday that he first got them together the lesson topic was: "Moses and the strike of the Hebrew brickmakers' union."

In a single department of one large Eastern plant a survey was made. Of 653 workers only 29 were Americans, the remaining 624 being Italians, Russians, Hungarians, Poles, Russian Poles, Austrian Poles, Slavs, Spaniards, Lithuanians, Scandinavians, Galicians, Austrians and Germans. Of these 289 could not speak English, and 484 could not read or write English Only 27 had taken out their first naturalization papers, leaving 597 who had yet to begin thinking about becoming citizens, though many of them had been in the United States for years and had raised families and accumulated property.

This was only one department in a plant employing several thousand people, and this is the kind of job now attracting volunteer teachers everywhere. There is work not only in the cities and factories but in the coal, metal-mining and lumber districts, the quarries and construction camps, and even in some of the farming sections. Any American who feels disposed to work in this interesting field can enlist at the nearest Y—the invitation includes women, who teach through the Young Men's Christian Association.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Perfect Skins

IT IS very rarely that you see a perfect tiger skin, leopard skin or jaguar skin. All these tropical skins have bad feet—usually most of the toes and claws are gone. Perhaps the killers do not know how to skin well or perhaps the climate is such that the feet rot off very readily. If you are skinning the foot of a cat of any kind you want to go clear up to the base of the claw. The same is true of the bear's foot—all those close-knit bones have to be worked out clear up to the ball of the claw, and it is a big job to skin out all four feet on a big grizzly, as you must be careful not to cut through the thin skin between the claws.

Some taxidermists mount a bear rug with wooden blocks in the feet to protect the claws, which are very easily broken off when the skin becomes dry. Of course you know that a bear's hide has more value with the claws left on, as in that case it may be used for a rug and not made into a coachman's cape, the shako of some grenadier guard or a muff for Imogene.

The feet of the beaver and the rat are left with the skinned carcass, and the rat's tail is also left there. The tail of the beaver you eat—it is a whitish gelatinous sort of thing and I am personally not crazy about it, though it is not commonly offered in our cafés; so we are not obliged to eat it from a sense of duty.

A skunk skin is graded by its size and darkness; so usually the whole skin is examined by the grader. A marten skin is graded by rolling back the fur just far enough to get a look at the root of the tail and a bit of the back—and this not on the fur side, but on the flesh side. If the color there is pure white the skin is prime, and a look at that part of the fur gives the grader the color of the whole skin, just as a look at the flesh side gives him the condition. If there is a yellow tinge to the flesh side the skin is not prime. Of course cased skins are stretched and dried inside out. A trapper will usually turn valuable skins fur side out before he ships them.

A heavy hide, like a bear hide, must be salted very thoroughly or it will spoil, especially in a warm or moist country. You don't salt the light furs, for they dry and preserve themselves; but with a heavy robe you must use a lot of salt, twenty-five or fifty pounds being sometimes not too much for one of the great Alaska brown bear hides. The scalp, ears and nose are filled full of salt, which is trodden into the hides thoroughly. Salt your bear hide thus heavily, fold it from each edge to the middle, edges together; roll it up into a cylinder with the fur side out, and let it lie for twenty-four hours. Unroll it, shake it and drain it; repeat the next day and then stretch and dry. Never dry any hide in the sun or near a stove or fire of any kind. Keep it in the shade or it will get "burned" or grease struck.

A Certain Woodsman

THIS is a silent soul, and thoughts are these
Of a still spirit that communes with trees;
Whose ringing ax upon the living wood
Makes a fit voice to fill his solitude;
Whose ear is tuned to secrets of the wold;
Whose eyes the ancient mysteries behold.

To see between the shadowy trunks of trees
A glimpse of russet field; to catch a breeze
Sweet with the scent of drifted leaves, and smoke
From his own hearth; to fell a lofty oak;
To hear the echo of a blown bird's call—
This the woods give him; this is all in all.

Within doors chattering tongues are never still.
The solemn turmoil of a wooded hill
Filled with the harping of the windy choir
Brings peace he cannot find about his fire.
To such, perhaps, in silence may be shown
Men like trees walking, in the woods alone.

—*Edith Ballinger Price.*

Misplaced Credit

A POPULAR member of the British High Commission who was entertained at a house party on one of the great country estates a dozen miles outside of Philadelphia made a remarkable discovery in natural history which has not hitherto been made a matter of public record.

It appears that among the genial Britisher's fellow guests was an engaged couple—or, to make matters worse, a nearly engaged couple. One evening, after considerable fruitless plotting to get off by themselves, they invented a highly important errand to the nearest village, two miles away. Their host instantly offered to have one of his motors round, but the young people protested that it was such a fine starlight night they would really prefer to walk

The Englishman with all his racial zest for the road, not for a moment realizing that this was a case of "two's a company, three's a crowd," begged that he might join them. Of course there was nothing for the lovers to do but to make the best of it and assure their fellow guest of the delight his company would afford them.

The trio had no sooner reached the broad avenue of elms that leads away from this home than the nobleman became much excited.

"By Jove! What's that? And that? Bless my soul!" And he indicated what appeared to be a dozen darting points of mellow greenish light.

"Why," replied the girl, "those are fireflies. They are very common here. I think you have them at home."

The Englishman confessed that they were quite new to him. "What delightful insects! What jolly little beggars! I say, do they sting?"

On being reassured as to their gentle nature the Englishman burst into fresh enthusiasms over the little creatures. He was still holding forth when his companions began to look at each other with an uneasy, safety-first expression.

Something had told them that in the near vicinity was one of those four-legged chicken thieves that the truly refined never mention except by his Latin name. The trio walked on and the evil scent became more and more suffocating.

Presently the Englishman halted in his tracks and took two or three deep and deliberate inhalations of the warning atmosphere.

"Most extraordinary little creatures, these fireflies, what? I should never have believed it, but one can actually smell the odor of their phosphorescence! Bless my soul! What?"

My Congressman

I KNOW I have a congressman
In Washington, D. C.,
For now and then he comes around
To get a vote from me;
He proudly shakes me by the hand
And asks about my needs,
And when he goes to Washington
He sends me garden seeds.

Whenever there's a bill for which
I'd like to have him vote
I trust in him and tell him so
By telegram or note;
And he gets every one, I know,
And every one he reads,
For always when the spring has came
He sends me garden seeds.

The other day I wrote to him:
"We put our faith in you
To make the League of Nations safe
If Wilson puts it through."
His answer came right back to me:
"Appreciate your needs. . . .
Am sending in to-morrow's mail
Some lovely garden seeds."

I'm glad I have a congressman
In Washington, D. C.,
His legislative efforts there
Mean, oh, so much to me!
He is my representative,
For me he intercedes,
And always when the spring has came
He sends me garden seeds,
Radishes and lettuces,
Tomatoeses, cucumbers,
Such lovely garden seeds!

—*J. P. McEvoy.*

Un-retouched photographs showing Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires in service on a motor truck owned by the New Departure Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Conn. Division

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Load Damage: Zero

"WE use Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires and regard this as a correct type of tire for many trucking conditions. Its cushioning minimizes vibration and jarring, means a better satisfied and efficient driver, means least repairing, slowest depreciation and real safety for loads. While increasing radius of truck action, the toughness of the Goodyear Cord is well demonstrated in our service."—The New Departure Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Conn., Chas. M. Gearing, Division Manager.

THE men who build automotive bearings are devoted to the science of *smoothing* transportation.

These men know the importance of reducing vibration and strain in motor cars and trucks. Therefore it was natural that The New Departure Manufacturing Company, at Hartford, Conn., should apply the same principle to their selection of truck tires.

This concern was among the first to use Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, and today points to a highly successful experience with them.

For several years a motor truck on these tires has effected prompt transfers of materials, often fragile, between the Hartford and Bristol plants.

One-half of the 18-mile route runs over punishing roads, but officials state the big Goodyear Cords have thoroughly protected carrier and loads.

They have made truck repairs a negligible item, while counteracting conditions that severely wrack solid-tired trucks.

They have cushioned the easily breakable consignments so that no damage to these has ever occurred.

They have enabled the truck to average 50 miles daily year after year, for practically its entire service life.

They have equipped it to do this while negotiating such going as often injures, stalls or ties up solid-tired trucks—stretches of chuck holes, bad grades and heavy snow.

And with their traction, cushioning and wider radius of action, they have combined a downright toughness.

Hard service has not prevented sets of the rugged tires from averaging 10,000 to 12,000 miles, and doing so consistently.

This whole record, however, is by no means unusual when compared with the many other instances in which the pioneer Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have fulfilled similar hauling requirements.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES

What is the only shape that will support the maximum load for its size and yet roll in all directions?

IT was the answer to this question that gave the world the ball-bearing—the most efficient anti-friction device known today. A ball is the only shape, size considered, that rests, rolls and carries the greatest load with the least friction, and this is the key to the low friction, great strength and wide serviceability of the ball-bearing.

Two collars of steel, held apart by strong, perfect, free-rolling steel balls, have set up a new standard in the design of machinery. In fact, skilfully and conscientiously made, then properly applied, the ball-bearing has become a standard in quality machinery, whether found in your automobile specifications or in obscure but vital locations in hundreds of industrial machines. There has been a steady increase in the use of American-made ball-bearings—high tribute to the American Manufacturers.

Fafnir Ball Bearing Co
Gurney Ball Bearing Co.
Hess-Bright Manufacturing Co.
U. S. Ball Bearing (Strom) Mfg. Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

Ball Bearings

NOT WANTED: GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK

(Concluded from Page 54)

hundreds of unemployed women into the new work of household assistant. During the next six months there will be more radical changes in home management in America than there have been in the last six years."

The training course that is helping housework to a higher level is at present under the management of the Young Women's Christian Association; but plans are now being discussed for establishing the same course in the New York City public schools. This step will be all that is necessary for putting housework on a standard basis.

"Now that we have put in operation a school to provide intelligent trained workers," said the national vocational director at the Y. W. C. A., "we find on every side the greatest interest. Our system means a forty-four-hour week for the home assistant. Sundays and legal holidays, or their equivalents, will belong to the employee. If she works overtime she will be paid at the rate of time-and-a-half for her services. This will do away with tipping, a custom self-respecting girls do not like. Two consecutive weeks of vacation, with pay for the worker, are included.

"The employer will not provide the worker with either room or board. Her laundry work will be done at her own expense, just as a stenographer's is. If she is on the eight-hour-a-day basis she will work four hours, just as an office worker does; then go out for lunch—unless she brings that with her—and work another four hours. There will then be no question of eating at second table. The woman who has only one maid can adjust the eight hours of service to her individual need. Those who have two maids can arrange to have continuous service.

"One beauty of the system of trained home assistants is that we get away from specialization. Those who take the course of training will be grounded in plain cooking, waiting on table and door, chamber work, plain sewing, care of children, making of menus and the washing and ironing of light things. Heavy work will be given out.

"For the present our course covers only ten weeks. We prefer young girls who have had some business experience and have done housework in their own homes. Of the candidates already registered the majority are under thirty, most of whom have done clerical work. One is a practical nurse. They are bright ambitious girls. Later those who wish may take advanced courses that will qualify them for more responsible and highly paid positions."

"Almost everyone's thought is a training school," wrote a woman, whose name is world-famous, several years ago in a tiny pamphlet called A Word to Employers; "but every experiment—and we have carefully looked up all records—has failed, because, as someone has cleverly said, 'If they won't work for you they won't train for you.' But if we change conditions so that they will work for us they may also train for us; and that is what we are working toward."

This prophecy has come true. Conditions have been changed so that intelligent girls can consider housekeeping their job. And now they are willing to train.

This same personage, by the way, has been one of the women whose vision has unwaveringly blazed the trail from that time, years ago, when the Y. W. C. A. was fighting for a definite day off until now, when, with Uncle Sam's aid, it is accomplishing the eight-hour day. And another of the experiments she advocated, which is now coming to pass, is the apprenticeship plan.

"Women of modest means," she wrote, "having acquired a diploma of housekeeping, could arrange to take unskilled girls for a definite time—six months or a year, as agreed to by the girls—and train them. She could have help for a smaller sum; and if the period was for a definite time it would be worth while. There are educators ready to train housewives—may I put that boldly first—as well as housework ers."

Of course before a woman can train an employee she herself must be trained. The old idea that a woman is a housekeeper by instinct is one of the reasons why housework has lagged last in the industrial march. There are men who can't make a coop that any self-respecting hen would roost in. There are women who wonder what's wrong when the steam comes out of the spout of the coffeepot. If such a woman is to keep house she will either make her own coffee or hire it made. In both events she must learn the scientific way. She cannot hope to teach someone else what she herself does not know. If she depended upon her instinct her husband would soon become dyspeptic. It is for such women, as well as for those who like to supplement a native bent with the best methods, that the Housewives' Training Course has been established.

To the housewife of fifty years ago, with her hired girl, these changes are startling enough; but there are changes elsewhere that are even more startling. The steady, stodgy British servant is no longer steady and stodgy. The great war has unsettled even that rock-ribbed institution. Molly, too, back in the old country, has had a taste of munitions making; and Molly has decided that she won't carry on her mother's time-honored profession of lady's maid. American Jennies object to being called by their first names and English Mollies don't want to be called by their last names; the former object to sleeping in tiny attic rooms under the roof and the latter object to sleeping below the level of the sidewalk.

As the domestic workers in this country have been helped by organizations and individuals, the British have found a champion in Lady Londonderry, who has organized a Legion of Domestic Workers. The members, who wear a uniform and an official badge, will be trained for a certain position and sent out to work by the hour or for an eight-hour day. After a probation period of three months, work begins at a minimum salary. As the worker becomes more expert her salary increases and for each year of service she receives a service stripe. Members will live in hotels and pay for their own luncheons, just as if they worked in an office.

It will be seen from this history of the domestic-service movement that the great need was to get housekeeping on a business basis, and that the housekeepers themselves, whose business this problem was, were, with a few notable exceptions, the last to accept businesslike methods.

This is not a reflection upon the business ability of women. It is, on the contrary, an argument for the business training of women. It is the business woman who has seen and met the need—the business woman in the Y. W. C. A., in the United States Employment Bureau, in the small apartment whose tenant is a wage-earner, and even the business woman in the kitchen.

It is obvious that if the average housekeeper had been experienced in business she would long ago have felt its adequacy for the girl in her house. It is natural that, kept out of business all her life, she has been clinging to the old unbusinesslike tradition. But, under the influence of women experienced in industry, the equation that for a time looked so hopeless is at last coming to a satisfactory conclusion; women out of work and work out of women are meeting, through employer and employee, on the fence of standardization.

This mutual concession of better conditions on one side and better service on the other will bear more fruit still. Probably every woman, like every man, has some task she likes best; and it is a tremendously satisfying incentive to receive for its performance the stamp of public approval in the shape of a pay envelope.

Under the new conditions the woman with a genius for office management can gratify it with the sense of a well-ordered home behind her. And the woman who really loves to make mince pie—for there are still some of these—can do it on a weekly salary without a wound to her self-respect.

THE QUICKER THE DEAD

(Continued from Page 17)

Cashus could not rest comfortably. He dragged himself to the window and gazed down upon the saturated street with its gutters already turbulent with rain. A few forlorn pedestrians plowed through the wet, heads down and umbrellas up. Low, slanting roofs collected the rain, held it, then overflowed to the soaked yards below. An automobile skidded dangerously round a corner and narrowly avoided collision with a laundry wagon. Cashus groaned: "If that laundry driver would of been a member of The Over the River Sassiety, the autymobile would of hit 'im sho'!"

Rain—soft, pattery, entirely wet rain. A gray dismal day, an ill-omened day. Cashus shivered. "Ise got another hunch," he said aloud, "an' ev'y time fo' the las' th'ee months I is had a hunch it's meant shellin' out lodge money fo' some member which has went an' died on us."

The hunch persisted and even a breakfast of bacon strip, grits and boiled coffee failed to cheer him. When he reached the executive offices of The Over the River Burying Society he was soaked to the skin with the mournful gray rain, which cascaded from his hat and coat and settled in small pools on the floor.

He glanced resentfully across the room toward the battered desk which was used by Semore Mashby, president of the society, on those rare occasions when that dignitary condescended to forsake his own manifold business interests to inspect the financial workings of the organization. The desk was an affront. Semore didn't have to come down to the office in such weather. The thought riled Cashus. He struck the desk with his clenched fist, stung his knuckles and swore heftily.

Cashus opened his own desk, doffed his damp coat, removed his new, sharp-toed russet shoes, lighted a cheroot, cocked his feet on the desk and gave himself over to an orgy of misery. The interior of the office was more dismal, more gloomy than the exterior.

"Life," muttered Cashus, "ain't nothin' on'y one dam' death after another."

The door opened to admit Pliny Driver. Cashus heaved a ponderous sigh and gazed the other way. Pliny at best was but the personification of melancholy and to-day he was wet and dripping and decidedly at his worst. Pliny explained in his own profane way that he had been signally unsuccessful in an attempt to negotiate a flooded corner. "Gutters wa'n't meant to sit in," he finished dolefully. "Not fo' long, anyways."

"N'r neither this office ain't," snapped Cashus.

"Jes' drapped in to dry off an' pass the time o' day. Things shuah is awful."

"Huh! You ain't know nothin'. Not nothin' a-tall."

"'Twa'n't so bad when on'y members was dyin'," continued Pliny, "but when the president ups an' gits all of one foot an' halft of t'other in the grave ——"

Cashus was on his feet in an instant. He grabbed Pliny's skinny shoulders and shook that gentleman violently. "What kind of talk is that you is makin' with you' mouth, Pliny Driver?"

"Ol' Semore Mashby ——"

"Pliny, you ain't settin' there an' tellin' me that Semore Mashby is gwine go an' die on us"

"Uh-huh!" came the laconic answer, "tha's the ve'y same thing which he is doin'."

A little red devil romped across Cashus' desk and stabbed him through the left eye with a white-hot pitchfork. The stunned treasurer of The Over the River Burying Society groped blindly for his forehead This was the ultimate, the disaster supreme. It was impossible of immediate conception. "Presidents ain't got no right dyin'," he wailed bitterly. "They jes' ain't got no right."

"Ain't you tootin' now? Ain't you jes'?"

Silence fell between them; a silence so pregnant with unhappiness that even the naturally morbid Pliny could not stand the strain. He rose quietly and oozed apologetically through the door, leaving the treasurer alone with his grief.

It was a grief which passeth understanding. Not that there was any love lost between Semore Mashby, President, and Cashus Roberson, Treasurer. It would have been difficult indeed to have discovered a single negro in the city who could have squeezed other than crocodile tears from his eyes over the passing of the buzzardy, elongated, money-grubbing president of The Over the River Burying Society. Semore Mashby was a hated man; an intensely black and self-opinionated individual who had gathered unto himself many riches by the practice of usury, with his fellow Afro-Americans as the usurees.

Cashus' grief was begotten entirely of Semore's vast proportions as a liability. At the prospect Cashus wept and wept sincerely, for the death of the president presented a problem which was too much for a single mortal black man. Cashus was pathetically aware of the fact that Section Sixteen of the by-laws of The Over the River Burying Society read:

"When a President or a past President of the Society goes and dies he is got to be given a funeral which shall cost three hundred dollars and which three hundred dollars shall include the price and cost of a brass band for same."

The worst of it was that Semore Mashby, incumbent, was the only president or past president extant. All those eligible under Section Sixteen had long since availed themselves of the opportunity of traveling to their reward with fanfare of trombones and snare drums blaring forth in jazzy discord. Which was one reason why Semore had continued in office. The society had found it an expensive proposition to elect a new president each second year. Those upon whom the honor had been thrust had shown too great enthusiasm for the three-hundred-dollar funerals.

"Colored man," communed Cashus dismally, "what you needs fo' yo'se'f right now is a lily!"

The prospect of Semore Mashby's early demise was one highly seasoned with action in which Mr. Cashus Roberson saw himself as the actee. In the first place the insolvency of the organization would come to light, and close on its heels an investigation which could not fail to disclose that Cashus had borrowed one hundred and fifty dollars without the formality of putting the matter through the hands of the trustees. "I always knowed," said Cashus to himself, "that they was foolish to make it so a treasurer didn't need no countin'sign on his check."

It would be discovered: Cashus knew it would. And he fancied that close on the heels of the discovery the investigating committee would recess for the purpose of adding another name to the list of departed officers.

The fact that the society could not—even with the help of the missing hundred and fifty dollars—have stood the strain of burying with music the sole surviving three-hundred-dollar member made no neverminds with Cashus. He knew one thing, one thing only and one thing thoroughly: He was one hundred and forty dollars short and his secret was about to become public knowledge.

There was, of course, the off chance that the doleful Pliny had allowed his enthusiasm to overpower him. A half hour later Cashus, freshly wet, was closeted with Dr. Vivian Simmons, a large, dignified, bespectacled, nut-brown gentleman of considerable medical ability, who was physician to the organization.

"I heahs Semore Mashby is sick," opened Cashus.

"You hea'd right," returned the doctor quietly.

"Is he ve'y ill?"

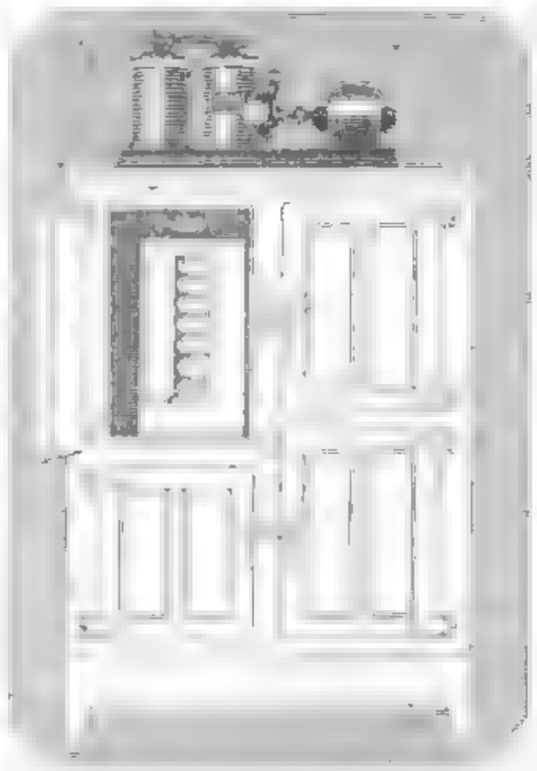
"Huh! Th'ee days from now we is all gwine be walkin' in a precession out to the cemetery a-singin' Hallelujah an' Semo' Mashby is gwine be leadin' the peerade."

Cashus shook his head with real grief. "Oh! Lawsy. . . . ."

"Sence when you is been lovin' Semore Mashby, Cashus?"

"Ain't been lovin' him."

(Continued on Page 93)



Here Isko is shown mounted on the ice box, a popular installation. Through the open door of the refrigerator is shown the Isko ice-making chamber where your favorite spring water may be frozen into convenient sized cubes for general household use.

Successor to the Iceman and his Tongs

Cold that is dry—cold that is pure—cold that is automatic, constant; cold by day—cold by night—cold without ice: that is Isko cold.

Isko is the electric cold-maker. It perches on your ice box, sits beside it on the floor or in the next room. It may even be installed in your basement. That is up to you.

Wherever you place it, Isko does its work, silently, tirelessly, automatically—succeeding the iceman and his tongs, making you independent of melting, germ-laden ice; replacing damp, unhealthful refrigeration with a dry, wholesome, scientific cold—Isko cold.

Isko is as independent as a good electric clock. You need never touch it once you set it working.

Two moving parts that run in a bath of oil; Isko is simply constructed.

Isko uses no ammonia. It is absolutely free from danger. Both lubricant and refrigerant are permanently sealed in the machine. You need not bother about them.

Adjust the thermostat at the desired temperature, switch on the electric current and Isko goes to work. You might take a trip to Europe; Isko would go on making cold, silently, tirelessly, automatically unless you turned off the current.

Isko saves food—keeps it pure and fresh. Vegetables stay crisp in Isko cold. Milk and cream will keep sweet and wholesome for days in its dry, dry chill.

Isko gives you cubes of pure, clear ice for your table.

And all this convenience, all this safeguarding of your family's health, all this independence of the ice wagon, cost less than ice.

Isko is also made in larger sizes for clubs, restaurants, meat markets and other commercial houses.

THE ISKO COMPANY, *111 W. Washington St.*, CHICAGO, ILL.

ISKO

Fits Any Ice Box

(Continued from Page 93)

"You acts like you was plumb sorry to see him die."

"I is."

"How come?"

"O-o-oh" 'cause, I reckon. Doc, you means that ol' scarecrow ain't got a chance?"

"Not no mo'n what a plantation nigger is got in a high yaller crap game."

Cashus h'isted himself from the imitation mahogany chair. He was a study in concentrated gloom. "Tha's what comes of invitin' folks to die fo' ten cents a week."

Cashus passed out of the office, into the elevator and was dropped to the ground floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building. He crossed the lobby and emerged on Eighteenth Street, where he stood gazing upon the noisy surge of morning traffic which slipped and skidded up and down the rain-soaked thoroughfare. Street car gongs, the bellowing of broad-shouldered truck drivers, the clangor of an ancient orchestrion in the lobby of Champion Moving Picture Theater, the honking of automobiles all combined in a cachinnation: "Th'ee hund'ed dollars! Th'ee hund'ed dollars! Semore Mashby is bouten to die fo' th'ee hund'ed dollars!"

"Uppity ol' skinflint," wailed Cashus. "He ain't never done nothin' all his life but mean tricks, an' the meanes' which he is ever done is cha'ity compared with goin' an' wishin' a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral on me now."

Cashus realized that this serious indisposition of Semore's was his cue for a sudden and complete exit from the city of his choice. But the city had treated Cashus well and long and he was disinclined to depart. Wherefore his none too nimble brain ground slowly into action and eventually he gave birth to the beginnings of an idea.

He turned westward on Second Avenue, forehead wrinkled in thought. And as he walked his shoulders lost their sag and his head went farther back on the shoulders. The idea was germinating. Then the drooping lips twitched and expanded into what was a fairly good imitation of a grin.

He accelerated his pace and his smile and finally came to a halt before a happily ornate establishment bearing above its attractive entrance the sign:

KEEFE GAINES

UNDERTAKER

I BURY OTHERS—WHY NOT YOU?

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Cashus entered and seated himself in a swivel chair. Keefe produced a bit of very private stock and over small, brimming glasses they toasted the world and the hereafter.

"Happy days," said Cashus.

"B'lieve me," retorted the undertaker, "they shuah is."

"Which is why I come to make talk with you, Brother Gaines."

"I knowed it, Brother Roberson—an' I assuah you it's gwine be a real pleasuah to bury Brother Mashby."

"Reckon so, Brother Gaines. On'y 'tain't the buryin' I is studyin' 'bout."

"You is wo'ied bouten sumthin'?"

"Consid'able."

"Which?"

"Nothin' bouten Brother Mashby's fun'ral, Brother Gaines ——"

"Fine! Fine!"

"'Ceptin' on'y how we is gwine pay fo' it!"

Brother Gaines emitted a long-drawn "O-o-o-oooof!" and the broad smile skidded from his face. His financial dealings with The Over the River Burying Society had in the past been both pleasant and profitable, because the cash-on-delivery methods of the society had assured him a thin but prompt profit. And it was only when such dignitaries as presidents and past presidents of societies and lodges passed away that he had the joy of trotting forth his very best three-hundred-dollar funerals. So, at the hint that there might be some financial hitch in the matter of the Mashby obsequies, Keefe Gaines became sad and attentive.

"You is drivin' at sumthin', Brother Roberson."

"You is a disce'nin' man, Brother Gaines."

"Meanin' which?"

"Nothin'. Nothin' tall, Brother Gaines, 'ceptin' on'y that the feenancial condition of the sassiety is preeca'iously low."

"How much?"

"Fo' dol ——" started Cashus incautiously, and then remembered. "Hund'ed an' fifty fo' dollars an' fifty cents, an' we is about to have a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar man die on us befo' nex' Juesday."

Keefe Gaines slumped forward in his chair. The blow was a staggerer, coming as it did in the midst of roseleaf dreams of a three-hundred-dollar funeral with music and excessive profit.

"Which means," intoned Cashus ghoulishly, "that The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety is gwine go bust an' Keefe Gaines loses a heap of business."

Gaines rose abruptly. "Sassiety ain't gwine bust!"

"How come you to think that?"

"You looks happy, Cashus; an' if'n the sassiety was gwine bust you'd look plumb sad. You is got a idee."

"Right, fust off," grinned Cashus; "idees is the easies' things what I gets."

"'Loocidate it."

Cashus laid a confidential palm on the knee of Brother Keefe Gaines. "You an' me is in soht of the same boat," he wheedled. "If'n Ol' Semore Mashby goes an' dies an' don' git buried they is gwine be a 'vestigation an' some uppity lawyer which belongs to the sassiety is gwine put us in the han's of a deceiver; an' then all the Over the Rivers which dies will have to be buried by theyselves on credick—an' you know yo' ownse'f, Brother Gaines, that a fambly don' bother they haids bouten credick fo' a fun'ral after you is got the co'pse dug in good. So I comes to you with the frien'ly suggestion, Brother Gaines, that so's they won't nobody know that the sassiety is in a condition to liquordate that I pueson'ly will buy me a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral fo' Brother Mashby on the 'stallment plan."

"You buy it yo' ownse'f?"

"Uh-huh! An' then the lodge pays me back fo' it when the money comes in an' you gits paid on the 'stallment plan."

The smile reappeared on the face of the undertaker. "Tha's a reg'lar, sho'-nuff idee which you is got, Brother Roberson. As you says, we is both in the same boat an' they ain't no reason why we can't pull together. How much you is willin' to pay each week?"

"Five dollars."

Keefe grimaced. "'Tain't much."

"Mo'n nothin'."

In the face of such immutable logic the undertaker found himself wordless. Besides, he was very vitally interested in the solvency of the burying society and willing to go to considerable lengths to preserve it. "Ve'y well," he sighed, "we might's well draw up the contrac'. Le's see—hund'ed an' fifty dollars down ——"

"Whoa, bossie!" Cashus' fingers tightened round Keefe's knee and that gentleman jumped. Cashus was, for the moment, worried. He wasn't particularly keen about the undertaker's discovering that he had exaggerated the condition of the treasury by a hundred and forty dollars. "I ain't hearn nobody say nothin' 'bout no hund'ed an' fifty dollars down."

"Uh? Sho'ly you ain't mean you is gwine pay on'y five dollars a week 'thout no deposit?"

"Them is my intentions, Brother Gaines."

"Then they is bum intentions, which I ain't got nothin' to do with."

Keefe appeared determined and Cashus experienced a momentary quiver of apprehension. But he had played poker more than once or twice in his life and was not unfamiliar with the gentle art of bluffing. He arose and shrugged indifferently.

"Reckon both on us is gwine lose a nice slice of cash money, Brother Gaines; a pow'ful nice lot of juicy coin."

"Th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral; five dollars a week—sixty weeks—mo'n a yeah. . . . Oh, Lawdy, Cashus, tha's umpossible!"

Cashus was loaded for such an opening: "Mebbe you is got a li'l sumthin' on yo' side, Brother Gaines. Mebbe so you is, an' tha's the truth. So Ise willin' to meet you halft way. They ain't nobody in this heah wo'ld cain't say Cashus Roberson ain't a fair man an' a jus' one; so if'n you is willin', Keefe Gaines, I'll buy that fun'ral offen you at five dollars a week, on'y I'll pay you th'ee hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars fo' it, the extry twen'y-five standin' as interus' on the payments which ain't paid yet. How bouten it?"

Keefe thought it over carefully and finally announced that it was all right bouten it. He wasn't overkeen about agreeing, but he was in the position of making the best of a sadly shopworn bargain.

He pledged himself to staunchešt secrecy—"Cause if'n this heah news sh'd leak out," threatened the astute Cashus, "even by acstident, I reckon I'd make the sassiety pass a resumlution that heahafter 'stead of payin' cash they'd buy their fun'rals offen you at five dollars a week."

"Ain't no chancet Ise gwine drip no sech news," retorted the mortuarian, "an' fu'thermo', if'n you pays me the fust five dollars now I'll give you a receipt fo' the th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral on a sep'rate contrac' an' buy you a drink fo' brawtus."

The money changed hands and a half hour later they departed for an extremely *sub rosa* establishment which existed for the purpose of catering to the liquid hankerings of dark-skinned citizens. A portly female suggested that they name their poison.

"Gimme a Sweet Lucy," said the undertaker.

"Huh!" grunted the exalted Cashus. "Ain't no Sweet Lucy gwine satisfry me now. I wants one of them Son-Kick-Yo'-Mammy drinks."

They touched glasses, drank, paid and parted; Cashus supremely happy and Keefe tryng to figure out just where he stood on the proposition. He felt that he ought to be happy over the averting of financial disaster, yet even the soothing qualities of the fiery Sweet Lucy could not entirely persuade him that matters might not have been better. And Keefe yearned to be convinced that he had not been taken in. Wherefore he returned to Sweet Lucy. He remained with that liquid lady until very late. When he left he had only one regret in the world: He wanted to kiss Cashus, and Cashus was not there to be kissed.

As for Cashus, that gentleman walked on air. He had steered a shoal course and come through right side up. "If'n some other brother or sister don' go die on me," he reflected, "ev'ything'll be chicken."

Cashus was very happy that night. So was Keefe Gaines. Keefe was still trying to solve—with the aid of Sweet Lucy—his financial problem. And so the following morning Cashus hopped from his bed feeling as fit as a fiddle and as happy as a lark and Keefe Gaines groaned miserably, took the pledge, drank quantities of ice water and yearned passionately for some person upon whom he might practice his profession.

Cashus dressed, made his way to a restaurant, where he absorbed four soft-boiled eggs, a quantity of toast and two cups of coffee, and then proceeded to the office of Dr. Vivian Simmons in the Penny Prudential Bank Building. The ebony young lady in charge assured the visitor that the doctor would be in shortly. "He's done been settin' up with Brother Mashby all night," she said, "an' he jes' this minute telyphoned he was on root heah."

Cashus waited patiently, whiling away the time by flirting with the responsive office girl. For the first time in two weeks his mind was free from worry. Finally the ground-glass door swung back and Dr. Vivian Simmons breezed into the room.

Dr. Simmons' clothes were bereft of their razor-edge creases, the horn-rimmed spectacles were slightly awry, there was a worn, tired appearance to eyes and lips, but he was smiling with frank triumph.

"Mawnin', Brother Roberson, mawnin'."

"Same to you, doc. Young lady heah tells me you is been wo'kin' with Semore Mashby."

"I is that, Brother Roberson, an' because of same you sees befo' you the happies' an' proudes' man which is in this heah city."

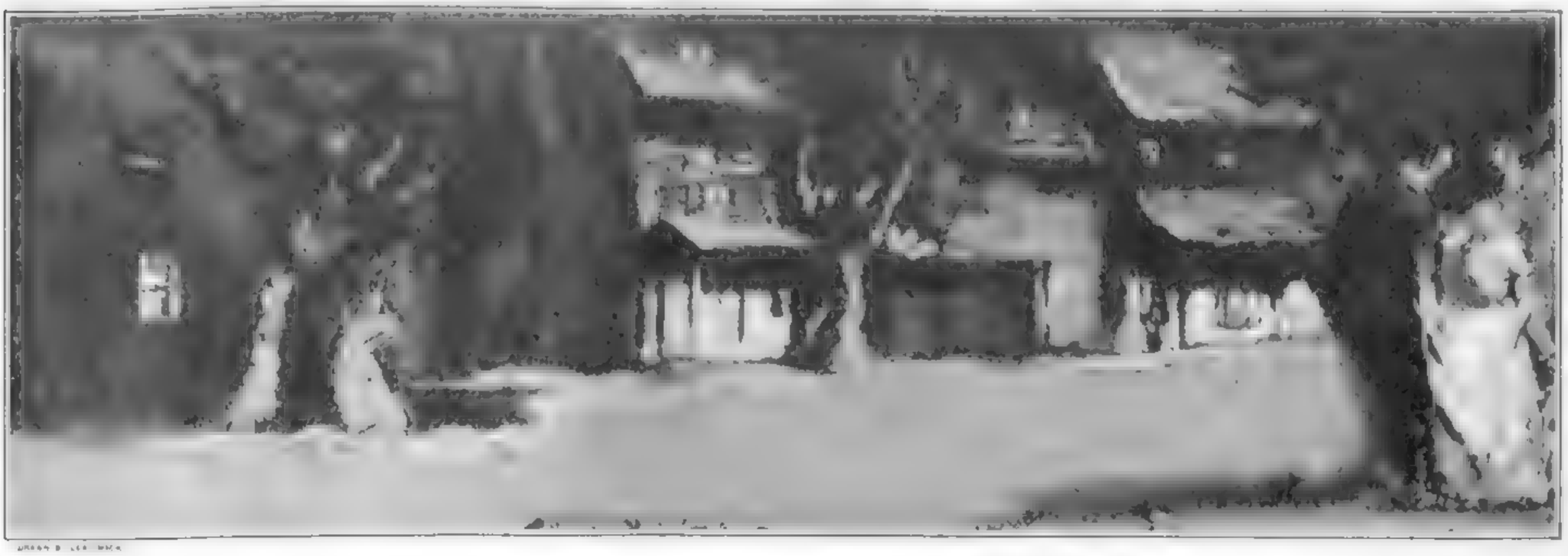
"Reckon Semore must of gone daid. You looks happy."

"Happy ain't no wo'd fo' it, Brother Roberson. But about t'other you is plumb wrong, fo' I is jes' experience' the professional triumph of bringin' back a depahted brother from the grave."

"Huh?"

"I is exquisitely proud to pernounce, Brother Roberson, that Brother Semore Mashby passed his crisis early this mawnin'

(Continued on Page 96)



The Brunt of the Burden

"THERE we were—heavily overloaded with spare parts and supplies. Our orders were to *speed up* to the limit—and Paris ninety miles away!"

Onward they plunged—these monsters of the motor transport. Creaking and crunching, crashing and smashing through to the end.

The story is best told by First Lieut. H.C.Glynn, officer in charge of the train:—

"Our route was between the Reconstruction Depot in Verneuil and the main Supply Depot in Paris.

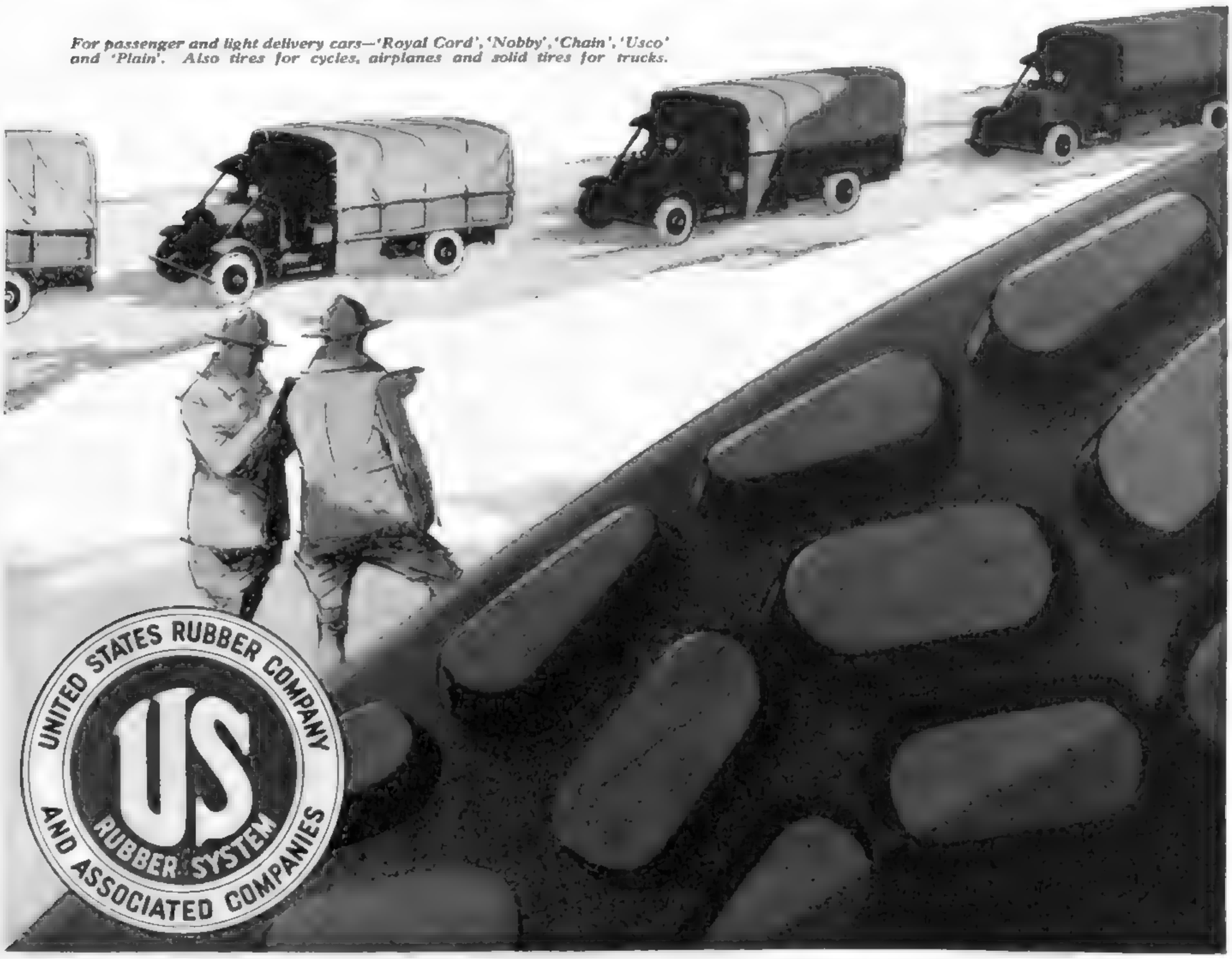
"We made two round trips—covering the distance four times in three weeks, making 20 and 25 miles an hour, over all kinds of roads in all sorts of weather.

"Thirty-five trucks of my train were fitted all-'round with 'Nobby Cord' tires. They stood the 'gaff' through the entire run—never a single change. And, I'm telling you—this was a most gruelling test of strength and endurance."

That is the *secret*—the 'Nobby Cord' stands the "gaff". A big, burly, brutish, bull-dog tire with a tread of surly, sturdy "teeth" that grips the road and hangs on for keeps.

More life, more wear, more distance—less gas and oil, less depreciation, and fewer replacements. Easy on and easy off.

For passenger and light delivery cars—'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for cycles, airplanes and solid tires for trucks.



'Nobby Cord'
for trucks

(Continued from Page 93)

an' is now on the road to recovery an' also gittin' well!"

"You—you means to infohm me, Doctor Simmons, that Semore Mashby ain't gwine die? Not a-tall?"

"Not even a li'l bit. He is gwine live fo' many yeahs to come. I is saved his life."

Cashus mounted slowly to his feet. His face was wreathed in disgust. "Saved his life! Huh! You is committed murder, Doctor Simmons; tha's what you is went an' done."

Cashus departed from the office suddenly and completely, leaving the man of medicine with dropping jaw. He made his way with greater haste than dignity to the undertaking establishment, where he discovered Keefe Gaines stretched out on a cooling board with a once white rag bound tightly round a head which throbbed and pounded. Keefe was quite convinced that all the world was wrong and Cashus with his five-dollar-a-week financial schemes the wrongest thing in it. He felt a personal grudge against Cashus. He raised his aching head, glimpsed his visitor and emitted a hoarse, pained croak: "Git outen heah, nigger!"

"I is come to see you bouten ——"

"Git out!"

"I wan's to tell you ——"

"If'n you ain't outen heah in two minutes an' a halft, Cashus Roberson, I is gwine embalm you where you stan's!"

Cashus was not to be driven. He was as desperate as Keefe was ill. The undertaker made a heroic effort to carry out his threat but gave it up as a bad job after a single nauseating lurch toward his particular aversion.

And so, with the undertaker lying supine on the cooling board, Cashus told him of the untimely recovery of President Semore Mashby of The Over the River Burying Society. "So," he finished, "I ain't got no use fo' that th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral."

"I ain't studyin' 'bout what you ain't got no use fo'."

"It's yo' fun'ral."

"You is a liar, Brother Roberson," returned Keefe politely. "It's yo' fun'ral, an' I is got a writin' which says its your'n. An' if'n you thinks you is gwine git me to take it offen yo' han's you is the mistakines' nigger which ever walked into this heah house of happiness. You is gwine pay me five dollars a week fo' enough weeks to make th'ee hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars an' the on'y thing I hopes is that you is gwine be the one to use it when it's done all paid fo'."

"But, Brother Gaines ——"

"Don' you go buttin' me. An' if'n you wan's to try my temper, Brother Roberson, you jes' go an' miss one li'l single week's paymints an' I'll say a few things at a sassiety meetin' which will bust you an' yo' job an' the whole dam' sassiety higher'n a kite. Now git out—sudden—an' travel fas'!"

Cashus realized that further sojourn in the vicinity of the peeved Mr. Gaines would only serve to make a bad matter considerably more rank, and so he got. He got precipitately. He strolled sadly to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor, ignored the many greetings directed his way, fought his path through the smells of the culinary department and sank gloomily into a chair in the far corner. He lighted a cheroot and lost himself behind the smoke screen.

"When I useter think I been unhappy," he cogitated, "I ain't know nothin'. This time I is mis'able, shuah nuff. On'y happy thing is I got me a fun'ral case'n I need it, an' if'n anythin' mo' happens Ise li'ble to do that ve'y same thing. As fo' that ol' so'-haid, Keefe Gaines, I is got a good min' to go an' die on him befo' it gits paid fo'."

The predicament in which he found himself was, to say the least, unenviable. He was possessed of a perfectly good three-hundred-dollar funeral upon which only five dollars had been paid. For many months he was destined to shell out five good, hard dollars every week for something he did not want and which he could not dispose of until the contrary Semore Mashby elected to cash in, at which time he could reimburse himself from the lodge funds by selling his funeral to The Over the River Burying Society.

The fact that for the ensuing twenty-eight weeks the five-dollar burden fell on the fat shoulders of Rocksy Morton was little solace. The prospect of the thirty-odd weeks which followed Rocksy's twenty-eight was drab indeed. For a few wild moments he meditated murder as the easiest way out. Should he thus accelerate Semore's interrupted journey to the hereafter he could give that revered gentleman the three-hundred-dollar send-off which was his due under Section Sixteen of the by-laws and take unto himself the first moneys coming into the society treasury thereafter. He thought the plan over from every angle before discarding it as impracticable.

Cashus had a fine funeral on his hands and he didn't want it. Nor did he know anyone who did. It was an asset only potentially. For many months it was stuck on the liability side of the books. And yet there must be some way out of the situation. To Cashus' mind troubles had only been invented to be avoided. And, thinking so, his thoughts turned to Lawyer Evans Chew, first and last resort of the city's colored populace in time of legal stress.

Lawyer Chew was very, very glad to meet Brother Cashus Roberson, and woul'n't he have a seat and a cigar? Brother Roberson would. Both. What was Brother Roberson's trouble? The slender, immaculate, light-brown attorney leaned forward with a friendly smile on his lips. A half hour later he heard the finale to a free and full confession.

"I is placin' a heap of trus' in you, Lawyer Chew," wound up Cashus, "but if'n a man cain't talk plain to nobody, who c'n he talk to?"

Lawyer Chew doffed his spectacles, polished them meticulously with a lavender silk handkerchief and replaced them carefully. "You is trusted the right man, Brother Roberson."

"You Jes' Go an' Miss One Li'l Single Week's Paymints an' I'll Say a Few Things at a Sassiety Meetin' Which Will Bust You an' Yo' Job an' the Whole Sassiety"

"Hope so. P'int is: C'n you ext'icate me outen the fix what I is in?"

"Reckon so. Of co'se, Brother Roberson, I is, as you a'ready knows an' mus' be aware of, official attorney an' counselor an' also legal representative fo' The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety ——"

"Uh-huh! Tha's the ve'y 'zact reason why I puck you out to come to."

"An' my fust duty is to the sassiety."

"If you don' 'eept no fee from me."

"Mmm! P'r'aps so." The lawyer rose, crossed to the window of his office and gazed down upon the traffic seethe of Eighteenth Street. "You is in a mos' unfortunnate position, Brother Roberson."

"You spoke a mouthful then, Lawyer Chew."

"An' while some way out ——"

"They is got to be some way out. You git that fun'ral offen my han's an' cl'ar me up with the sassiety, Lawyer Chew, an' I'll give you twen'y-five dollars, cash money."

Lawyer Chew extended his hand solemnly. "It's a deal, Brother Roberson. Fust off, I asts you—is I got a free rein?"

"Absotively."

"Then you go on out from heah an' leave me to study the dicta an' decision of the Supreme Co't of this Sove'eign State of Alabama in such cases parallel to this which we has under due an' careful comsideration as made an' pervided. An' whatever you does, an' whatever I does, Brother Roberson, which you don' understan'—I asts you to keep yo' shirt on an' remember that Lawyer Chew always brings his clients out topside up."

Cashus looked up hopefully. "You is got a idee?"

"Soht of. Co'se I is got to study it over. . . . "

"What you wan's me to do?"

"Nothin'—that is, I reckon 'twon't do no hahm if'n you stops by an' sees Rocksy Morton. Tell him you is tol' me the whole truth bouten this heah perdickerment an' then send him down heah to see me. Mos' likely I'll want to make talk with him if'n this plan which I is thinkin' over works out."

"What you want to make talk with him 'bout?"

"The less you know bouten what I is thinkin' of plannin', Brother Roberson, the happier you is gwine be. You is a flivver as a fixer an' when I handles yo' case I prefers to han'le it 'thout yo' advice. Now trot along."

Cashus trotted. Somehow Lawyer Evans Chew compelled docility. He dispatched the bewildered Rocksy to Lawyer Chew's office and awaited that portly gentleman's long-delayed return. And when Rocksy did come back his pudgy face was a study in bewilderment.

"Is you know Lawyer Chew ve'y well, Cashus?"

"Terrible well. Why?"

Rocksy shook his head slowly. "An' you got a heap of confumdence in him?"

"Uh-huh!"

"An' you say I is got to do what he says?"

"Yeh—shuah. Why?"

"Nothin'. . . . He's into'ney fo' the sassiety too, ain't he?"

"Wha's that got to do with it?"

"Ise got a idee, Cashus, that Evans Chew is plannin' to be a better 'torney fo' the sassiety than what he is gwine to be fo' you."

Cashus grabbed his friend by the hand. "What you mean by makin' sech a passel of pestymistic talk? Splain yo'se'f what he's gwine do."

Rocksy shook his head grimly: "Cain't do it, Cashus. If'n I tol' you an' Lawyer Chew foun' out—which he shuah would—he says he'd plumb ruint me an' you an' all of the whole sassiety. It 'pears to me like you is in the fishpond whichever what way you looks at it, Cashus. An' tha's about all the info'mation I is at libbity to give you."

"Aw!" snorted Cashus, "how come the good Lawd to make you sech a cheerful feller, Rocksy?"

"Ne'min'," returned Rocksy. "You 'ten' that meetin' of the sassiety t'-morrow night. I is gwine be there. An' you is gwine git a s'prise, Cashus; a pow'ful strong s'prise. But you ain't to blame it on me, Cashus, because it's all Lawyer Chew's doin's."

Cashus got the surprise. It was more than a surprise: it was a dash of ice water on the spinal column of his equanimity. For, with the meeting at its bedlamic height, Rocksy Morton mounted to his enormous feet and delivered an oration as impassioned and revolutionary as it was obviously prepared by a head other than Rocksy's.

The gist of his speech was that Section Sixteen of the by-laws was a colossal error. The giving of three-hundred-dollar funerals to presidents and past presidents, averred Rocksy, was unjust, undemocratic, opposed to the principles of the organization and above all an extravagance which should be dispensed with. With great flourishing of arms and salvo of adjectives he presented a motion amending Section Sixteen to such an extent that presidents and past presidents should go a hundred-and-fifty dollar route to their reward.

Cashus listened in petrified horror. He could not credit the evidence of his senses. It was plain that Lawyer Chew had double-crossed him and made Rocksy his mouthpiece, and the glance which Rocksy sent Cashus' way said, plain as words: "Ain't I done tol' you?"

The abolition of the three-hundred-dollar funeral clause in the by-laws meant disaster to Cashus. It put him in the position of paying three hundred and twenty-five dollars in weekly installments of five dollars each on a funeral which he could never hope to dispose of, and which he did not want for himself.

He leaped to his feet in a frantic attempt to spill the beans, but the dapper, dandified Florian Slappey, who was presiding in the absence of the ill Semore Mashby, beat him to it.

Florian Slappey doted on popularity and no move could have been more popular with the general membership of The Over the River Burying Society than one which was designed to cause mental discomfort to Semore Mashby. Semore was hated of his brethren; a man who had attained to presidential eminence only through power of money. He was the dark-skinned Crœsus of the city and as hated as a man can be and yet escape the tar pot.

And so Florian Slappey ignored all rules of parliamentary procedure and seconded the motion with a fervor not to be denied. Why should Semore Mashby, he queried, not be placed on the same hundred-and-fifty-dollar plan with every other member? Why should his chances of a happy hereafter be doubled? "Absu'd, redickerlous, ain't to be stood, brethren an' sistern. Ise in favor of Brother Rocksy Morton's motion!"

The motion whirled through without a dissenting vote. There was a riot of acclaim as Florian announced with gusto that the ayes had it. And the following morning Cashus Roberson descended upon Lawyer Evans Chew and delivered his personal opinion of barristers in general and Lawyer Chew in particular.

The man of law heard him through with considerable patience. He even smiled.

"Huh! Brother Roberson—I ain't even stahted yet."

"The devil you ain't! Well, you jes' git this in yo' haid, Lawyer Chew: If so you ain't stahted yet you take my advice an' stop befo' you does. Because if'n this ain't the beginnin', the real commencement is gwine fin' one lawyer mussin' from this heah town an' they won't be no good into'ney lef' to defen' me fo' yo' murder."

Chew smiled genially. "You 'pears to take it hahd."

"Hahd!" howled Cashus wrathfully. "Hahd! You reckon I ought to be sayin'

(Concluded on Page 99)

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INTERNATIONAL MOTOR COMPANY
NEW YORK

"PERFORMANCE COUNTS"

(Concluded from Page 96)

'Thank you?' When I come to you fust off I been payin' on a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral which I stood a chancet of sellin'. Now I got the same fun'ral on'y I ain't nev' gwine git rid of it ontil I use it my own se'f."

"Who says you ain't gwine git rid of it?"

"I says so."

"Who's you?"

Cashus choked.

"Lawyer Chew, sometime you is gwine temp' me too far an' they won't be nothin' lef' of you on'y a red stain."

"Ain't I done tol' you from the fust you was to keep yo' shirt on, Brother Roberson?"

"Lot a good my shirt does me when you is ruinin' things."

"You ain't got yo' good sense, Brother Roberson. Like I was sayin' befo', when you comes to a good lawyer like what I is for help, you gits real, hones'-to-Gawd help. Now I is done all what I is done with a pu'pose. I is got a scheme fo' you to git rid of that fun'ral which you is got."

Cashus perked up. "Hones'?"

"I never has schemes which ain't hones'."

"I mean hones', is you got a scheme?"

"Yeh. N'r neither that ain't all. You is not on'y gwine git rid of that they fun'ral, Brother Roberson, but you is gwine make a fat profit on same."

"Uh. . . . " Cashus tapped his forehead significantly. "Is you all right there, this mawnin', Lawyer Chew? Ev'y bit?"

"Co'se. Why?"

"Cause'n I ain't askin' fo' no mackerels, Lawyer Chew. Jes' gittin rid of that they fun'ral 'thout losin' . . . ."

"You is gwine make a profit."

"Splain how."

"Thisaway: You is at presint seized an' possessed of a fust-class, bang-up, th'ee-hund'ed-dollar musical fun'ral. They ain't a member of The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety or pusson which ain't a member of same which don' want that fun'ral—specially now senst they ain't even presidents gits one like it. Ve'y well," he leaned forward triumphantly: "Brother Cashus Roberson, you is gwine raffle off that fun'ral fo' five hund'ed dollars!"

"Eh?"

"At one dollar per each fo' the chances."

Cashus rose. He was groggy with delight. He bowed low. "An' tha's why you had Rocksy put that motion th'ough the sassiety—so's the big fun'ral would be a real extinction?"

"You is got the idee."

Cashus bowed low. "You is a genus, Lawyer Chew. An' if'n you puts the thing acrost you gits from me a fifty-dollar cash-money fee 'stead of the twen'y-five which I promised. Now go ahead an' work that raffle."

Lawyer Chew worked it.

The tickets were printed in record time and announcement was made through the fiery pen of Crispus Breech, wild-eyed editor of The Weekly Epoch, that Cashus Roberson had come into possession of a fine funeral which he was raffling off at one dollar per chance. "Think of the opportunity to get a high-tone funeral for a dollar," enthused Breech. "It's a opportunity which a man don't get more often than once in a lifetime."

There was a mad stampede for the tickets. Even Semore Mashby, who had recovered from his near fatal relapse engendered by the society's recent action in reducing him to a plane with the other members, bought a couple of tickets.

Two weeks later the elated Cashus Roberson reported to Lawyer Chew that the last of the tickets had been sold. He pleaded for permission to issue more of them. "They's so many niggers wants them," he argued. But Chew negatived the idea.

"How's the lodge treasury now?" he inquired.

Cashus consulted a thumbed notebook: "In the las' two weeks the net, which means total c'lections less'n my c'mission, has been one hund'ed an' thutty two dollars an' thutty cents. Then they was ten dollars which Rocksy Morton paid me back an' fo'-fifty lef' over after that las' fun'ral. That makes a hund'ed an' fo'ty-six, eighty, which the sassiety has got in the bank, not countin' the hund'ed an' thutty which I still owes them outen the money which I loant Rocksy. That'll come outen this heah raffle money."

Lawyer Chew chuckled. "Got mo' confidence in me now than what you had?"

"B'lieve me, Lawyer Chew, you is some tootin' man an' that ain't no lie. Is you gwine be at the drawin' t'night?"

The attorney shook his head. "No, I don' want to be connected with this in any way. 'Twoul'n't be ethical fo' other folks to know I was."

The drawing was held in the spacious hall of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. A small lottery wheel had been borrowed for the epochal occasion.

It seemed that every man, woman and child of the colored persuasion possessed a ticket. Some had paired up, contributing fifty cents each for the coveted pasteboard with the understanding that if the ticket won the co-owners were to shoot high dice for the honor of a three-hundred-dollar interment.

No raffle of a house and lot or even an automobile could have excited such enthusiasm. The ticket holders were keyed to fever pitch. Old men, young men and women were jammed in shoulder to shoulder. The women who clung to the outer fringe were particularly anxious to win, for the possession of a three-hundred-dollar funeral assured them an unassailable social prestige.

The hour for the drawing arrived. A little girl was blindfolded; the glass wheel was whirled. The folded numbers pitched and tossed within sight of all. The wheel slowed down—then stopped. Eager black faces craned forward; there was an audible silence. The little girl inserted a skinny arm and withdrew the winning number.

Dr. Elijah Atcherson by reason of social preëminence and the fact that he was not a ticket holder was selected to open the number. With enormous gusto the skinny little surgeon relieved the child of the paper. He posed proudly, then unfolded the lucky slip; did it slowly, magnificently.

"Hund'ed an' sevumty-one!"

A groan chorused to the roof. Apparently nobody held a hundred and seventy-one. But suddenly from the sad silence there came a wild, triumphant yell: "Tol' you niggers the good Lawd wa'n't gwine stan' fo' no fumadiddles with me! Tol' you so! Heah's Number One hund'ed an' sevumty-one!"

Cashus Roberson took one look at the elongated, frock-coated figure which was surging madly through the crowd clutching ticket Number One hundred and seventy-one tightly in a talon-like hand. Cashus collapsed against the wall.

"Wigglin' gol'fish!" he ejaculated. "Semore Mashby wins his own fun'ral!"

Cashus Roberson progressed rapidly to Keefe Gaines' undertaking establishment where he paid over the balance of three hundred and five dollars still due on the funeral and took a receipt in full. Then he went to the bank and made out a deposit slip in the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars in the name of The Over the River Burying Society and heaved the first untroubled sigh in two fortnights. With sixty-five dollars in his pockets he sought Lawyer Chew and cheerfully handed that gentleman five crisp, new ten-dollar bills. "It's cheap at the price, Lawyer Chew."

The attorney tendered a good cigar. "Is you onti'ly satisfied, Brother Roberson?"

"You is the bes' lawyer which they is in this heah town."

"Took you a long time to fin' that out, Brother Roberson."

"I knows it now. By the way—is you gwine be at the meetin' of the sassiety t'-morrow night?"

Chew chuckled. "I sho' is—with bells on."

"Wha's the joke?"

"They's gwine be some fun, Brother Roberson. You seems to fo'git that I is 'torney fo' The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety same as I is fo' you. If'n you wan's to see some fun with Semore Mashby you be there. It's gwine be better'n a picnic."

The word was passed and the attendance was record breaking. Every member not too flagrantly in arrears was loudly present. The routine business was dispensed with and at the call of "Fo' the good an' welfare of the sassiety" Lawyer Evans Chew received recognition from President Semore Mashby.

Lawyer Chew ostentatiously inserted a cough drop between his teeth, sipped unctuously from a glass of water, placed his right hand on his breast and proceeded to orate.

Orating was the best thing that Lawyer Chew did. He commenced with the sixth day of the creation and followed the history of the universe down to the present meeting of The Over the River Burying Society. He warmed to his subject. And finally he mentioned the name of Semore Mashby, buzzardlike and hated president.

His remarks anent Semore were oratorical gems of the purest ray serene. Semore wiggled in his chair and blew hot and cold by turns. For a few seconds he fancied that he was being eulogized and immediately thereafter equally certain that he was the subject of a libelous dyslogy. And so Chew swung from one extreme to the other while the spectators sat back, reveled in Semore Mashby's discomfiture and wondered what was coming. Finally they learned.

"At the las' meetin' of The Over the River Burying Sassiety," roared Lawyer Chew, "a law was passed that presidents an' past presidents don't git no mo' th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'rals, but on'y hund'ed-an'-fifty-dollar ones. Sence that time I is been studyin' the decisions of the Supreme Co't of the United States an' the co'ts of las' reso't in the other states of this great an' noble Union which we lives in. Ladies an' gen'lemen, I is heah to say that the above-mentioned law which was passed at the las' meetin' ain't wuth the paper it is wrote on, so far as Brother Semore Mashby is concerned.

"For why, brethern an' sistern—I asks you that—for why? 'Cause, feller members, 'cause if'n it applied to him it would become retroactive legislation an' at the same time *ex pos' facto* an' unconstitutional an' void. It ain't right an' it cain't stan' nohow. So as legal adwiser fo' the sassiety I declares that Semore Mashby is ontitled to a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral from the sassiety an' all future presidents comes under the hund'ed-an'-fifty-dollar rulin'.

"Fu'thermo', I suggests that if they is any members presint which thinks I is wrong about this heah thing, they keeps they mouths shut because they don't know nothin'! So, brethern an' sistern, I makes a fo'mal motion that what we done las' meetin' be undid so far as Semore Mashby is effected."

There was no getting around Chew's oratory. Where he led his colored brethren followed. The motion was carried by acclamation and duly entered on the minutes. Once again Lawyer Chew rose to his feet. He was frankly enjoying the spotlight.

"An' now, my frien's an' feller members," he said, "we is got a funny condition heah befo' us. Brother 'President Semore Mashby is possessed of two th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'rals an' on'y one life. He is gwine git one from the lodge an' he jes' win one in the drawin'. So as he is president of the sassiety an' is got the good of the same at heart, I siggests to Brother Mashby that he sells his fun'ral which he won to the lodge fo' two hun'ed dollars cash.

"In that way, the lodge gits the th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral fo' two hund'ed dollars cash an' hol's it ontil Semore Mashby dies, when, an' at which time, they gives it back to him. It's his own fun'ral all the time an' he's two hund'ed dollars to the good. What you say bouten that, Brother President Mashby?"

Brother President Semore Mashby said yes. He had been dazed by Chew's oratorical logic, but not too dazed to realize that he had no use whatever for two funerals. He made over his bill of sale to the society and pocketed two hundred dollars.

That night a triumphant Lawyer Evans Chew and a completely bewildered Cashus Roberson sat in the executive offices of The Over the River Burying Society. Chew was penciling on a bit of paper. Finally he spoke:

"Lis'en at this, Cashus Roberson. You is now free from the debt which you borried from the sassiety. You is got fifteen dollars cash in yo' pockets, an' as you is a'ready made good to the sassiety, the hund'ed an' thutty dollars which Rocksy Morton still owes he owes to you; so you is a hund'ed an' fo'ty-five dollars to the good.

"Keefe Gaines is not on'y sol' a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral 'thout waitin' fo' no president to die, but he is sol' it fo' th'ee-hund'ed an' twen'y-five dollars, which gives him twen'y-five dollars extry profit.

"Semore Mashby is got a hund'ed an' ninety-eight dollars mo'n he had to begin with and is still gwine git a th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral when he dies.

"Rocksy Morton is got his job an' the money which he owes is owin' to a frien'; so they ain't no danger to him of garnisheein'. An' me, I is got a fifty-dollar fee which is clear profit.

"But better'n all that, Brother Roberson, The Over the River Buryin' Sassiety ain't not on'y on its feenancial feet again, but it's gone an' bought itse'f a fine th'ee-hund'ed-dollar fun'ral fo' two hund'ed dollars which makes a hund'ed-dollar profit it has made. What you think of that?"

Cashus Roberson shook his addled head wonderingly. He did a little intensive figuring. "Sufferin' tripe! Lawyer Chew—you is a wonder sho' nuff! 'Cordin' to that they ain't nobody los' nothin' an' 'mongst us we is five hund'ed an' eighteen dollars to the good an' ev'ybody is happy. I ain't quite on'erstan' how that comes to be."

Lawyer Evans Chew waved his hand airily. "The answer to that is ve'y simple, Brother Roberson, an' should always be bore in mind: It all comes from hirin' a good lawyer!"

BETTER PAPER

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The money invested by progressive merchants to secure adequate lighting for their stores is proof of their belief in a relation between *seeing* and *buying*.

Similarly, with your booklet—whether it is to sell a rifle or a rug, suitings or silverware—the right paper for your printing will help readers to see your product as it should be seen. Their increased confidence will result in a larger percentage of sales.

The wall-paper pattern that cannot be decided upon in the dingy store interior *may* be carried to the window. But, for your booklet, you determine, irretrievably, whether or not your merchandise will be seen as it really is when you select your engravings and the paper that is to carry their impression.

The right paper virtually increases the visibility of what is printed upon it.

There is a Warren Standard Printing Paper expressly intended for any class of printing you may contemplate.

Consider these things: the article itself and the kind of illustration that will best present it with the effect you desire; your appropriation; the extent of the edition; and, finally, the results the booklet is expected to bring.

Then select that one of the Warren Standard Printing Papers which has been made for exactly that combination of factors. There is such a paper, and you will find it among the Warren Standards, because they cover every important book-paper printing need.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

BETTER PRINTING

Merchandise Must be Seen to be Sold

WARREN'S CAMEO—Dull surface for soft half-tone printing. An exquisite paper for the booklet de luxe.

WARREN'S LUSTRO—A glossy coated paper. Excellent for bringing out half-tone detail.

WARREN'S CUMBERLAND COATED BOOK—A glossy coated paper suitable for large editions calling for high-grade half-tone work.

WARREN'S CUMBERLAND SUPER BOOK—A super-calendered paper for general use and large editions.

WARREN'S CUMBERLAND MACHINE BOOK—A dependable but moderately priced machine finished paper. Hand sorted.

WARREN'S OLDE STYLE—A watermarked, antique finish paper for type and line-cuts.

WARREN'S SILKOTE—Semi-dull surface of remarkable printing qualities. Reasonable in price.

WARREN'S WARRENTOWN COATED BOOK—A smooth coated paper, unsurpassed for color plates and process inks.

WARREN'S PRINTONE—Semi-coated for half-tone printing, combining light weight, strength and low cost.

WARREN'S LIBRARY TEXT—A fine English finish, suitable for medium screen half-tones.

WARREN'S ARTOGRAVURE—Eggshell finish for offset printing.

WARREN'S BRITANNICA INDIA—Smooth, strong, opaque and easily handled. For thin editions.

Write for Warren's Paper Buyers Guide

In this impressive book you will find the paper you want, you will know its name and the exact nature of the engraving and ink that produced the effect you wish to duplicate. It demonstrates the results that may be expected from each of the Warren Standards.

Warren's Paper Buyers Guide is too costly a book for general distribution, but a copy will be sent free to buyers of printing, book and catalog printers; engravers, and their salesmen, on letterhead request. It may also be seen in the libraries of our larger cities.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

Service from Cleanly Containers

There's a great menace in the use of unsanitary, wrong principled water coolers, in which dirty, germ laden ice comes in contact with the water. They are frequently a cause of illness and epidemics. Install "XXTH CENTURY" Coolers in office, store and factory. They are absolutely sanitary and pay for themselves quickly in time savings, ice savings and increased efficiency of employees.

"XX*th* CENTURY" COOLER

In the "XXTH CENTURY" Cooler no ice can come in contact with the water and contaminate it. Its patented "C & H" Push Faucet will not collect sediment, get foul or drip and soil floors. The water is always served at just the right degree of coolness — *never unpleasantly and harmfully cold.* The ice container of the "XXTH CENTURY" Cooler is made of "Fibrotta," a non-conductor of heat, which accounts for the fact that *it uses far less ice than other coolers.*

"C & H" DISPENSERS—What is true of "XXTH CENTURY" Coolers is true of "C & H" Dispensers for serving fruit juices and other soft drinks. It pays to see that the drink you buy is drawn from these absolutely sanitary dispensers.

Write for our Cooler and Dispenser catalog. We are authorities on the subject of the cooling or dispensing of beverages.

The most popular "XXth CENTURY" Cooler (Style 560). Rich mahogany finish. Price without bottle, $20, F. O. B. New York. Allowance of 5% for cash with order.

6 Leonard St., Dept. D CORDLEY & HAYES COOLER HEADQUARTERS **New York City**

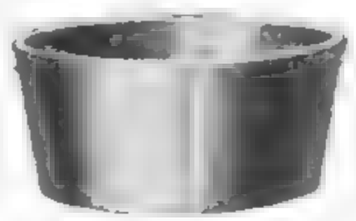
Established 1889

"Fibrotta" Ware

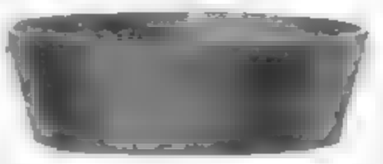
Rich, mahogany colored "Fibrotta" fire pails, pails for every use, waste baskets, spittoons, and keelers or small tubs are most economical and far superior to similar articles of metal or earthenware. They are made in one piece from wood pulp under tremendous hydraulic pressure. They will not rust, warp, leak or dent out of shape.

FOR HOME USE the "Star" pail of "Fibrotta" is the most durable, economical and sanitary pail you can buy. With no cracks or seams to collect dirt and with its glasslike surface, it is very easily cleaned and will not get foul. Small tubs or keelers of "Fibrotta" for foot baths, washing baby clothing, cleaning silver or general kitchen use, and large tubs for washing, are very economical and durable. They have no hoops to fall off and will not rust and soil delicate fabrics. The "Fibrotta" baby bath does not give a cold shock to the tender skin of an infant, like a metal bath.

"Star" Pail



Keeler or Small Tub



Oval Baby Bath

If it's made of Fibre we have it, can make it or tell you where to get it.

ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING LLOYD GEORGE

(Continued from Page 7)

Once the decision was registered everything else was incidental to Lloyd George.

In my box at the hotel I found a telephone message from that most devoted of all secretaries, J. T. Davies, who has been the principal buffer between Lloyd George and an eager and inquiring world these past turbulent years. The substance of the message was that on account of the unexpected journey to Bristol my appointment was off.

But I was determined not to set sail for America without having seen Lloyd George. I called Davies up and told him of my determination. He was polite and regretful, and added: "On account of the unexpected trip to Bristol in the morning all appointments with the Minister are canceled."

"Why can't I go along with him?" I suggested.

I could hear Davies' little gasp of astonishment. After a moment he said: "That sort of thing isn't done over here."

"Then it is high time to begin," I answered. "I have traveled with Roosevelt and Wilson. We think nothing of it in America. If I went down to Bristol with the Minister it would solve my whole problem."

"Well, I'll ask him and ring you up in the morning," rejoined Davies.

I happened to know that the train for Bristol left Paddington at eleven o'clock, and I also knew that if the matter was left until the last moment it was doomed, so I retorted: "Ask him now, and I will ring you up within an hour." I wanted to safeguard this final chance in every way.

At six o'clock Davies informed me that the Minister would be glad to have me go down in the morning, but I was not to talk to him going down.

We made the trip to Bristol on the regular train. What the British call a saloon carriage was placed at Lloyd George's disposal. It was one large compartment, fitted with divans and easy-chairs and with a table in the center.

How He Prepares His Speeches

On this trip I got my first glimpse into the method by which Lloyd George has been able to master so many technical tasks. When he got on the train he had not written his Bristol speech, which was one of the most important that he had been called upon to deliver up to that time for the reason that he was to deal with a whole organization of the Ministry of Munitions and its relations to labor. This meant that he had to marshal an immense mass of highly complicated data in a short time. He did then what he has always done. He took four experts with him. Like an animated human sponge he absorbed the very wellsprings of their knowledge and experience on the way down. One was an efficiency engineer, another a trained organizer, the third one of the best-known munitions authorities in the world, and the fourth was a machinery wizard. Throughout that two-hour journey Lloyd George bristled with questions. Occasionally he made a note.

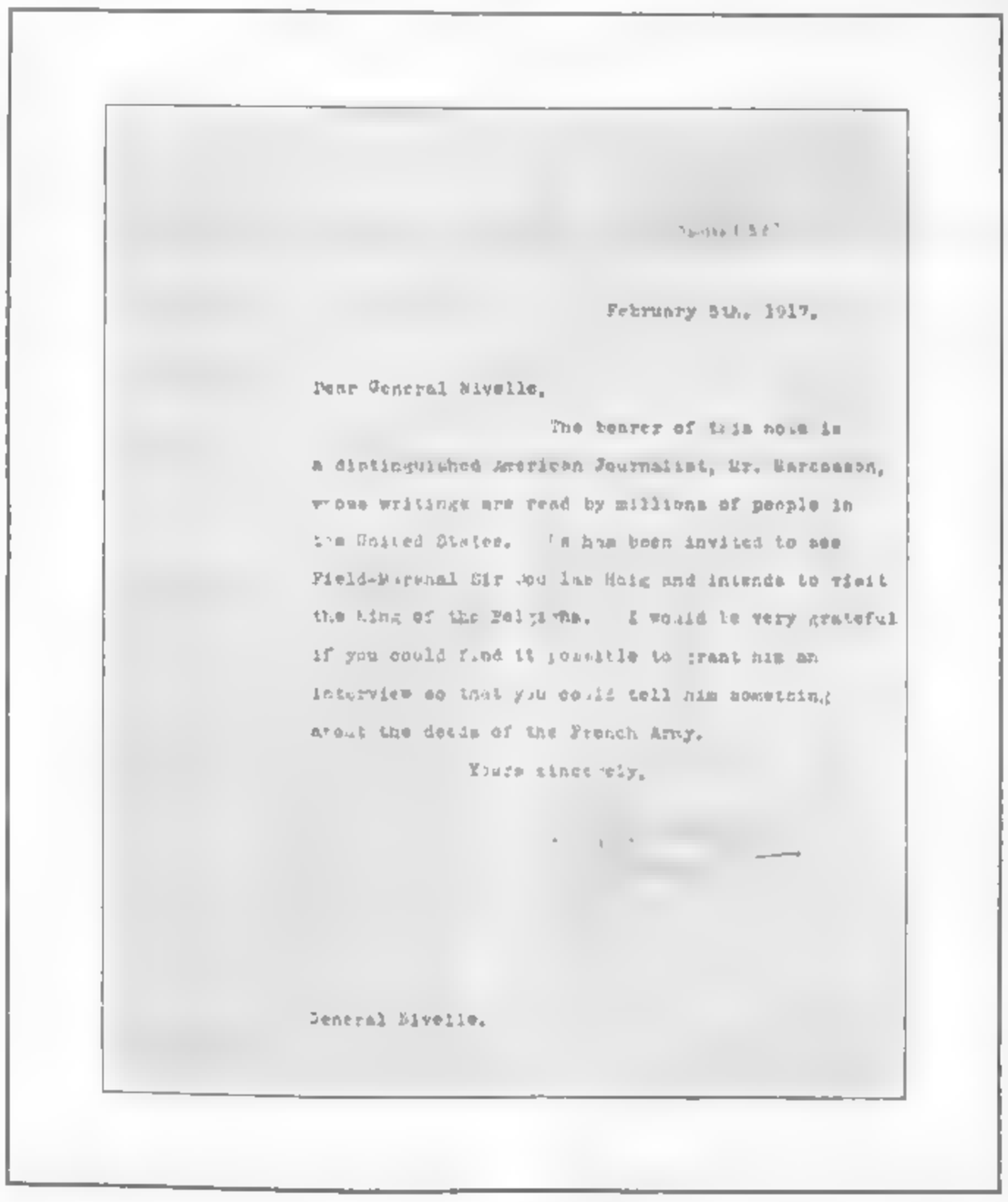
In the town hall of the historic little city he spoke with an ease, authority and fluency that gave his hearers the impression that he had been engaged in munitions all his life and never expected to do anything else. It was just one other evidence of the man's genius of assimilation. Only Roosevelt approached him in this highly useful talent.

This seems to be as good a place as any to explain Lloyd George's speech-writing system. He seldom writes out an address in full. He puts down certain headings, which sometimes consist of only half a dozen words. They not only give him the cue to a thought but start him on a whole peroration. Before speaking he usually rehearses the whole effort in his mind. When he first entered public life he frequently declaimed his speeches privately before small groups of newspaper men. They were the proverbial dog on which he tried them. I saw the notes on the great speech he made at the American luncheon given in London in April, 1917, to celebrate our entry into the war. They comprised less than a dozen small typewritten sheets. The world will have to depend in the main upon public stenographers for the Lloyd George speeches in permanent form.

It was at Bristol that I first came under the spell of the Lloyd George eloquence. I have listened to most of the great orators of my time. None approaches him in witchery of word or wealth of imagery. His voice is like a silver bell that vibrates with emotion. His almost flawless phraseology is no studied art but a purely spontaneous thing. Words seem to flow from him in a ceaseless stream. He is a consummate actor. The stage lost a great star when he went into politics.

All this is by way of introduction. On the return trip to London after the Bristol speech I got my first real glimpse of Lloyd George, and my first interview. It had a picturesque setting, moving yet serene. The dingy old railway carriage seemed to take on a certain shadowy softness in the early twilight. Yet we rushed past camps where flags flew and soldiers cheered the train as it passed.

The remarkable little man whose words had just flashed to the uttermost ends of the Empire sat silent in a big chair. He had spoken in a hot and crowded hall, his long hair hung damp over a wilted collar, he was visibly tired. But Lloyd George is never still for long. He began to talk, and was soon engaged in his favorite occupation of asking questions. He is the champion interviewer of interviewers.



February 5th, 1917.

Dear General Nivelle,

The bearer of this note is a distinguished American Journalist, Mr. Sarcsson, whose writings are read by millions of people in the United States. He has been invited to see Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and intends to visit the King of the Belgians. I would be very grateful if you could find it possible to grant him an interview so that you could tell him something about the deeds of the French Army.

Yours sincerely,

General Nivelle.

Conscription was becoming a storm center. Northcliffe had raised the cry for it and Lloyd George was full of the subject. One of the first questions he asked me was: "What was Lincoln's attitude toward conscription?" Fortunately I was able to tell him.

Lloyd George never ceases to be the politician, and in the course of this first talk he expressed great curiosity as to whether our soldiers voted during the Civil War and how it was done.

On this trip Lloyd George made an utterance that has become a sort of universal maxim. We had been discussing munitions output when he suddenly turned to me and said: "Do you realize that this is a war of machine against machine? It is a duel between the British and the German workman"

This statement not only aptly proclaimed a great war truth but a peace truth as well. During the next five years Germany, despite her temporary internal upheavals, will move heaven and earth to swing back to her old-time international economic prestige. The Teutonic workman will not only be arrayed against the British artisan but against the American as well. The war on the battlefield was won by a weight of metal, and victory in the bloodless war after the war will be largely determined by bulk of industrial output.

That first meeting with Lloyd George began an acquaintance that lasted throughout the war. The sequence of my interviews with him tells the story of his public service. When I returned to England he had become Secretary of State for War. Here he provided one of the many contrasts of his life of contrasts. The pugnacious pacifist of the Boer War became a war lord in the war of wars!

When the ill-fated Kitchener went down on the Hampshire Lloyd George moved up a notch and became his successor. Kitchener was a big man—a colossus in more ways than one. His office was a high-ceiled room of rather stately proportions on the second floor of the War Office, in Whitehall. He sat in a coronation chair at a flat-topped desk at the end of the chamber. Through the window he could see the steel-clad Horse Guards, immovable as equestrian statues, guarding the famous parade ground, one of the sights of London.

In that room at the War Office on a day in October, 1916, I had what came to be a historic interview with Lloyd George. America was still out of the war, yet German stupidity was marching steadily to its doom. To both of us it seemed inevitable that America should sooner or later ally herself on the side of justice and humanity. Lloyd George, as usual, had begun to talk in his quick fashion, asking question after question.

The Hughes-Wilson contest for the presidency was in full swing. The dope that had been handed Lloyd George seemed to favor Hughes. The people who had advised him gave him the impression that Hughes would win. He felt—and this feeling was widely shared in England—that the election of Hughes practically meant our entry into the war. I believe I was the first man to tell him that the election of Mr. Hughes carried no such guaranty.

As I sat in that room which held the real secrets of Britain's part in the war I had a strong feeling that before many months had passed the little gray-haired man who talked so vehemently would be Prime Minister of England, and I told him so. I recall the swift little gesture of dismissal he made, but I also noted the smile that broke over his face.

I asked him to give me a message to the American people, which he did. The substance of it was that the hope of the world rested with us. Though he did not express it in so many words it was in reality a veiled trumpet call to us to rally to our obligation in an hour of international peril. That message, by one of the freaks of journalistic fortune, appeared on the day after Lloyd George was made Premier, and was cabled throughout the world.

In connection with this message occurred one of the many illustrations of Lloyd George's remarkable memory. He had given me the statement as we stood in the doorway of his office just before I said good-by. It was done on the spur of the moment and I knew that he had no copy of it. When I got back to New York I wanted to get an addition to the original message, so I cabled him what he had said, together with the suggestion I had in my mind. In his reply to me he recalled those historic words verbatim. Yet he had left me that day to plunge, as I afterward learned, into one of the most momentous and exacting conferences of the war.

When I next saw Lloyd George he had realized the hope of his life and was Prime Minister of England. The lowly lad who had dreamed of the great things amid the mist-enshrouded Welsh hills had become the hope of empire and sat on the real throne of England, which is the Premier's chair at 10 Downing Street. Opportunity had lifted the son of a rural schoolmaster and the ward of a shoemaker into the seat of the mighty.

The Celebrated Number Ten

The Lloyd George who was head of the British Government was not quite the same Lloyd George I had seen a few months before. With higher responsibilities came a new dignity which sat well upon him. Yet behind it gleamed the old fire and fervor. Lloyd George could never be sedate or staid any more than Roosevelt could. Yet on state occasions and more especially during impassioned flights of oratory he rises to something that almost approaches a grandeur of manner.

Radical that he is, Lloyd George fitted into the formal atmosphere of the Prime Ministry. Clearly to comprehend this transition you must know that the Premier of England lives in that famous establishment familiar to all readers of English novels as Downing Street. It is a shrine of tradition. Heroes of secret-service stories and star figures in romances of statecraft usually reach this structure at some stage of their hectic careers. No fiction of a certain type is really complete without a gallant young man who, having saved the papers in the case, is thanked by the Prime Minister in person at Number Ten on behalf of a grateful country. In real life all deserving Britishers with diplomatic aspirations are supposed to be headed for this goal of goals. Like the field marshal's baton that is said to repose in every French soldier's knapsack, and the key to the White House which is the birthright of every free-born male American, the entrée to Downing Street awaits all undiscovered genius.

Yet 10 Downing Street is one of the most unimposing of buildings. We pride ourselves on a certain Jeffersonian simplicity of manner and architecture, yet this structure which has housed England's Premiers for nearly a hundred years would be passed unobserved in the United States. It is a low, gray two-story edifice, which faces the main entrance of the brooding gray bulk of the Foreign Office. On the door is a brass plate bearing the inscription First Lord of the Treasury, which is, oddly enough, the formal and official title of the head of the British Government. Or, to put it more accurately, the First Lord of the Treasury is almost invariably Premier.

When you visit Lloyd George in Downing Street you go through practically the same formalities that attend a visit to the President in the White House offices, but with these differences: In the first place it is much easier to see the President than it is to see Lloyd George; in the second place the attendants at the White House usually

(Continued on Page 106)

Roll of White Truck Fleets

YEAR after year this list *grows*. It is something more than a list of well-known concerns owning ten or more White Trucks. It represents a *yearly progress in added trucks per owner*—the most extensive growth of individual fleets ever published by a truck maker.

The buyer of one or many trucks can have no better guide than the experience of those whose trucking volume affords a comparative knowledge of results.

There are now 2,774 fleets in active service, totaling 33,139 White Trucks, exclusive of all single truck installations.

The last column includes only the first three months of 1919

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	To-day
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Air Nitrates Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	29
All Russia Zemsky & Cities Union	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
B. Altman & Company	0	0	8	8	33	67	92	92	93
Aluminum Co. of America Interests	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	16	20
American Ambulance Field Service	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	22	26
American Can Company	0	0	4	7	8	8	33	56	66
American Petroleum Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	26
American Railway Express Cos.	0	0	3	14	23	27	88	98	111
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	86	122
American Steel & Wire Company	0	0	1	5	5	6	10	16	20
American Stores Company	0	1	3	9	14	14	15	29	37
American War Relief Clearing House	0	0	0	0	0	2	18	32	32
Ammen Transportation Company	0	0	2	7	8	9	11	11	32
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n	0	0	0	0	0	1	17	19	19
Arlington Mills	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	11	12
Armour & Company	0	4	30	51	63	84	165	226	259
Associated Bell Telephone Cos.	0	1	6	30	46	84	311	447	477
Associated Dry Goods Corporation	0	0	8	13	23	29	37	40	88
City of Atlanta	0	3	6	8	10	10	11	11	15
Atlanta Baggage & Cab Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation	0	0	0	15	15	15	20	27	34
Atlantic Refining Company	1	4	9	31	67	86	184	275	374
Auto Livery Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15
The Bailey Company	0	1	3	6	6	13	16	17	20
City of Baltimore	0	3	4	7	14	14	29	30	31
Baltimore Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	20	20
The Barrett Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	17	19
Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	0	0	0	1	3	9	15	19	19
Stedman Bent	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	23	23
Best & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
William Bingham Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	17	20
Samuel Bingham's Sons Mfg. Co.	0	0	2	3	4	4	6	10	10
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	20
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	8	10	18	23	24	24	24	23
Bohlen-Huse Coal & Ice Co.	0	0	5	7	7	7	7	7	10
Henry Bosch Company	2	5	5	9	10	10	11	12	12
City of Boston	0	2	9	12	17	18	18	19	22
Boulevard Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	13
Bradford Baking Company	0	0	0	9	20	25	26	26	26
The Brandt Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	25
Broadway Taxi Operating Co.	0	3	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Brooklyn Alcatraz Asphalt Co.	0	0	0	2	9	9	11	11	11
Bry-Block Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
P. H. Butler Company	0	0	0	1	1	4	6	11	12
H. M. Byllesby & Co., Inc.	0	1	2	2	2	3	5	11	17
Caddo Parish, Louisiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	13
California Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	17
Carolina Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	12
Chapin-Sacks Manufacturing Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	21
Chero-Cola Bottling Companies	0	0	0	0	4	6	30	62	96
City of Chicago	0	0	0	1	4	10	27	38	47
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	0	5	11	13	13	13	13	13
Cities Service Co. Interests	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	13
Clark's Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	12
Clearing House Parcel Delivery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	10	14
City of Cleveland	0	2	7	14	15	19	23	32	36
Cleveland-Akron Bag Company	6	7	9	14	15	19	21	39	45
Cleveland Builders Supply Co.	0	1	1	3	4	7	10	14	19
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	17	23	23
Cleveland Provision Company	0	1	2	3	7	7	11	13	15
Cleveland Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	19	19
Cleveland & Sandusky Brewing Co.	0	0	1	1	2	3	10	15	17
Club Cab Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	21	25	25	25
Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	0	3	6	12	26	38	75	122	179
Consol. Gas, El. Light & Power Co.	2	3	6	8	11	12	12	12	12
Consolidated Rendering Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	17
Continental Oil Company	0	1	2	2	3	4	19	25	34
Cuban Government	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Cudahy Packing Company	0	0	2	6	8	10	21	24	27
Culbertson Bros. Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	8	12
Dannemiller Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	6	12	12
James DeMallie	0	0	0	0	1	1	16	16	16
Dominion of Canada	0	0	0	0	43	43	43	43	43
Dunn & Ruth	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	24	25
E. I. DuPont de Nemours Pdr. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	16	20
East Ohio Gas Company	0	0	0	1	3	5	5	10	11
Eastern Torpedo Company	0	0	0	1	3	3	3	5	16
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	5	13	14	15	15	20	20	20
Emerick Motor Bus Company	0	0	0	1	5	9	11	14	16
Empire Gas & Fuel Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	33	61
Owen H. Fay Livery Company	0	0	0	23	23	23	23	24	24
Fenway Garage Company	0	0	19	19	29	29	39	39	30
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	6	12	16
Fly & Hobson Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	13
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	2	4	4	8	10	10	10	10
Harry V. Franks	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	16	16
Frederick & Nelson, Inc.	0	0	0	3	7	9	10	13	18
Freedom Oil Works Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
General Baking Company	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	10	25
General Petroleum Company	0	0	0	1	0	2	4	8	15
Georgia Fruit Exchange	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	37
Georgia Railway & Power Co.	0	0	1	3	7	7	18	22	24
Gilman Motor Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Gimbel Brothers	0	20	26	46	59	59	62	62	78
Glacier Park Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	10	20	22	23	23
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	30
J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.	0	0	3	4	5	5	7	12	12
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	6	9	11	12	17	19	22	25
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	10	15
Gray Construction Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	12
Great Northern Paper Company	0	0	0	1	1	11	13	18	18

Call In Actual Service

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	To-day
Greenfield Elec. Light & Power Co.	0	3	6	9	10	11	13	13	14
Gulf Refining Company	0	1	9	29	81	172	463	563	663
Halle Brothers Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	13	13
Haverty Furniture Company	0	0	0	0	2	6	7	12	18
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	0	2	9	9	9	10	11	16
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	19	26
The Higbee Company	2	4	5	6	10	10	10	12	12
Hochschild, Kohn & Co.	0	1	3	5	6	8	10	9	12
Joseph Horne Company	5	12	15	24	33	39	47	47	42
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	17	20	20
Huebner Toledo Breweries Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	8	11
E. V. Hull	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	11
Humble Oil & Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Imperial Oil Company, Ltd.	0	1	1	1	1	1	12	42	43
Independent Brewing Co. of Pgh.	1	1	2	5	5	11	28	36	42
Jones Store Company	0	2	2	5	6	10	14	17	17
Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Inc.	0	0	10	16	24	44	80	80	66
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	0	0	1	40	45	51	59	60
Edward F. Kelly	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	15
C. D. Kenny Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	41	45
Henry Knight & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Theodor Kundtz Company	3	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	17
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	13	13
Fred T. Ley & Company	0	0	0	0	1	1	4	10	13
Leyte Land Transportation Co.	0	0	3	6	10	12	14	14	14
Liberty Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15
Lit Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	0	17	26	27
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	11
Los Angeles Brewing Company	0	0	2	7	13	14	15	17	17
Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10	10
Henry C. Lytton & Sons (The Hub)	0	6	7	9	10	11	11	12	12
McCreery & Company	6	6	8	8	8	11	15	15	15
G. M. McKelvey Company	0	0	1	1	6	8	18	18	18
R. H. Macy & Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15	15
Mandel Brothers	0	9	10	15	16	17	17	17	17
City of Manila	0	0	3	3	3	7	8	11	11
A. C. Marshall Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	15
State of Massachusetts	0	1	4	4	4	5	11	11	11
The May Company	0	0	0	4	11	15	26	26	27
Mesaba Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	15	18	20
Michelin Tire Company	0	1	2	3	3	9	11	11	11
C. W. Miller Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
H. W. Mollenauer & Brother	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	8	10
City of Nashville	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	12
National Casket Company	0	0	2	10	14	15	19	21	24
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	20	20
State of New Jersey	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	6	16
State of New York	0	0	3	3	3	5	29	37	37
City of New York	0	1	7	11	12	13	13	13	13
N. Y. Board of Fire Underwriters	0	0	2	6	8	16	20	20	20
New York State Railways	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	10	10
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Ohio Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	16
Omaha Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	6	8	17	17	17
Onondaga County, N. Y.	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	10	16
Oppenheim, Collins & Company	0	0	0	0	20	21	27	27	30
Pacific Mills	0	0	3	4	4	7	12	14	17
Frank Parmelee Company	0	0	0	9	9	18	28	28	28
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	7	8	15	19
State of Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	1	2	5	15	15
Philadelphia Electric Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	15	18
Pierce Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	23
Pike's Peak Auto Highway Co.	0	0	0	0	0	12	15	15	16
City of Pittsburgh	0	2	9	14	14	15	15	15	15
H. & S. Pogue Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	12
Portland Sebago Ice Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	5	5	11
Prairie Oil & Gas Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	26
Progressive Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	36
Pullman Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	31	31	43
Quaker City Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	75	100	100
Remar Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	16	23
Riverside Taxi Service Co.	0	0	0	0	5	15	15	15	15
Rocky Mountain Park Transp. Co.	0	0	2	2	3	3	21	23	33
The Rosenbaum Company	1	1	2	11	12	33	39	43	40
Thomas J. Ryan	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	13

	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	To-day
City of St. Louis	0	0	0	0	4	6	9	10	14
Saks & Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10
Salt Lake Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	15
San Bernardino M't'n Auto Line	0	1	3	4	6	6	9	14	15
City of San Francisco	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	10
San Francisco Drayage Co.	0	0	0	0	1	3	10	10	10
Schmidt & Ziegler, Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11
Andrew Schoch Grocery Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	6	11	11
Schulze Baking Company	1	1	9	15	17	22	23	26	31
Seiple & Wolf	0	0	0	1	2	2	10	10	10
Franklin Simon & Company	0	0	0	3	6	10	14	14	17
W. & J. Sloane	13	14	15	15	15	17	21	23	23
Smith & Hicks, Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13	13
Spear & Company	0	0	1	9	13	14	15	22	23
Standard Oil Co. of California	1	3	4	6	7	26	67	97	111
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	1	4	5	9	59	122	168	201	214
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	0	1	2	4	5	9	38	75	121
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	5	53
Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska	0	0	0	0	5	11	17	17	17
Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey	0	0	1	1	1	1	3	30	65
Standard Oil Co. of New York	2	6	16	35	68	113	230	363	450
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	0	1	1	1	10	17	28	36	42
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	0	0	2	3	3	4	4	6	10
Stark-Tuscarawas Brewing Co.	0	0	0	1	1	2	7	12	12
Sterling & Welch Company	2	4	7	7	8	8	11	14	14
Stern Brothers	0	0	8	18	18	19	21	22	22
Stewart Taxi Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	29	43
Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	1	1	2	2	8	24	31
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	0	0	2	4	4	9	15	15
Stroehmann's Vienna Bakery	0	0	0	2	2	2	10	10	11
Swift & Company	0	0	0	2	2	10	101	109	127
Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	10
The Taxi Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	13	13	14
Taxicab Association, Inc.	0	0	0	26	40	76	151	151	151
Telling-Belle Vernon Company	0	3	4	4	9	11	11	13	20
Terminal Taxicab Company	0	0	20	36	61	61	61	82	82
The Texas Company	0	0	0	0	0	9	11	11	11
Twin City Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19
Union Carbide & Carbon Co. Int's	1	1	1	2	3	6	16	18	21
Union Oil Company of California	0	0	0	1	10	22	43	156	216
Union Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	12
United Gas Imp't Co. Interests	0	0	0	2	8	15	41	64	64
United States Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	11	14
United States Rubber Co.	0	0	0	1	2	5	5	9	14
U. S. Post Office Department	0	0	0	21	27	104	132	298	445
U. S. Steel Corporation Interests	0	0	1	1	2	3	5	12	17
E. H. Vare	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	11
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	0	0	1	2	3	5	12	14
Wall Street Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	19	19
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	0	6	27	37	37
Ward Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	53	76	76
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	12	12
Westcott Express Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	36	36
Western Electric Company	0	0	2	4	5	5	9	15	19
Western Meat Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	12
Westinghouse-Church-Kerr Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	30
R. H. White Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	13	13
J. G. White & Co., Inc., Interests	0	1	1	1	1	1	4	16	19
White Bus Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	12	16
White Taxicab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	11
White Transit Company	0	1	1	2	6	9	19	29	31
E. H. Wiener Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Woodward & Lothrop, Inc.	0	1	1	3	3	4	7	13	14
Geo. Worthington Company	0	0	1	2	2	2	4	8	10
Yellowstone Park Transp. Co	0	0	0	0	0	0	106	112	112
Yosemite Transportation Co.	0	0	0	1	7	7	25	27	24
Zettlemeyer Coal Company	0	0	1	2	2	3	4	5	10
Zumstein Taxicab Company	0	0	0	2	2	6	10	20	25
	54	194	495	1061	1704	2601	5147	7436	9227

THE WHITE COMPANY

Cleveland

(Continued from Page 103)

change with administrations, while the employees in Downing Street go on forever. This, like the building itself, is typically British. The creaking frock-coated old gentleman who opens the door for you opened the door in Mr. Gladstone's day.

The front hall, which is hung with a few hunting trophies and some old prints, leads to the rear, where a lobby opens on a group of secretaries' offices, which in turn provide the approach to the Prime Minister's sanctum. This office has several exits, which enable the Premier to make convenient escape when policy or prudence dictates. Unless you have a definite appointment with either the Prime Minister or one of his immediate secretaries you never get beyond the front hall. If ever a man had faithful and devoted watchdogs that man is Lloyd George. I have already referred to his confidential secretary, Mr. Davies, who is the William Loeb, Jr., of the Lloyd George régime. In Roosevelt's day at Washington when things went wrong "Loeb did it." In the same way when Lloyd George wants to side-step it is usually a case of "Davies did it."

The British Prime Minister's office undergoes little noticeable change. To bring a new article of furniture into Downing Street is little short of sacrilege. In the center of the room is a long oval table. It has been the battleground of British statesmanship these many decades. Over it Palmerston pondered, Disraeli flashed his wit, Russell brooded and Gladstone shaped his policies. It is to-day the desk of Lloyd George. He sits at one side, where he faces a superb marble mantelpiece which would fill the heart of any collector with joy. The fire which usually blazes in the grate gives the chamber a delightful air of comfort. My first session with Lloyd George as Prime Minister came about in rather unexpected and almost dramatic fashion. One afternoon in February, 1917, just about the time that we had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany, I went for a walk with Lord Northcliffe. Having arrived from America only a few weeks before, I was telling my companion about the failure of British propaganda in the United States and the inroads made by the German secret service. I have always been interested in a better understanding between the two Anglo-Saxon peoples. Like many others I realized that the hour for real union had arrived in a common war kinship.

A Call at Number Ten

I had made various suggestions as to what might be done, when Northcliffe stopped short—he has a way of doing this when he wants to impress a point—and said: "Why don't you tell this to Lloyd George?"

"All right," I replied; "I will."

At six o'clock Northcliffe and I went to call on the Prime Minister, who was in gracious and happy mood. Things were going well. Then, as often during those troubled years, Lloyd George's face was a mirror in which the fortunes of war were reflected. He talked brilliantly. I told him precisely what I had told Northcliffe, and he seemed to be interested. Whatever projects I had in mind for closer Anglo-American relationship were soon to be side-tracked. America entered the war and everything else was incidental.

On that night Lloyd George performed the first of a series of gracious acts for me. I was about to start for France to visit Sir Douglas Haig. Evidently Northcliffe had told him about it, for Lloyd George said: "I hear you are going to France in a day or so. I should like to have you meet a great French soldier, who is also a remarkable man. He is English on his mother's side." He rang a bell and dictated the letter to General Nivelle which is reproduced in facsimile in this article. Poor Nivelle! He had just succeeded Marshal Joffre as Commander in Chief of the French Armies. His name was becoming a household word in France; his portrait hung everywhere. A man of charm and grace, he had about him something of the rare quality of romantic adventure. His reign, however, was brief. Before that crowded year ended he had been hurled from his eminence and was almost a forgotten figure.

Shortly before I left France last November I heard indirectly from him through a friend of mine—a British officer—who had seen him in Morocco, where he was in charge of the French troops. Conscious of the injustice that had been heaped upon him France had begun to make amends. He was slowly coming back. In the midst of the desert and far removed from the war in which he had had such gallant and conspicuous part Nivelle was eating out his heart. Lloyd George had believed in him, and somehow I feel that before a great many years pass Nivelle will come into his own. His experience shows that not all the tragedy of war was confined to the fighting trenches.

That letter to Nivelle was the first of a series of letters of introduction from Lloyd George which I carried during the war and which are to-day my most valued reminders of strenuous days in Europe. I refer to them chiefly to emphasize the magic that attached to his name everywhere during the war. A letter from Lloyd George was more valuable to me than any passport I ever had.

I carried his letters into Russia, Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain—everywhere. The most obdurate frontier guard or police officer invariably melted when he saw that signature. It meant that Lloyd George had become perhaps the best-known figure in the world.

The Split With Northcliffe

On the night that Northcliffe and I went to call on Lloyd George in Downing Street—the occasion to which I have just referred—the publisher told me something that bears significantly upon the recent sensational break between the two most dominating personal forces in Great Britain. It may shed a little new light on a dramatic rupture that is bound to affect Lloyd George more than it will disturb Northcliffe.

The Welshman has broken with many comrades. It has almost come to be a habit. They range from Asquith, who was his first chief, down to lesser but nevertheless powerful lights.

As we rode down the Thames embankment and turned into Whitehall that night Northcliffe said:

"You may think it strange, but I have seen Lloyd George less than a dozen times. People have a mistaken idea about our relations. They think that I have been in daily contact with him when in reality I have not."

This was in February, 1917. Up to that time—and indeed until well after the armistice was signed—there was a strong impression both in England and America that Northcliffe controlled Lloyd George, dictated his policies, named his cabinets and, to use an expression much employed in American politics, carried him in his vest pocket.

The truth of the matter is that Lloyd George was never Northcliffe's man in this sense, though he conferred with him about many important matters. Each of these powerful personages has a profound respect for the other. Northcliffe's attitude toward Lloyd George reveals his whole journalistic creed. Despite the fact that he practically reared the ladder on which the Welshman climbed to his present eminence—which means that he carried on the fight against Asquith—he has refrained from making any entangling political alliances. Thus he has kept himself free to criticize or attack Lloyd George or anyone else.

At a time when Lloyd George and Northcliffe were supposed to be as thick as two peas in a pod Northcliffe said to me: "I should not hesitate to attack Lloyd George in a moment if I thought that the needs of the country demanded it."

Northcliffe did open up on Lloyd George, as most people know, and the net result was the attack made on the publisher by the Premier in his speech delivered in the House of Commons on April sixteenth last, when he rendered an account of his stewardship at the Peace Conference.

This battle between two Napoleons—each a dictator in his own way—means a whole new political line-up in England. In my next article, in which Northcliffe will have a conspicuous part, I shall tell among other things how he and Lord Beaverbrook made Lloyd George's premiership possible, which is one of the unwritten stories of the war.

I refer to the Northcliffe episode here to emphasize one outstanding Lloyd George quality, which is his courage. Paraphrasing Henry Clay's famous remark, he would sometimes rather be courageous than right.

Lloyd George is never quite so charming as when he is host. In July, 1918, I went to luncheon with him in Downing Street. As in the case of the President of the United States, a British Prime Minister lives where he works. The living rooms in the building are all on the second floor. In a corner of the state dining room Lloyd George has his famous breakfasts. It is his favorite time to entertain. Nearly every morning when he is in town you can find half a dozen interesting personages gathered at his table, and the flow of conversation is brilliant and worth while. Lloyd George is always the fountainhead of the mental gayety.

I refer to this particular luncheon because there were only five persons present, and one of them was Sir Horace Plunkett, the Irish leader, who is so well known in America, where he frequently visits. The Irish Convention, which was a Lloyd George project, though the idea originated with Northcliffe, was in session. Sir Horace was chairman of the body, which represented one of the many attempts made to solve the eternal Irish problem. It almost gave Lloyd George more annoyance and anxiety during the war than the whole German effort.

He earnestly and sincerely desired to settle it in the manner best adapted to Irish interests. He has a great deal of the Celt in him, and therefore is keenly sympathetic with that race.

Lloyd George had not seen Sir Horace since the opening of the Irish Convention. He bristled with questions. He knew the name and pedigree of practically every delegate. I am frank to confess that I found out more about Ireland and the whole Irish question during that half hour of masterly cross-examination than I had ever known before.

Having exhausted the Irish business for the moment Lloyd George turned to me and plied me with questions about America's preparations for war. I was fresh from home, and I rattled off America's immense program with a joyous satisfaction. Lloyd George's face beamed and every now and then he would interject: "Fine! Splendid!"

No man in England felt a deeper satisfaction when America recorded her great decision in April, 1917. Nor was it inspired entirely by the acute need of us. Lloyd George always had an abiding admiration for the United States, and it was no language of diplomacy when he welcomed us to the real brotherhood of men.

In this connection I am betraying no secret when I say that it was Lloyd George who persuaded Northcliffe to head the British War Mission to the United States. Aside from his desire to have Britain best served in America, he knew that no ambassador whom he could send to us in that critical hour could be quite so welcome, nor did any Englishman understand us so well as the very man with whom he is now engaged in bitter struggle.

American Traits

Another distinct service that Lloyd George rendered us was his appointment of Lord Reading as Special Ambassador to the United States. No individual in England perhaps is closer to the Premier than the great lawyer who temporarily left the Lord Chief Justiceship to play a strenuous part in the war.

Every time I saw Lloyd George I tried to persuade him to come to America. I assured him—and I believe I am right in my surmise—that no alien, regardless of party, country or service, who might visit the United States would have such hearty and spontaneous welcome.

In many respects Lloyd George is almost as much American as he is Welsh or English. This leads me logically to the really remarkable parallel between him and Theodore Roosevelt. Lloyd George is certainly the British Roosevelt, wielding the imperial big stick. Each of these men filled the first page and the public interest of his day. The little Welshman, however, is not so reckless with his speech as was his American prototype.

Lloyd George, for example, never has recourse to the "short and ugly word." He has no Ananias Club in which to bury those whom he repudiates or who differ with his politics. With the exception of his attack on Lord Northcliffe last April he prefers contemptuous silence to abuse. He is a prize forgetter.

I do not think I ever had a conversation with Lloyd George in which Roosevelt's name did not crop up in some way. Frankly speaking, these two men were so much alike in temperament and impulsiveness—each one dramatized himself in his every action—that had they been thrown constantly together I doubt if they would have been entirely congenial. Lloyd George admired Roosevelt more than Roosevelt admired him. I can illustrate this with an incident that I have never before related.

Whenever I returned from the war I usually brought Roosevelt a personal greeting from some of its leading figures. Once it was an informal invitation to visit Sir Douglas Haig. More often I conveyed a message from Lloyd George. On one such occasion I followed it up with an account of Lloyd George's spectacular activities. Roosevelt listened as patiently as he could.

When I finished he snapped out in characteristic fashion: "The trouble with your friend Lloyd George is that he thinks in terms of parliamentary majorities."

When you consider that perhaps no one in America was more addicted to pluralities than the Colonel this remark is rather illuminating.

Lloyd George and Roosevelt met in London in 1910. It was just after the former President's famous Guild Hall speech and at the close of his triumphal tour across Europe. Lloyd George did not himself tell me the following story of what happened when they met, but I got it from one of his closest friends. The men foregathered at a luncheon at which the only other guest was Mr. Asquith, who was then Premier. Lloyd George had a great many questions that he wanted to ask Roosevelt, and expected to have some considerable part in the conversation. The inevitable Rooseveltian thing happened—the guest of honor did all the talking. Lloyd George is reported to have projected a single line about the weather.

Barrie on Roosevelt

This reminds me of a Roosevelt story of the same kind told me by Sir James M. Barrie. These two men of widely different personalities and temperaments were close personal friends. It was typical of the extraordinary range of Roosevelt's interest and affection that he should love Peter Pan and his creator. When Barrie made his last visit to the United States, in 1913, to visit Charles Frohman he spent a day at Oyster Bay.

"What did you talk about?" I asked him.

Barrie, who is a shy little man, smaller even in stature than Lloyd George, replied with a humorous twinkle in his eye: "Roosevelt talked the whole time. All that I was able to interject into the conversation was 'Colonel, you and your four sons seem to constitute the whole United States Army.'"

I was in England when Quentin Roosevelt went to his gallant death. No one over there mourned him more than that tiny Scotchman who knows so well the heart of youth.

Several years ago when I was asked to reduce Lloyd George to a formula I made it up as follows: "He is fifty per cent Roosevelt in the virility and forcefulness of his character; fifteen per cent Bryan in the purely demagogic phase of his make-up, while the rest is canny Celt opportunism." I think it still holds good. He incarnates vigor and vision.

In one important quality there was a vast difference between Roosevelt and Lloyd George. Roosevelt was an omnivorous reader and remembered everything he read. Lloyd George on the other hand seldom reads a book. Yet he manages to know everything that is going on. Frequently he has books read to him, and he uses these digests with great effect. One reason why he does not read books is that he is restless and impatient. He chafes at routine. He has the vision of the larger things, but he resents the detail and the drudgery essential to their fulfillment. His maxim for letterwriters and visitors is "Make it brief."

The only book that I ever heard him discuss was by an American. One day at luncheon in Downing Street the conversation turned to American humor, which he admires greatly. Somebody spoke of Mr. Dooley, whereupon Lloyd George kindled up and expressed great admiration for the picturesque sage of Archey Road. "I have always liked Mr. Dooley," he said.

Lloyd George lacks Roosevelt's astonishing versatility. He is not an outdoor man except that he is an ardent golfer. It is his only recreation. Roosevelt could shoot as well as he wrote. He hit the bull's-eye with bullets as with words. He knew something

(Concluded on Page 110)

Meaty!

A partial list of Wilson's Certified Products sold under our "money-back" guarantee:

Sweet Corn
Green Peas
Tomatoes
String Beans
Beets
Pork and Beans
Leaf Spinach
Asparagus Tips
California Peaches
Pineapple
Cherries
Blueberries
Raspberries
Strawberries
Pumpkin
Catsup
Chili Sauce
Jellies
Jams
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Mince Meat
Olives
Sardines
Salmon
Ox Tongue
Veal Loaf
Oleomargarine
Ham
Bacon
Coffee

WHEN you open a can of Wilson's Certified Tomatoes you see instantly why they deserve not only our certified label, but the "money-back" guarantee which it carries.

Big, firm, plump, ruddy tomatoes, they are—grown from seed of our selection—gathered and put up in their full-ripe freshness and flavor. Their fine *quality* appeals to you immediately.

Like all foods bearing the Wilson label, they have been selected, handled and prepared with *respect*—such respect and care as your own mother would show were she to put them up for you herself.

Ask your dealer for Wilson's Certified canned fruits, vegetables, and table specialties, as well as for Wilson's Certified Ham and Bacon. If he does not yet have them in stock, we can supply him at once as our distribution is national.

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A Monument
to
Woman's Freedom
EDEN
Made with copper or galvanized tub.
Cylinders of wood or zinc as preferred.
Several convenient sizes
Eden
The
Eden

The Eden

Electric Clothes Washer

What Eden Users Say

I did say "It would take a burglar to get that Eden out of my laundry" I haven't anything in the house, aside from the children, that I wouldn't part with more readily. There is no dread of wash day, but I really enjoy overseeing the Eden's operations. Then, too, the saving pays for the machine. The only washable articles in the house that do not go into it are several large rugs and the children

(Signed) MRS H I. GOOCH,
Duluth, Minn. 3808 Woodland Ave.

On the 1st instant I remitted to you the sum of $6.00 which payment was the last one to comply with the terms of the lease covering the Eden washer we bought of you eighteen months ago I wish you to know with absolutely we can endorse every feature of your machine after a thorough acquaintance with it It does the work well and there has not been an outlay of one cent of expense for repairs Of all the conveniences of the home we think now that the Eden washer is one which could not be dispensed with

(Signed) G C ASHMAN,
Chief Chemist, Testing Laboratories.
Bradley Polytechnic Institute
Peoria, Ill

I have been head of the Home Economics Department in the University of North Dakota for four years. As a Home Economics teacher, I consider the Eden the best built and constructed for home use. Mine has proved very satisfactory

(Signed) MARY HOWE BEBB,
Chicago, Ill. 6019 Kenwood Ave

I have had for the past three years one of your Eden washers and can speak in highest praise of it. It is as good today and does just as good work as the first time I used it.

(Signed) MRS. E. G. DRIFFILL,
Oxnard, Cal. 227 C Street

Enclosed please find order for washing machine. The writer is very familiar with your machine, as I have had one for two and one-half years. I was New Business Manager for the City Light and Water Co., at Amarillo, Texas, and introduced the Eden machine there and sold a number of them

The company here can get better results with your machine and we shall place quite a number of them in the near future

(Signed) AUGUST W SCHADE.

MEN make impressive monuments of steel or stone—but the monuments that mean most to humanity are the "milestones" that mark emancipation from tyranny, slavery and drudgery.

Among the great labor-saving inventions of the world, the Eden Electric Clothes Washer holds its place today in women's hearts as a monument to their freedom from the age-old tyrannies of wash-day.

Serving and Saving—earning its own way as it goes—it has earned an enviable and indispensable place in many thousands of homes.

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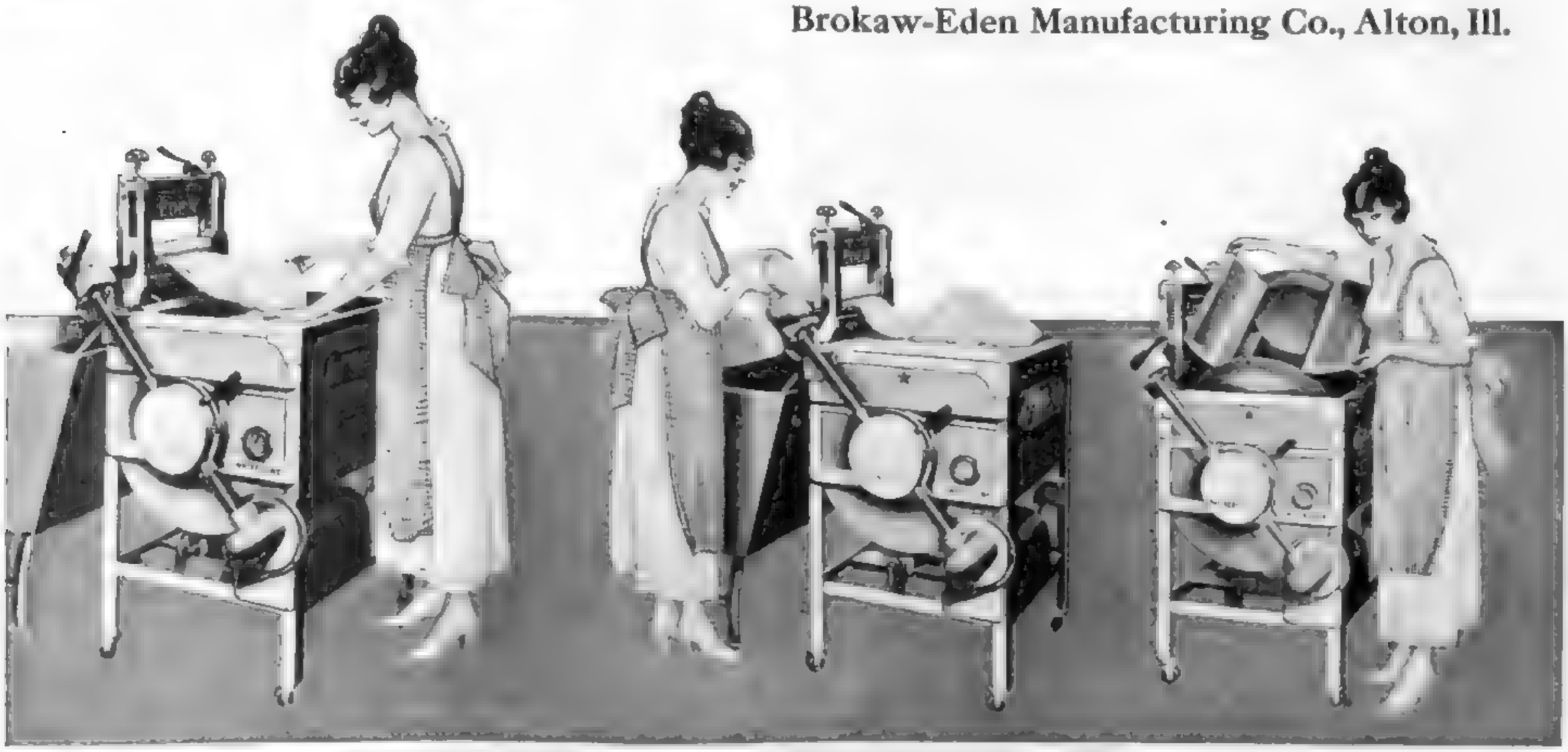


(Concluded from Page 106)

about everything. Lloyd George has confined himself to politics and statesmanship, which do not always mean the same thing. Yet so far as public life is concerned no man perhaps has filled such a variety of public posts. He has been successively President of the Board of Trade, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War and Prime Minister. It is an unprecedented record.

All this means that Roosevelt was much more profound than Lloyd George, whose intelligence has been characterized as brilliant and hasty. His personality and eloquence always carry when his logic is weak.

There is still another fundamental difference between Lloyd George and Roosevelt. The Rough Rider was a prolific letter writer. He was never more in his element than when he was laying down the law or preaching through the medium of a correspondence that was as refreshing as it was original. Lloyd George never writes a letter unless he is literally put to it. Because of his aversion to letter writing Lloyd George has often been called The Great Unanswered. Perhaps there is more wisdom than eccentricity in this aversion. Few damaging or incriminating documents will rise up against him. I have a theory that he follows a rule that was the guiding star in the troubled life of the late Matthew S. Quay, which was: "Think twice before you write, and then don't write."

I will conclude this parallel between Lloyd George and Roosevelt by emphasizing one supreme talent which they shared in common. It is the gift of phrase making. Roosevelt's phrases had the snap of a whip; Lloyd George's have a high and serene literary quality. No man of his time in England approaches Lloyd George in witchery of words. He is the master word painter. His war speeches are punctuated with expressions that will live with the English language, certainly so far as oratory is concerned.

The Georgian Luck

I have already spoken of his compelling eloquence. This reference to his imagery brings it back. Lloyd George's figures of speech not only make literature to be read and appreciated in the aloofness of a library, but when uttered by him they fall on the ear like strains of music. Perhaps the finest simile of the war was made in his address on the small nations. He was picturing humanity's progress through terror to triumph when he said:

"We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent; many, perhaps, too selfish; and the stern hand of Fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honor, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to heaven."

In this more or less informal survey you have touched what might be called the high spots in the Lloyd George make-up. You have beheld the orator sweeping people off their feet; you have seen the Minister in his office removed from the calcium; you have watched the play of his personality. Yet the question "Why is Lloyd George?" remains unanswered.

This means that we must now probe behind the externals. If ever a human being followed a star of success that being is Lloyd George. He is essentially a man of destiny. Uncanny things have continually happened to lift him into power and prominence. Men died; empires crumbled; idols tottered to their fall; the whole world shook in a mighty cataclysm. On all this mass of state and human débris Lloyd George mounted to the heights. He seized the great hour and made it his own in a romance as stirring as was ever framed in fiction.

More than once he trembled precariously on the edge of the precipice; often he seemed to be riding for a fall. Yet no matter how the storm blew Lloyd George has invariably landed on his feet. This acrobatic performance constitutes his favorite indoor sport. It helps to answer the question "Why is Lloyd George?"

Lloyd George has one certain refuge in time of stress. Being of the people he goes straight to his own. He has never failed of vindication so far. Through this process he has scored some of his most sensational triumphs. The episode with Maj. Gen. Frederick B. Maurice will illustrate.

Maurice was Director of Military Operations at the War Office. Part of his job was to supply the War Cabinet with information about the armies in the field. A difference of opinion rose between the Prime Minister and Maurice during the spring of 1918. In a letter published in a London newspaper the director practically charged Lloyd George with having misrepresented conditions at the Front. A great hue and cry rose. The last German offensive was in full swing. General Gough's Fifth British Army was in retreat; England's nerves were on edge.

A British Appraisal

A real crisis developed and Lloyd George's leadership was seriously jeopardized. Quick as a flash he struck. In a brilliant and impassioned speech in Parliament, which meant that the whole Kingdom was his audience, he not only strengthened his hand but routed his adversaries. When he sat down he was more strongly intrenched than ever before.

I once heard one of Lloyd George's closest friends say: "If Lloyd George fell out of an aëroplane at an altitude of 10,000 feet he would not only land safe and smiling but would discover something of interest and value on the way down."

He is the original happy warrior, for he loves a fight. In this respect he is the exact opposite of Mr. Asquith, whose cardinal rule was "Wait and see." Lloyd George's creed is "Strike first." Despite the strenuosity of his life he is strangely resentful of criticism. It makes him peevish and irritable.

Last November I asked an intimate political colleague to state the largest defect in the Lloyd George structure, and the reply was: "He is what you Americans call a side-stepper." Though he can strike hard and fast there is a great deal of indecision about Lloyd George. He has had, for example, a sincere desire to solve the Irish problem, yet he has hesitated to face the real issue and have a definite showdown.

To offset this is the man's winning personality. Here you get another parallel with Roosevelt. When the latter was President men often came to the White House with anger and resentment in their hearts. After five minutes with the Rough Rider they emerged beaming and happy and proclaiming him the most remarkable man in the world. So with Lloyd George. Men who come to scoff and abuse go away devoted henchmen.

Though he is not a business man in any sense—he got into a bad mess the only time in his life when he tried a business venture—he has a profound admiration for business achievement. His first cabinet took toll of the best commercial brains in the Kingdom. Lloyd George realized that war had become a business and needed business men.

Most Americans do not perhaps know that Lloyd George is practically the father of American manufacture in the British Isles. When he was President of the Board of Trade, his first cabinet post, he devised the so-called Patents Bill. Before its enactment patented American articles could be imported into Great Britain indiscriminately. This meant that British labor had no hand in their production, and British industry suffered from a costly and what seemed to him an unfair competition. Under the Patents Bill rights are granted to foreign inventors only on condition that the article be manufactured to an adequate extent in Britain. There was politics as well as economics in this measure. Consciously or unconsciously Lloyd George did American business a great service through this act. As a result we have reared a whole empire of output in England. It was the real beginning of our new world trade.

No man is really great who lacks a sense of humor. Lloyd George admirably meets this requirement. Like Lincoln he not only loves a good story but likes to point a moral with a tale. He likes stories about himself. Here is one which seemed to give him a peculiar pleasure. I do not know whether it has been published in America, but I will take a chance and tell it.

It deals with an illiterate Englishman who served a considerable time in a London prison. When he got out the war was in full swing. He heard someone mention the name of King George.

"Where does he live?" he asked.

"In Buckingham Palace, of course," was the reply.

The old jailbird suddenly chirped up and remarked: "I always knew that little Welsh lawyer, Lloyd George, would some day be king."

Lloyd George has had many titles, for he has held practically every important cabinet post. His friends refer to him as "L. G." Others speak of him as "George." In official circles he is frequently known as "The P. M.," which is the abbreviation for Prime Minister.

Take a close personal look at Lloyd George and you find him an undersized figure, animated by an almost ceaseless nervous energy. He talks and walks fast and has about him the incessant movement that characterized Roosevelt. It is a striking fact that with the exceptions of Kitchener, Haig and Pershing most of the figures who made war and peace are men of small stature. Lloyd George is the smallest of them all.

When I first saw him his hair was gray. Now it is almost snow-white. He is perhaps the best-groomed of all the British politicians. He usually wears gray clothes. When these garments are topped by a gray beaver he is quite imposing.

No personage of his day has figured more conspicuously in the drama of contrasts than Lloyd George. The spectacle of the one-time pacifist in the seat of the war lord or the achievement of the flaming Radical become the whip of Conservatism is slight when compared with the supreme contrast in his life now to be revealed.

A Pilgrimage of Remembrance

In every career of high achievement there is always one quiet backwater where the man who rides the storm of events finds sanctuary regardless of the whirlpools of controversy that eddy and swirl about him. Into such a placid pool came Lloyd George on a day in 1917. Here he lived his largest spiritual hour in an episode that the world with its usual disregard of such things has overlooked in the contemplation of his spectacular performances.

Lloyd George is the son of a Welsh schoolmaster who died before the future Prime Minister had reached his fourth year. The lad became the ward of his uncle, Richard Lloyd, his mother's brother, who gave the widow and her three children a home in his own cottage in Llanystumdwy in Wales. In his own way Richard Lloyd was quite as remarkable as his foster child. Six days a week he sat on his little bench and cobbled shoes. On the seventh he mounted the pulpit of the Church of the Disciples and became the fervent evangelist. Of rugged character, inflexible principle and imposing presence he has been described as "one of those inspired souls who shape the destiny of a nation." This was profoundly true in his case because he molded the youth and shaped the character of the emotional boy who grew up to be an international citizen.

Lloyd George always felt a reverent regard for the grim psalm-singing militantly religious figure who had succored his boyhood. Sometimes he journeyed back to the old scenes. Always he found the friend of his struggling days proud and glad of his great success.

During the spring of 1917 Richard Lloyd died. Lloyd George was in the throes of one of his many crises. Downing Street was a smoldering volcano. France, Italy, Russia—all clamored for the ear and service of the little Welshman who had made himself such an indispensable first aid to the conduct of the war.

Overnight Lloyd George suddenly dropped out of this maelstrom of events and made a pilgrimage of affectionate remembrance to the bier of the old man who had saved his childhood from poverty and perhaps worse. Richard Lloyd was laid to rest in the little cemetery at Criccieth. In that simple rural community they called him the cobbler of Criccieth.

Mr. Wilson's Opposite

The day of the funeral was gray with flurries of rain. In the east brooded the crags of Snowdon. You could hear the boom of the sea in that secluded churchyard, where an unforgettable scene was being enacted. Bareheaded in the rain and with his long white hair playing in the wind, the then most outstanding English-speaking figure, and Britain's hope in the war, stood at the grave of a village shoemaker.

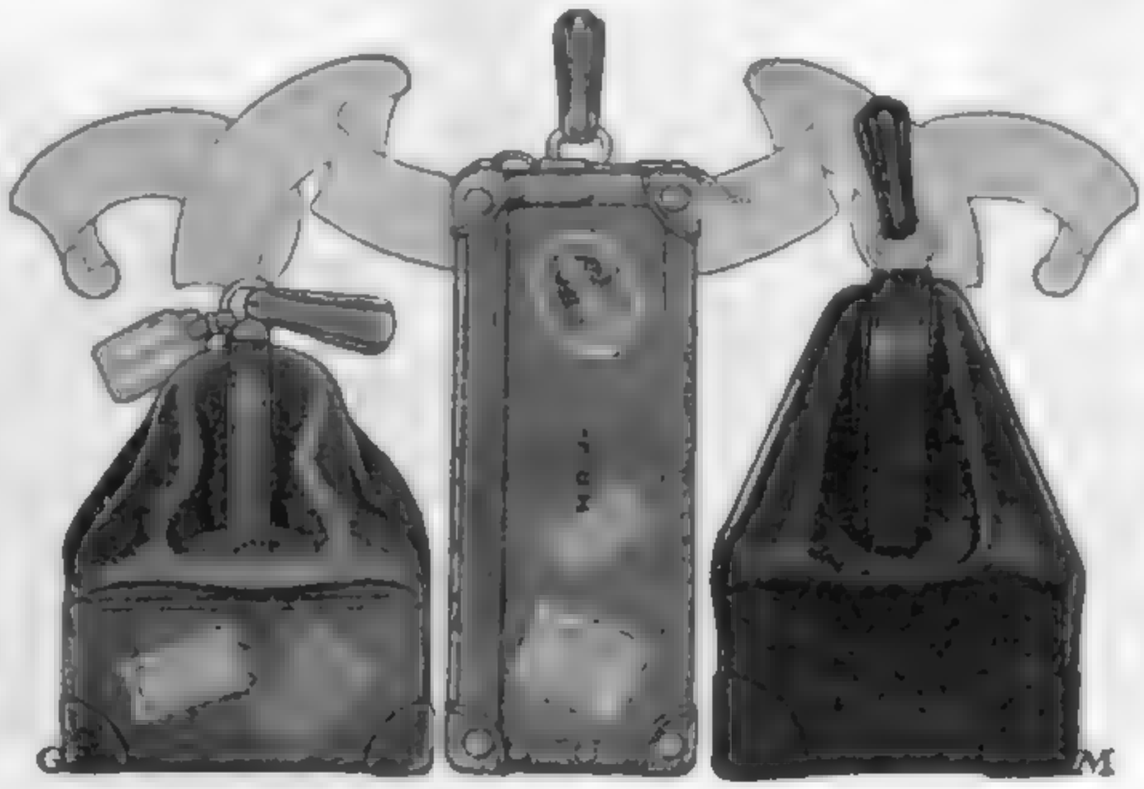
I know of no better way of summing up this estimate of an extraordinary personality than by making a final comparison—this time with the one man who challenged his world leadership. I refer to President Wilson of course. Just as Lloyd George had much in common with Roosevelt, so has he a corresponding lack of affinity in tradition, technique and temperament with the present master of the White House. Save for certain fundamental ideals of democracy no two men were ever so unlike. Lloyd George is swift, dynamic, impulsive. Mr. Wilson is calm, dispassionate, judicial.

Conscious of his ability to dominate, Lloyd George does not hesitate to surround himself with commanding figures. Mr. Wilson believes in more plastic satellites. Lloyd George is absolutely unacademic, while Mr. Wilson represents intellectual aristocracy. Lloyd George was born to politics; with Mr. Wilson it is an acquired taste. This means that long after the President has retired to private life the Premier will be attracting the thunderbolt.

Both men, however, adopt the same method in projecting a national message. Instead of burying it in a state paper and letting ordinary publicity take its course they get on their feet and speak it out. It becomes a human document. Lloyd George "gets over" through the medium of his magnetic personality and a God-given eloquence that stirs and exalts men. Mr. Wilson, finished and polished speaker that he is, depends more upon reason than upon oratory.

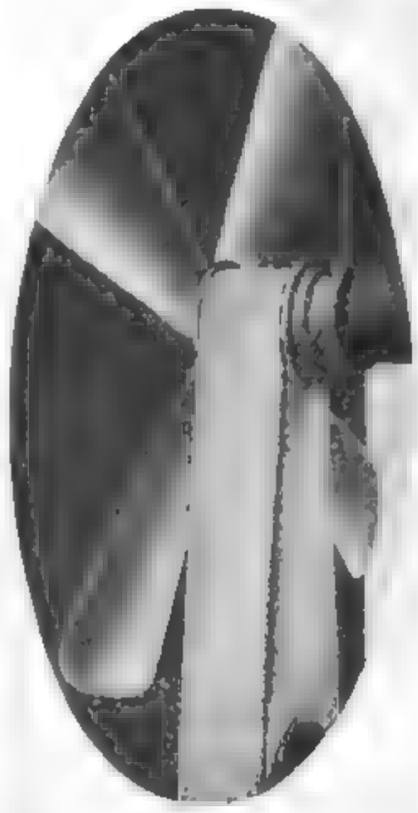
What of the future of Lloyd George? This is one of the riddles of the universe. He has upset so many political precedents that prophecy, always a dangerous dissipation, is futile. His astounding ability to land on his feet will probably never desert him. He is likely to remain the live wire of Britain.

George will always be doing it!



Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson, showing some of the outstanding personalities of war and peace at close range. The next will deal mainly with Lord Northcliffe.

Gilmer Woven Endless Belts and Belting



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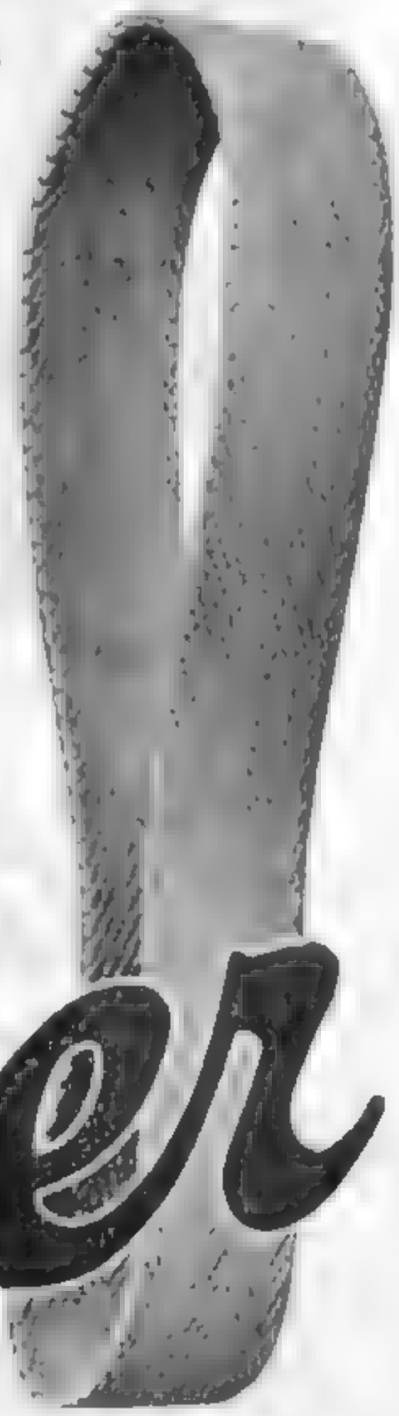

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TO THE BITTER END

Continued from Page 9

you would call a smart woman, laying all joking aside? But I wouldn't want my wife to hear this, Jim. There's a little jealousy mixed in there, between you and me and the bedpost."

"Well," said Rackby, satisfied, "I had always understood that she was one of these kind that if they was let out they would always find their way home somehow."

"Yes, sir!" said Elmer heartily. "Why, I was over here the day they was stepping the mainmast, and Hat was going to slip a five-dollar gold piece under the mast for luck, the way the last man did, but she thought better of it. I see her change her mind at the last minute and reach in and take out a bright penny and creep that under quick, thinking the Lord would never notice the difference. I never knew a woman that was more downright forehanded. Yes, sir, she's a dabster!"

How true it is that we never know our friends in this world so largely made up of conjecture! Could Hat have known how powerfully Elmer had pleaded her cause, and at a time when it was half lost, would she have moved heaven and earth, as she was moving them, to bring him into disrepute? Would she have looked at him when they met with a dagger in either eye and one between her teeth? Would she have tugged that rope girdle tighter about her hips and passed him, as she did, with only a resolute quiver of her person?

Elmer was in hopes that she would come round in time. "She's not much of a hand to hold a thing up against a body, Hat isn't," he tried to tell himself. And yet a vague presentiment, something like trouble in the wind, oppressed him.

Affairs were in this posture when launching day dawned fair. The Minnie Williams stood ready on the ways, dressed in her international code flags, which flew from all trucks. Sails of stiff new duck were bent to the booms, anchor chains had been roused up and laid on the windlass wildcat, a fire was kindled in the galley and a collation laid in the saloon. The owner was aboard.

Hat Tyler was very much in evidence, fore and aft, giving orders to the crew as to what was to be done as soon as the ship left the ways.

"I want that starboard hook dropped the minute we get the red buoy abeam. Understand? Jake Hawkins, you stand by the windlass. Take care when you snub her not to break that friction band. And stand by to let go the other hook in case we need it. This harbor ain't much bigger than a ten-quart can, when all is said."

Hat was dressed in a splendid traveling suit of heavy brocaded stuff. She wore an enormous green-and-purple hat and carried a green bottle with red, white and blue streamers tied round its neck. Being skipper and a lady at one and the same time, she had chosen to christen the ship herself.

"What's in the bottle, Hat?" sang out one of her admirers.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Hat retorted wittily. She was in high spirits.

"Ain't it a waste of good stuff!" shouted another. "I guess it ain't everybody that can be trusted to christian a ship these hard times."

"It ain't the last drink she will get either," a more remote voice floated up to her. "I hear she's taking rum to France from Porto Rico."

Hat Tyler took a firmer grip of the bottle under its streamers, for this was the voice of Pearl Higgins.

Time pressed. Already the shore gang were splitting out the keel blocks. The whole town stood at gaze. The children had been let out of school. A group of the larger ones were gathered on the after deck, ready to sing America when the ship took the water. It was a gala day. Hat felt that all eyes were centered on her, and her commands rolled along the decks like so many red-hot solid shot.

The strokes of the men under her keel rang faster and faster yet. When the last block was split out from under that oaken keel it was expected that the ship would settle on the ways, that two smooth tallowed surfaces would come together, that the ship and all her five hundred tons would move the fraction of an inch, would slip, would slide, would speed stern foremost into what is called her native element. But ships are notional, and these expectations are sometimes dashed.

And now Elmer and his wife, who were stationed ankle deep in that yellow sea of chips under her prow, could see the brows of the shore gang beaded with sweat, and a look of desperate hurry in the eyes of the youngster coming with the paint pot and painting the bottom of the keel as the blocks fell one by one. Well he might hurry; for sometimes the ship trips the last dozen blocks or so, and thus stepped on with all that tonnage they snap and crackle, and splinters fly in every direction

Nothing now held the ship but a single iron dog which bound the two tallowed surfaces together One stroke of the maul knocked this away. Still the ship hung fire.

"Run back and forth thwartships, you there; all you good people!" cried Hat hoarsely. "See if we can't start her that way."

So the ship's launching company ran back and forth, and fore and aft, until their tongues were hanging out. Elmer nudged his wife and asked her if she remembered that night when they had danced up and down themselves at a moonlight launching. Pearl replied with a trace of acid that she had good cause to remember it. It was then that Elmer had screwed his courage to the speaking point.

In vain, all in vain Hat Tyler roared her orders. The Minnie Williams budged not, nor felt a thrill of life along her keel. The crowd beside the ways scarcely drew breath; the suspense was racking.

At length the ship's company stopped for lack of breath; and in a moment of hush a voice cried: "You better get out of that traveling suit, Hat Tyler. You won't travel to-day."

It was Pearl Higgins. She followed up her witty saying by a peal of jeering laughter, which punctured the tense mood of that great throng of friends and neighbors; and such a roar of laughter went up at Hat's expense that the Minnie Williams—and Hat no less—quivered from stem to stern.

The sea captain burst frankly into tears.

"No, sir," Elmer said to a member of the Tall Stove Club who had missed the launching, "I never see Hat go all to pieces the way she did then. She was all broken up over it. Well, she might have mistrusted that Pearl had a bone to pick with her. Pearl had been between a sweat and a shiver to get in a word, and she see her chance and let her have it slap. 'Twas just what the doctor ordered. It come in so kind of comical too. There was Hat, all twittered up in that great poison-green hat of hers with the little heap of crab apples over one eye—and she stood there and couldn't say ay, yes or no. And then it was boo-hoo, you know, same as women will when a thing ain't jest according to their liking. Hat's a smart woman, all right enough, but she don't show to her best advantage when she blubbers. I stood there looking at her and I couldn't think of nothing but that old adage that runs: 'Hell is nothing to put alongside of a woman that has been laughed at.' 'Pearl,' I says, 'you've done it now. You can't tell me you haven't made an enemy of that woman.' And Pearl says to me, 'That great baby! I guess she'll survive.' 'Well,' I says, 'the fat's in the fire.' And Pearl says to me, ''Twon't hurt her if she does lose a little flesh over it.' I don't know why it is these women can't live together in peace without kicking up such a touse all the time over trifles."

Elmer was not free on the occasion itself to spend himself in narrative, however. His wife kept him close by her after her triumph. In grim silence she preceded him up the outside staircase, threw open the door to the house of Higgins and marched in. She commanded him to fetch a hod of coal. She rattled her irons, touched her finger to the bottom of a hot one—tsst—and brought it down on the ironing board with a masterful jounce. And then she glared out of the window at the massive stern of the Minnie Williams.

"I guess she'll know better another time," she said grimly.

"Ain't you two women been at swords' points long enough?" pleaded Elmer.

"If she thinks she can walk all over me she'll find she's mightily mistaken."

"All is, I mistrust she won't leave a stone unturned," Elmer said, scratching his ear. He was deep in the study of navigation again. "Hat's contrary; yes, she is; she's mulish when she's crossed. And I don't know when I've seen her get her back up the way she did to-day."

He spoke as briefly as possible on the subject, however. Good navigation began at home; and there were shallows there that would put to shame the terrors of Pollock Rip Slue. As he was going to bed near the hour of midnight he did just say that he would rather not have Hat Tyler for an enemy.

"There's no telling when she may bob up and put a spoke in your wheel," he said, taking off his necktie.

"You see to it that you put on a clean collar in the morning," said Pearl Higgins from the bed. "The one you've got on's filthy dirty."

"I wish you could see it in a little different light, Pearl," said her spouse. "It ain't as if Hat Tyler was the fiend incarnate. But she'll naturally hanker to get back at you; and with me away and all ——"

"I can take care of myself, thank you," said Pearl.

"Still and all, I don't like to leave you with things this way."

"A precious lot you care how you leave things—going off at your age and getting into this awful war when there ain't a particle of need of it."

"Ain't we had that all out once?"

"And then you stand up there and defend that woman."

"Now, Pearl ——"

"Yes, you are! You're defending her, and I shouldn't wonder if you didn't think as much of her as ever you did in your heart of hearts. Oh, if you only knew how it wrings me to think of you and she together!"

"There, there! Why, in those days I hadn't so much as—I didn't so much as know you were on earth."

"We can't ever forget our first loves," said Pearl. "It's no use your standing up there and letting on. I know what I know. Put out the light and get into bed. Your feet are getting cold standing there that way."

Her mouth turned into the pillow, she went on: "I remember just as well as if it was yesterday when her father lay dying—you know how much he thought of that horse of his, and how it always had red tassels hung on its ears the first day of spring, and the brass on the harness was enough to put your eyes out, he worked over it so. He thought the world of that horse, and when he see he was going to go, he got up and said, 'Hat, shoot the horse. I won't be quiet in my grave for thinking what kind of treatment it may be getting.' And what does she do but out into the barn and shoot the gun into the air, and come back and let on like the horse is gone. And her poor father lying there at his last gasp."

"Still and all," said Elmer, "wouldn't it have been kind of too bad to put a young horse like that out of its misery? It warn't a day over ten years old."

"And now what?" continued Pearl. "I heard only to-day that she's been to the first selectman about having our place here condemned on the ground that it's unsafe. And the next thing I know I'll be turned out of house and home and won't know which way to turn nor where to lay my head. After I've slaved like a dog all my life and worse—and what thanks do I get for it? Why, my husband—walks away—and leaves me—in the lurch. That's how much he—thinks of me. Ain't you *never* coming to bed?"

Elmer, who had stood listening, now in fact had his lips ready puffed to blow out the light.

But he did not blow.

Instead he said, "My soul and body, what was that?"

A fearful sound smote upon their ears. Something had shouldered the house. The stovepipe in the kitchen fell down, there followed the sound as of some scaly creature dragging its body across the linoleum. Then there came a fall of plaster, and the kitchen stove itself appeared stealthily through the bedroom wall.

"My conscience!" said Elmer Higgins at the height of his mystification.

But we anticipate. It will be well at this point to look in on the affairs of Hat Tyler for a moment. When it became apparent that the Minnie Williams would not leave the ways until softer weather had loosened up the launching grease the crowd drifted away from her. The cook banked his fires and the crew went ashore for a carouse.

Then it was that Hat had it out with Tyler. Jed said himself afterward that it was a regular old-fashioned session, but further than that he would not commit himself, beyond saying that of course Hat was sensitive—awful sensitive—and just as thin-skinned as she could be, and it was only natural she should get up on her high horse when once she had him alone. It was not till near midnight that, red of eye and with her hair stringing down any old how, she put her head out of the companionway and looked vengefully at the Higgins place across the way.

"If looks could kill," Tyler said, thrusting his jaw out with hers, "there wouldn't be a grease spot left of that shack, would there, Hat?"

Hat made no answer. She had felt an indefinable sensation at the soles of her feet.

"We're away, Tyler, we're away!" she gasped.

It was even so. Swift as a swallow on the wing and noiseless as a thief in the night the Minnie Williams left the smoking ways, with that deep and graceful bow always so thrilling to beholders when there are beholders; the first and most beautiful motion of the ship.

"You christian her, Hat!" cried Tyler. "I'll drop the hook."

Hat broke the bottle over her stern works at the very moment that a roar of chain going out at the hawse pipe forward set the sleeping gulls flapping seaward. The Minnie Williams floated there lightly as a feather drifted from the wings of sleep, soundless save for the chain rattling out of her lockers. She had chosen that whimsical hour of the night to take her first bath, and who should say the lady nay?

Now by insensible degrees the near shore receded and the far shore drew near. Still slack chain rattled out of the hawse pipe.

Hat strode forward.

"For the Lord's sake, ain't you going to snub this ship!" she cried in a voice hoarse with fury.

Jed Tyler thrust a ghastly dewy face out of the windlass room.

"I can't do it, Hat!" he gasped.

"You can't! Don't tell me you can't! Everything's been done that's been tried. You drop that hook or I'll know the reason why!"

"The friction band's broke square in two."

"Oh, damn it all, if I must say so—there!" said Hat bitterly, for she was not captain in name only. "If there's any such thing as break it's break at a time like this. Let go that port anchor."

"Both wildcats will turn idle the way things are here."

"You do as I say! The weight of the chain may check her in some."

Tyler dropped his other hook.

"How much chain have we got on that starboard anchor? Do you know?"

"About one hundred and seventy-five fathoms."

Hat went aft again and gave a calculating glance. When the chain had been paid out to the bitter end the ship would bring up perforce if the anchor had caught on, for the bitter end had a round turn taken about the foot of the foremast, and was shackled to the keelson with a monster shackle. But—what was the width of the harbor at this point?

"Give her port helm, you ninny," said Hat, wrapping herself in her arms. She shivered, partly because the night was chill and partly from nervous excitement. There was no time to be lost.

"Can't. The rudder's bolted in the amidships position," said Jed in shaking accents.

This had been done to make sure that that giant tailpiece should meet the water squarely, as otherwise the thrust of the ship might snap the rudder post like a pipestem.

"Well, I guess the horse is out of the stable, then, that's what I guess," Hat said hoarsely. "She's launched herself now with a vengeance."

They fell silent. With the indifference to danger of a sleepwalker the Minnie Williams marched across the starlit harbor.

Presently Hat brought down a heavy hand on her spouse's lean shoulder.

"You see what she's going to do, don't you?" she cried. "She's going to mix it

with the Higgins place, that's what she's going to do! Give them a blue light. They're awake. I see a light burning in that south window."

Tyler fetched a blue light; but his matches were wet with the sweat of his efforts in the windlass room. He could not strike fire.

"What are you doing? What are you doing, man?" shrieked Hat. "Come, if you can't strike a light give them a shot out of that shotgun. The whole place is coming down round their ears in a minute."

"I give away the last cartridges I had yisterday to a boy that come asking for them."

"I suppose you'd give 'em the shirt off your back if they come asking for it," cried Hat. "I never saw such a man. Get up the patent fog horn."

"I ain't got the key to the box," said Jed in the sulky tones of a man who can't begin to comply with the demands upon him.

"Ain't got the key! This is a pretty time to come telling me that. Run forward and see if you can't kink up the chain in the hawse pipe somehow."

Jed Tyler affected not to hear this. There was a glorious crash coming, and for his part he meant to be an eyewitness. Followed a marvelous silence, during which with fateful celerity the Minnie Williams stalked the unsuspecting Higgins house. The seaward end of the wharf on which it stood had rotted away and fallen in, and nothing now remained but the line of spiles, which rose out of the water like a row of bad teeth from which the gums had fallen away. And on top of each spile roosted a huge sea gull of marvelous whiteness, fatted with the spoils of the harbor.

So quietly had the Minnie Williams stolen upon them that the spiles on which they slept stirred and swayed out before they took note of the invasion. At the touch they rose shrieking on the night air with a vast flapping of wings.

The ship passed between the long rows of spiling with nice judgment. Certainly in the circumstance she was doing the best she could by herself and her owners. At the left of her lay a little steamer tied up for the winter, the top of her stack swathed like a sore thumb; and only twenty feet to the right, under water, lurked, as Hat well knew, a cruel weed-grown stone abutment. To the fine angular stern of the Minnie Williams the Higgins place would be like nothing so much as a pillow stuffed with eiderdown.

That fated residence stood forlorn in the starshine. It was old, it was gray, it suffered from some sort of shingle mange, and blue and yellow tin tobacco signs were tacked on here and there. The crazy outside staircase was like an aspiration that had come to nothing.

No knight of old ever couched lance against the shield of his enemy with surer aim than that which distinguished the Minnie Williams when she set her main boom against the house of Higgins to overthrow it. And it availed it nothing that it was founded upon a rock.

"My God, Tyler, can't you see what's taking place?" yelled Hat Tyler.

Tyler unquestionably could. He had set a cold corncob pipe between his teeth; he answered nothing, but his fascinated saucer eyes were fixed on the precise spot where as it seemed the boom was destined to be planted. This was at a place about six feet below the square of soapstone with a hole in it, through which the stovepipe passed. He was not disappointed. The boom in fact exerted its whole pressure against the body of the stove itself, with the result which we have seen. The stove made its way across the kitchen and appeared in the bedroom at the moment when Elmer had made up his lips to blow the flame.

Nor was this all. The inexorable stern of the Minnie Williams followed after, raising the roof of the Higgins place with the skillful care of an epicure taking the cover off his favorite dish. The roof yielded with only a gentle rippling motion, and the ship's lifeboat, which hung from davits aft, scraped the remains of supper off the supper table with her keel.

Zinie Shadd, returning late from a lodge meeting which had wound up with a little supper in the banquet hall, felt a queer stir through his members to see the Higgins place alter its usually placid countenance, falter, turn half round, and get down on its knees with an apparently disastrous collapse of its four walls and of everything within them. The short wide windows narrowed and lengthened with an effect of bodily agony as the ribs of the place were snapped off short all round the eaves.

"God help them poor creatures inside!" he was moved to utter out of the goodness of his heart. "She went in jest as easy," he recounted later to one of his cronies. "It warn't no more exertion for her than 'twould be to you to stick your finger through a cream puff."

"How come it they 'scaped with a whole skin?"

"I don't see for the life of me. Elmer says himself it's just another case of where it's *for* a man to live, and if it ain't for him to he won't, and if it's for him to he will, and that's about all there is to it."

Elmer's exact phrase has been that he guessed nothing coming from the sea side would ever cheat the gallows.

Pearl Higgins told a friend of hers that the one thing that came into her mind as she lay there was that the place had been torpedoed.

"I knew what it was just as well as I wanted to," she said. She had known all along that if any place would get it it would be the Higgins place, on account of its exposed position, right in line with anything that showed up at the mouth of the harbor. Of course if she had stopped to think she would have known that a torpedo didn't come through a house at the snail's pace the stove was moving at when it looked through at her.

"But my land, at a time like that what is a body to think?" she inquired. Of course as soon as she could get her wits together she could see that it was her own stove, and nothing to be afraid of in itself if only she knew what was animating it.

There was the rub. The truth is, the performance of the stove, at that hour of the night, too, was so wholly out of the ordinary that she and Elmer had not so much as stirred out of their tracks for the fraction of a second it took the thing to come clear into the room. Pearl said later that she thought she was seeing things.

"Scared? I was petrified! I couldn't stir hand or foot," she told her friend. "You talk about your flabbergasted women! I never had such a feeling come over me before."

Of course neither of them had the faintest notion of what was at the back of it, and that made it all the worse. Pearl lay there under the clothes as limp as a rag, and the main boom of the Minnie Williams, which as we know was the thing behind it all, urged the stove forward until it was in square contact with the foot of the bed.

Now if there was one thing on which Pearl Higgins prided herself it was her bed. It was a mountainous, whale-backed, feather-bedded four-poster, built in the days of San Domingo mahogany, and quite capable of supporting the weight of a baby elephant without a quiver. Equipped with the legs of a colossus it had a frame to match. Tradition had it that a governor of the state had once lain in it. If there was one thing sure, therefore, it was that the bed would not collapse. But then again the Minnie Williams was a lady not to be denied. She must come on; she could not help it for her heart, for the bitter end of the chain cable was not yet, and she still had way on her.

The bed, the stove and the boom met, they fitted together as if they had been made for one another from the beginning, they engaged each other like vertebræ in a spine, they stiffened. There came a fearful rending of laths; the mopboard buckled; two vases of alabaster fell from the parlor mantel, and almost at the same moment the red plush clock with the stone cuckoo-bird over the dial and the music box "where its gizzard should have been," as Elmer always said, fell likewise. Pearl said afterward she knew that had gone because it started playing there on the floor at a great rate. And the next thing she knew she was in the parlor herself; and such a mess! She didn't know as she ever wanted to lay eyes on it again after that night's works.

Elmer, uncertain what part to play, walked along with the bed, still carrying the hand lamp in his hand, to light the Minnie Williams along, and dodging falling walls and plaster. He said when questioned by Zinie Shadd that he hadn't felt any particular alarm, on account of the deliberate way she had come poking in there, with a kind of a root-hog-or-die look about her; and he said he never for a minute doubted his ability and Pearl's to make good their escape if the worst came to the worst.

It really wasn't until the parlor went, as he explained to the Tall Stove Club, that he took it into his head to look over his shoulder; and it was then that he saw the lifeboat sweeping on victoriously across the kitchen, or what had been the kitchen. And on top of that he saw Hat Tyler looking down as cool as a cucumber, and her husband standing beside her.

"She had come on deck jest as she was," he stated at that time with a quiet chuckle, "and I never see anything like so much interest showing in a human countenance before."

Hat Tyler might well show interest; for after the house came the land—and the land, well she knew it, was made of sterner stuff. A shriek from Pearl told Elmer that his wife had found her tongue, as he phrased it. The fact is she had caught sight of Hat Tyler standing over her like an avenging fury.

But precisely at this moment the chain cable, which had all this time lain lethargic on the floor of the harbor, roused itself link by link, tautened, took a grip on the hook and snubbed the ship. None too soon, it had run out to the bitter end.

Pearl Higgins' bed halted, the stove halted, and Elmer set down his lamp. The boom receded. With the same swanlike ease she had used in effecting an entrance the Minnie Williams floated out into the stream again.

And in the very instant of that heaven-sent reversal Hat Tyler cried in trumpet tones, "Travel yourself, and see how you like it!"

A shriek of demoniac laughter came on the heels of that. There were none present to laugh with Hat, but that laugh of hers rang in Pearl Higgins' ears like the last trump. She got herself over the side of the bed in short order. Too late, alas! Hat Tyler's had been a Parthian shot. The ship was out of the house altogether by then, and the roof had settled back over its joists at a rakish angle. The whole after part of the house was mashed into a neat concavity which would have made a perfect mold for the Minnie Williams' stern, and the Minnie Williams was in the stream again, with not a scratch about her.

"Ain't that something?" Elmer Higgins said, standing at the edge of this declivity. "Ain't that something huge?"

"Stand there and gawk! I would if I was you!" cried his wife. "Oh, will I ever get that laugh out of my ears if I live to be a hundred? Did ever you hear anything so hateful? I think you're a pretty small part of a man myself! The least you could have done was to have lit into her when you had the chance.

"But no, not you! What do you do but stand there and never so much as open your mouth!"

"I was so kind of took aback," Elmer advanced, "what with one thing and another, I couldn't seem to lay my hands on jest the words I wanted. And she standing there jest as she was too. Ain't she immense? Where you going to look to for a solider woman than Hat?"

"It's just like her for all the world, pushing herself in where she's not wanted," sobbed Pearl miserably. "The gall of her! And she just itching to get this house out of the way too! I suppose you'll be just contrary-minded enough now to say that she didn't do it on purpose?"

"No," said Elmer, solemn as a judge. "She forelaid for it all right, all right. I been saying right along she warn't a woman to sit quiet under a blow, and I told you as much at the time, mamma, if you'll recollect. I said, 'When Hat hits back I look out from under.'"

He picked a lump of plaster out of his ear and lifted high the lamp.

"But my grief, my grief, when all is said and done, ain't she a dabster!" he whispered with a tinge of admiration. "And warn't it—warn't it nice calculation?"

Getting Soldiers back into overalls

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A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

(Continued from Page 27)

as "a galaxy of fair women and brave men." The floor was crowded with all that was best and noblest in the county; so that a half brick hurled at any given moment must infallibly have spilt blue blood. Peers stepped on the toes of knights; honorables bumped into the spines of baronets. Probably the only titled person in the whole of the surrounding country who was not playing his part in the glittering scene was Lord Marshmoreton, who, on discovering that his private study had been converted into a way station for coats and hats, had retired to bed with a pipe and a copy of Roses Red and Roses White by Emily Ann Mackintosh — Popgood, Crooly & Co.—which he was to discover—after he was between the sheets and it was too late to repair the error—was not, as he had supposed, a treatise on his favorite hobby, but a novel of stearine sentimentality dealing with the adventures of a pure young English girl and an artist named Claude.

George, from the shaded seclusion of a gallery, looked down upon the brilliant throng with impatience. It seemed to him that he had been doing this all his life. The novelty of the experience had long since ceased to divert him. It was all just like the second act of an old-fashioned musical comedy—Act Two: The Ballroom, Grantchester Towers: One Week Later—a resemblance which was heightened for him by the fact that the band had more than once played dead and buried melodies of his own composition, of which he had wearied a full eighteen months back.

"You Haven't Ever Seen Me Before by Any Chance, if You Know What I Mean, Have You?"

A complete absence of obstacles had attended his intrusion into the castle. A brief interview with a motherly old lady, whom even Albert seemed to treat with respect, and who, it appeared, was Mrs. Digby, the housekeeper, followed by an even briefer encounter with Keggs, fussy and irritable with responsibility and, even while talking to George, carrying on two other conversations on topics of the moment, and he was past the censors and free for one night only to add his presence to the chosen inside the walls of Belpher. His duties were to stand in this gallery and with the assistance of one of the maids to minister to the comfort of such of the dancers as should use it as a sitting-out place. None had so far made their appearance, the superior attractions of the main floor having exercised a greater appeal, and for the past hour George had been alone with the maid and his thoughts. The maid, having asked George if he knew her cousin Frank, who had been in America nearly a year, and having received a reply in the negative, seemed to be disappointed in him and to lose interest, and had not spoken for twenty minutes. George scanned the approaches to the balcony for a sight of Albert as the shipwrecked mariner scans the horizon for the passing sail. It was inevitable, he supposed, this waiting. It would be difficult for Maud to slip away even for a moment on such a night.

"I say, laddie, would you mind getting me a lemonade?"

George was gazing over the balcony when the voice spoke behind him, and the muscles of his back stiffened as he recognized its genial note. This was one of the things he had prepared himself for, but, now that it had happened, he felt a wave of stage fright such as he had only once experienced before in his life—on the occasion when he had been young enough and inexperienced enough to take a curtain call on a first night. Reggie Byng was friendly and would not wilfully betray him; but Reggie was also a babbler, who could not be trusted to keep things to himself. It was necessary, he perceived, to take a strong line from the start and convince Reggie that any likeness which the latter might suppose he detected between his companion of that afternoon and the waiter of to-night existed only in his heated imagination.

As George turned, Reggie's pleasant face, pink with healthful exercise and Lord Marshmoreton's finest Bollinger, lost most of its color. His eyes and mouth opened wider. The fact is, Reggie was shaken. All through the earlier part of the evening he had been sedulously priming himself with stimulants with a view to amassing enough nerve to propose to Alice Faraday; and now that he had drawn her away from the throng to this secluded nook and was about to put his fortune to the test, a horrible fear swept over him that he had overdone it. He was having optical illusions.

"Good ——"

"Sir?"

Reggie loosened his collar and pulled himself together.

"Would you mind taking a glass of lemonade to the lady in blue sitting on the settee over there by the statue?" he said carefully.

He brightened up a little. Pretty good, that! Not absolutely a test sentence, perhaps, like "Truly rural" or "The intricacies of the British Constitution"; but, nevertheless, no mean feat.

"I say!"

"Sir?"

"You haven't ever seen me before by any chance, if you know what I mean, have you?"

"No, sir."

"You haven't a brother, or anything of that shape or order, have you, no?"

"No, sir. I have often wished I had. I ought to have spoken to father about it. Father could never deny me anything."

Reggie blinked. His misgivings returned. Either his ears, like his eyes, were playing him tricks, or else this waiter chappie was talking pure drivel.

"What's that?"

"Sir?"

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'No, sir, I have no brother.'"

"Didn't you say something else?"

"No, sir!"

"What?"

"No, sir."

Reggie's worst suspicions were confirmed.

"Then I am!" he muttered.

Miss Faraday, when he joined her on the settee, wanted an explanation.

"What were you talking to that man about, Mr. Byng? You seemed to be having a very interesting conversation."

"I was asking him if he had a brother."

Miss Faraday glanced quickly at him. She had had a feeling for some time during the evening that his manner had been strange.

"A brother? What made you ask him that?"

"He—I mean—that is to say—what I mean is, he looked the sort of chap who might have a brother. Lots of those fellows have!"

Alice Faraday's face took on a motherly look. She was fonder of Reggie than that lovesick youth supposed, and by sheer accident he had stumbled on the right road to her consideration. Alice Faraday was one of those girls whose dream it is to be a ministering angel to some chosen man, to be a good influence to him and raise him to an appreciation of nobler things. Hitherto Reggie's personality had seemed to her agreeable but negative. A positive vice like over-indulgence in alcohol altered him completely. It gave him a significance.

"I told him to get you a lemonade," said Reggie. "He seems to be taking his time about it. Hi!"

George approached deferentially.

"Sir?"

"Where's that lemonade?"

"Lemonade, sir?"

"Didn't I just ask you to bring this lady a glass of lemonade?"

"I did not understand you to do so, sir."

"But, great Scott! What were we chatting about, then?"

"You were telling me a diverting story about an Irishman who landed in New York looking for work, sir. You would like a glass of lemonade, sir? Very good, sir."

Alice placed a hand gently on Reggie's arm.

"Don't you think you had better lie down for a little and rest, Mr. Byng? I'm sure it would do you good."

The solicitous note in her voice made Reggie quiver like a jelly. He had never heard her speak like that before. For a moment he was inclined to lay bare his soul; but his nerve was broken. He did not want her to mistake the outpouring of a strong man's heart for the irresponsible ravings of a too hearty diner. It was one of life's ironies. Here he was, for the first time all keyed up to go right ahead, and he couldn't do it.

"It's the heat of the room," said Alice. "Shall we go and sit outside on the terrace? Never mind about the lemonade. I'm not really thirsty."

Reggie followed her like a lamb. The prospect of the cool night air was grateful.

"That," murmured George, as he watched them depart, "ought to hold you for a while!" He perceived Albert hastening toward him.

XIII

ALBERT was in a hurry. He skimmed over the carpet like a water beetle.

"Quick!" he said.

He cast a glance at the maid, George's coworker. She was reading a novelette with her back turned.

"Tell 'er you'll be back in five minutes," said Albert, jerking a thumb.

"Unnecessary. She won't notice my absence. Ever since she discovered that I had never met her cousin Frank in America, I have meant nothing in her life."

"Then come on!"

"Where?"

"I'll show you."

That it was not the nearest and most direct route which they took to the trysting place, George became aware after he had followed his young guide through doors and upstairs and downstairs and had at last come to a halt in a room to which the sound of the music penetrated but faintly. He recognized the room. He had been in it before. It was the same room where he and Billie Dore had listened to Keggs telling the story of Lord Leonard and his Leap. That window there, he remembered now, opened onto the very balcony from which the historic Leonard had done his spectacular dive. That it should be the scene of this other secret meeting struck George as appropriate. The coincidence appealed to him.

Albert vanished. George took a deep breath. Now that the moment had arrived for which he had waited so long, he was aware of a return of that feeling of stage fright which had come upon him when he had heard Reggie Byng's voice. This sort of thing, it must be remembered, was not in George's usual line. His had been a quiet and uneventful life, and the only exciting thing which in his recollection had ever happened to him, previous to the dramatic entry of Lady Maud into his taxicab that day in Piccadilly, had occurred at college nearly ten years before, when a festive roommate, no doubt with the best motives, had placed a Mexican horned toad in his bed on the night of the Yale football game.

A light footstep sounded outside, and the room whirled round George in a manner which, if it had happened to Reggie Byng, would have caused that injudicious drinker to abandon the habits of a lifetime. When the furniture had returned to its place and the rug had ceased to spin, Maud was standing before him.

Nothing is harder to remember than a once-seen face. It had caused George a good deal of distress and inconvenience that, try as he might, he could not conjure up anything more than a vague vision of what the only girl in the world really looked like. He had carried away with him from their meeting in the cab only a confused recollection of eyes that shone and a mouth that curved in a smile; and the brief moment in which he was able to refresh his memory, when he found her in the lane with Reggie Byng and the broken-down car, had not been enough to add definiteness. The consequence was that Maud came upon him now with the stunning effect of beauty seen for the first time. He gasped.

In that dazzling ball dress, with the flush of dancing on her cheeks and the light of dancing in her eyes, she was so much more wonderful than any picture of her which memory had been able to produce for his inspection that it was as if he had never seen her before.

Even her brother Percy, a stern critic where his nearest and dearest were concerned, had admitted on meeting her in the drawing-room before dinner that that particular dress suited Maud. It was a shimmering dream thing of rose leaves and moonbeams.

That, at least, was how it struck George; a dressmaker would have found a longer and less romantic description for it. But that does not matter. Whoever wishes for a cold and technical catalogue of the stuffs which went to make up the picture that deprived George of speech may consult the files of the Belpher Intelligencer and Farmers' Guide, and read the report of the editor's wife, who "does" the dresses for the Intelligencer under the penname of Birdie Bright-Eye. As far as George was concerned, the thing was made of rose leaves and moonbeams.

(Continued on Page 119)

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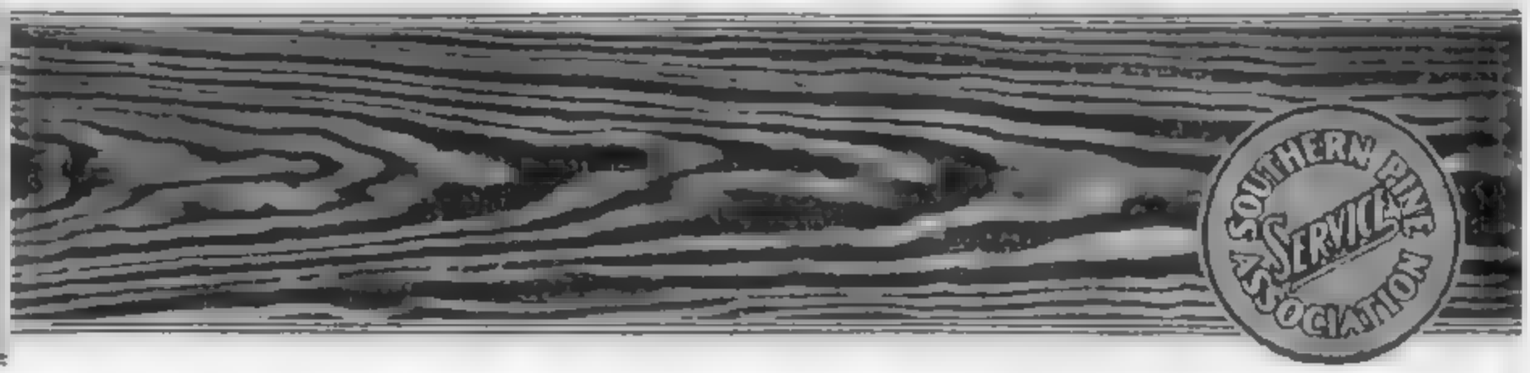

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The Premier ELECTRIC CLEANER

(Continued from Page 116)

George, as I say, was deprived of speech. That any girl could possibly look so beautiful was enough to paralyze his faculties; but that this ethereal being straight from Fairyland could have stooped to love him him—an earthy brute who wore sock-suspenders and drank coffee for breakfast—that was what robbed George of the power to articulate. He could do nothing but look at her.

From the Hills of Fairyland soft music came. Or, if we must be exact, Maud spoke.

"I couldn't get away before!" Then she stopped short and darted to the door, listening. "Was that somebody coming? I had to cut a dance with Mr. Plummer to get here, and I'm so afraid he may ——"

He had! A moment later it was only too evident that this was precisely what Mr. Plummer had done. There was a footstep on the stairs, a heavy footstep this time, and from outside the voice of the pursuer made itself heard:

"Oh, there you are, Lady Maud! I was looking for you. This is our dance."

George did not know who Mr. Plummer was. He did not want to know. His only thought regarding Mr. Plummer was a passionate realization of the superfluity of his existence. It is the presence on the globe of these Plummers that delays the coming of the millennium.

His stunned mind leaped into sudden activity. He must not be found here, that was certain. Waiters who ramble at large about a feudal castle, and are discovered in conversation with the daughter of the house, excite comment. And, conversely, daughters of the house who talk in secluded rooms with waiters also find explanations necessary. He must withdraw. He must withdraw quickly. And, as a gesture from Maud indicated, the withdrawal must be effected through the French window opening on the balcony. Estimating the distance that separated him from the approaching Plummer at three stairs—the voice had come from below—and a landing, the space of time allotted to him by a hustling fate for disappearing was some four seconds. Inside two and a half the French window had opened and closed, and George was out under the stars, with the cool winds of the night playing on his heated forehead.

He had now time for meditation. There are few situations which provide more scope for meditation than that of the man penned up on a small balcony a considerable distance from the ground, with his only avenue of retreat cut off behind him. So George meditated. First, he mused on Plummer. He thought some hard thoughts about Plummer. Then he brooded on the unkindness of a fortune which had granted him the opportunity of this meeting with Maud, only to snatch it away almost before it had begun. He wondered how long the late Lord Leonard had been permitted to talk on that other occasion before he, too, had had to retire through this same window. There was no doubt about one thing—lovers who chose that room for their interviews seemed to have very little luck.

It had not occurred to George at first that there could be any further disadvantages attached to his position other than the obvious drawbacks which had already come to his notice. He was now to perceive that he had been mistaken. A voice was speaking in the room he had left, a plainly audible voice, deep and throaty; and within a minute George had become aware that he was to suffer the additional discomfort of being obliged to listen to a fellow man—one could call Plummer that by stretching the facts a little—proposing marriage. The gruesomeness of the situation became intensified. Of all moments when a man—and justice compelled George to admit that Plummer was technically human—of all moments when a man may by all the laws of decency demand to be alone without an audience of his own sex, the chiefest is the moment when he is asking a girl to marry him. George's was a sensitive nature, and he writhed at the thought of playing the eavesdropper at such a time.

He looked frantically about him for a means of escape. Plummer had now reached the stage of saying at great length that he was not worthy of Maud. He said it over and over again in different ways. George was in hearty agreement with him, but he did not want to hear it. He wanted to get away. But how? Lord Leonard on a similar occasion had leaped. Some might argue, therefore, on the principle that what man had done man can do, that George should have imitated him. But men differ. There was a man attached to a circus who used to dive off the roof of Madison Square Garden onto a sloping board, strike it with his chest, turn a couple of somersaults, reach the ground, bow six times, and go off to lunch. That sort of thing is a gift. Some of us have it, some have not. George had not. Painful as it was to hear Plummer floundering through his proposal of marriage, instinct told him that it would be far more painful to hurl himself out into mid-air on the sporting chance of having his downward progress arrested by the branches of the big tree that had upheld Lord Leonard. No, there seemed nothing for it but to remain where he was.

Inside the room, Plummer was now saying how much the marriage would please his mother.

"Psst!"

George looked about him. It seemed to him that he had heard a voice. He listened. No. Except for the barking of a distant dog, the faint wailing of a waltz, the rustle of a roosting bird, and the sound of Plummer saying that if her refusal was due to anything she might have heard about that breach-of-promise case of his a couple of years ago, he would like to state that he was more sinned against than sinning, and that the girl had absolutely misunderstood him—all was still.

"Psst! Hey, mister!"

It was a voice. It came from above. Was it an angel's voice? Not altogether. It was Albert's. The boy was leaning out of a window some six feet higher up the castle wall. George, his eyes by now grown used to the darkness, perceived that the stripling gesticulated, as one having some message to impart. Then, glancing to one side, he saw that what looked like some kind of a rope swayed against the wall. He reached for it. The thing was not a rope; it was a knotted sheet.

From above came Albert's hoarse whisper: "Look alive!"

This was precisely what George wanted to do, for at least another fifty years or so; and it seemed to him as he stood there in the starlight, gingerly fingering this flimsy linen thing, that, if he were to suspend his hundred and eighty pounds of bone and sinew at the end of it over the black gulf outside the balcony, he would look alive for about five seconds; and after that goodness only knew how he would look. He knew all about knotted sheets. He had read a hundred stories in which heroes, heroines, low-comedy friends, and even villains did all sorts of reckless things with their assistance. There was not much comfort to be derived from that. It was one thing to read about people doing silly things like that, quite another to do them yourself.

He gave Albert's sheet a tentative shake. In all his experience he thought he had never come across anything so supremely unstable. One calls it Albert's sheet for the sake of convenience. It was really Reggie Byng's sheet. And when Reggie got to his room in the small hours of the morning and found the thing a mass of knots, he jumped to the conclusion—being a simple-hearted young man—that his bosom friend, Jack Ferris, who had come up from London to see Lord Belpher through the trying experiences of a coming-of-age party, had done it as a practical joke; and went and poured a jug of water over Jack's bed. That is life! Just one long succession of misunderstandings and rash acts and what not. Absolutely!

Albert was becoming impatient. He was in the position of a great general who thinks out some wonderful piece of strategy and can't get his army to carry it out. Many boys, seeing Plummer enter the room below and listening at the keyhole and realizing that George must have hidden somewhere and deducing that he must be out on the balcony, would have been baffled as to how to proceed. Not so Albert. To dash up to Reggie Byng's room and strip his sheet off the bed and tie it to the bedpost and fashion a series of knots in it and lower it out of the window took Albert about three minutes. His part in the business had been performed without a hitch. And now George, who had nothing in the world to do but the childish task of climbing up the sheet, was jeopardizing the success of the whole scheme by delay. Albert gave the sheet an irritable jerk.

It was the worst thing he could have done. George had almost made up his mind to take a chance when the sheet was snatched from his grasp, as if it had been some live thing deliberately eluding his clutch. The thought of what would have happened had this occurred when he was in mid-air caused him to break out in a cold perspiration. He retired a pace and perched himself on the rail of the balcony.

"Psst!" said Albert.

"It's no good saying 'Psst!'" rejoined George in an annoyed undertone. "I could say 'Psst!' Any fool could say 'Psst!'" Albert, he considered, in leaning out of the window and saying "Psst!" was merely touching the fringe of the subject.

It is probable that he would have remained seated on the balcony rail, regarding the sheet with cold aversion indefinitely, had not his hand been forced by the man Plummer. Plummer, during these last minutes, had shot his bolt. He had said everything that a man could say, much of it twice over; and now he was through. All was ended. The verdict was in. No wedding bells for Plummer.

"I think," said Plummer gloomily, and the words smote on George's ear like a knell, "I think I'd like a little air."

George leaped from his rail like a hunted grasshopper. If Plummer was looking for air, it meant that he was going to come out on the balcony. There was only one thing to be done. It probably meant the abrupt conclusion of a promising career, but he could hesitate no longer.

George grasped the sheet—it felt like a rope of cobwebs -and swung himself out.

Maud looked out onto the balcony. Her heart, which had stood still when the rejected one opened the window and stepped forth to commune with the soothing stars, beat again. There was no one there, only emptiness and Plummer.

"This," said Plummer somberly, gazing over the rail into the darkness, "is the place where that fellow what's-his-name jumped off in the reign of thingummy, isn't it?"

Maud understood now, and a thrill of the purest admiration for George's heroism swept over her. So, rather than compromise her, he had done Leonard's leap! How splendid of him! If George, now sitting on Reggie Byng's bed taking a rueful census of the bits of skin remaining on his hands and knees after his climb, could have read her thoughts, he would have felt well rewarded for his abrasions.

"I've a jolly good mind," said Plummer, "to do it myself!" He uttered a short, mirthless laugh. "Well, anyway," he said recklessly, "I'll jolly well go downstairs and have a brandy-and-soda!"

Albert finished untying the sheet from the bedpost and stuffed it under the pillow.

"And now," said Albert, "for a quiet smoke in the scullery."

These massive minds require their moments of relaxation.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FREE AIR

(Continued from Page 5)

She looked from her hulking car to his mechanical flea.

He answered the look: "I can do it all right. I'm used to the gumbo—regular mud hen. Just add my power to yours. Have you a tow rope?"

"No. I never thought of bringing one."

"I'll get mine."

She walked with him back toward his bug. It lacked not only top and side curtains but even wind shield and running board. Strapped to the bulging back was a wicker suitcase partly covered by tarpaulin. From the seat peered a little furry face.

"A cat!" she exclaimed as he came up with a wire rope, extracted from the tin back.

"Yes. She's the captain of the boat. I'm just the engineer."

"What is her name?"

Before he answered the young man strode ahead to the front of her car, Claire obediently trotting after him. He stooped to look at her front axle. He raised his head, glanced at her, and he was blushing again.

"Her name is Vere de Vere!" he confessed.

Then he fled back to his bug. He drove it in front of the Gomez-Dep. The hole in the road itself was as deep as the one on the edge of the cornfield, where she was stuck, but he charged it. She was fascinated by his skill. Where she would for a tenth of a second have hesitated while choosing the best course he hurled the bug straight at the hole, plunged through with sheets of glassy brown water arching on either side, then viciously twisted the car to the right, to the left, and straight again as he followed the tracks with the solidest bottoms.

Strapped above the tiny angle-iron step which replaced his running board was an old spade. He dug channels in front of the four wheels of her car, so that they might go up inclines instead of pushing against the straight walls of mud they had thrown up. On these inclines he strewed the brush she had brought, halting to ask with head alertly lifted from his stooped huddle in the mud, "Did you have to get this brush yourself?"

"Yes. Horrid wet!"

He merely shook his head in commiseration.

He fastened the tow rope to the rear axle of his car, the front of hers.

"Now will you be ready to put on all your power as I begin to pull?" he said casually, rather respectfully.

When the struggling bug had pulled the wire rope taut she opened the throttle. The rope trembled. Her car seemed to draw sullenly back. Then it came out—out—really out! Which is the most joyous sensation any motorist will ever know. In excitement over actually moving again, as fast as any healthy young snail, she drove on, on—the young man ahead grinning back at her. Nor did she stop, nor he, till both cars were safe on merely thick mud a quarter of a mile away.

She switched off the power—and suddenly she was in a whirlwind of dizzy sickening tiredness. Even in her abandonment to exhaustion she noticed that the young man did not stare at her, but keeping his back to her removed the tow rope and stowed it away in his bug. She wondered whether it was tact or yokelish indifference.

Her father spoke for the first time since the Galahad of the tin bug had come: "How much do you think we ought to give this fellow?"

Now of all the cosmic problems yet unsolved, not cancer nor the future of poverty are the flustering questions, but these twain: Which is worse—not to wear evening clothes at a party at which you find everyone else dressed, or to come in evening clothes to a house where, it proves, they are never worn? And: Which is worse—not to tip when a tip has been expected, or to tip when the tip is an insult?

In discomfort of spirit and wetness of ankles Claire shuddered.

"Oh, dear, I don't believe he expects us to pay him. He seems like an awfully independent person. Maybe we'd offend him if we offered ——"

"The only reasonable thing to be offended at in this vale of tears is not being offered money!"

"Just the same —— Oh dear, I'm so tired. But good little Claire will climb out and be diplomatic."

She pinched her forehead to hold in her cracking brain and wabbled out into new scenes of mud and wetness; but she came up to the young man with the most rain-washed and careless of smiles.

"Won't you come back and meet my father? He's terribly grateful to you—as I am. And may we —— You've worked so hard, and about saved our lives. May I pay you for that labor? We're really much indebted ——"

"Oh, it wasn't anything. Glad I could help you." He heartily shook hands with her father and droned, "Pleased to meet you, Mister—er ——"

"Boltwood."

(Continued on Page 123)

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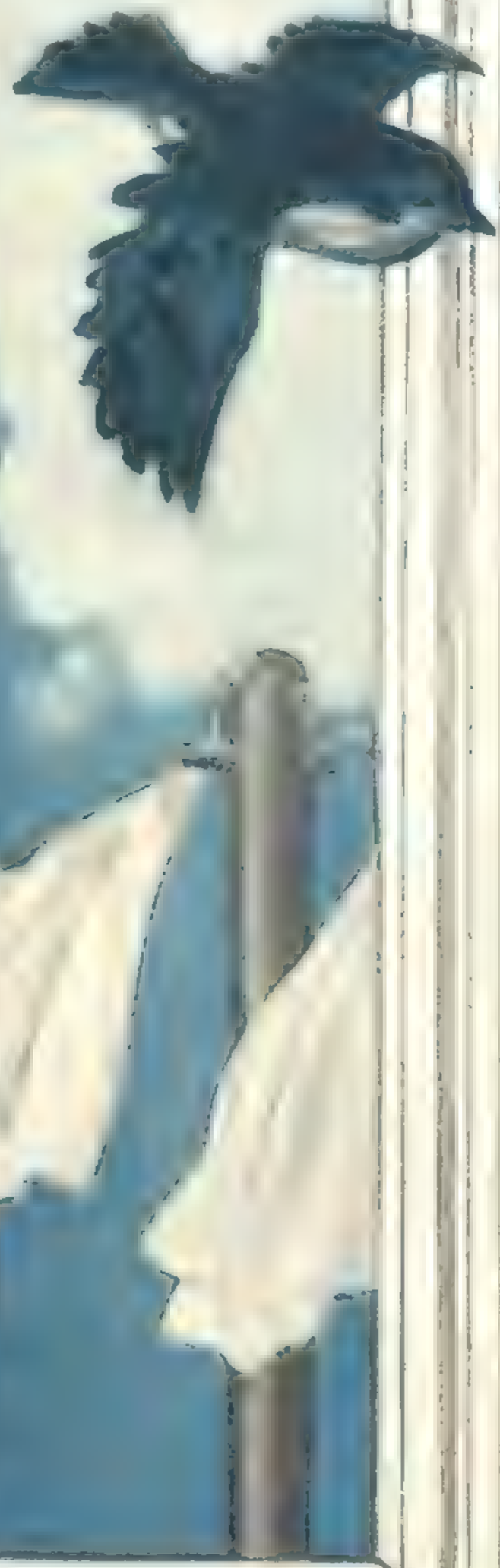

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McGRAW TIRES

(Continued from Page 119)

"Mr. Boltwood. My name is Milt—Milton Daggett. See you have a New York license on your car. We don't see but mighty few of those through here. Glad I could help you."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Daggett."

Mr. Boltwood was uninterestedly fumbling in his money pocket. Behind Milt Daggett, Claire shook her head wildly, rattling her hands as though she were playing castanets.

Mr. Boltwood shrugged. He did not understand. His relations with young men in cheap raincoats were entirely monetary. They did something for you, and you paid them—preferably not too much—and they ceased to be. Whereas Milt Daggett respectfully but stolidly continued to be, and Mr. Henry Boltwood's own daughter was halting the march of affairs by asking irrelevant questions.

"Didn't we see you back in —— What was that village we came through, back about twelve miles?"

"Schoenstrom?" suggested Milt.

"Yes, I think that was it. Didn't we pass you or something? We stopped at a garage there to change a tire."

"I don't think so. I was in town, though, this morning. Say—uh—did you and your father grab any eats?"

"Any ——"

"I mean, did you get dinner there?"

"No. I wish we had!"

"Well, say, I didn't either; and —— I'd be awfully glad if you folks would have something to eat with me, now."

Claire tried to give him a smile, but the best she could do was to lend him one. She could not associate interesting food with Milt and his mud-slobbered, tin-covered, dun-painted Teal bug. He seemed satisfied with her dubious grimace. By his suggestion they drove ahead to a spot where the cars could be parked on firm grass beneath oaks. On the way Mr. Boltwood lifted his voice in dismay. His touch of nervous prostration had not made him queer or violent; he retained a touching faith in good food.

"We might find some good little hotel and have some chops and just some mushrooms and peas," insisted the man from Brooklyn Heights.

"Oh, I don't suppose the country hotels are really so awfully good," she speculated. "And look—that nice funny boy. We couldn't hurt his feelings. He's having so much fun out of being a Good Samaritan."

From the mysterious rounded back of his car Milt Daggett drew a tiny stove—to be heated by a can of solidified alcohol—a frying pan that was rather large for dolls but rather small for his square-fingered hands, a jar of bacon, eggs in a bag, a coffeepot, a can of condensed milk, and a litter of assorted tin plates and china cups. While by his request Claire scoured the plates and cups he prepared bacon and eggs and coffee, the little stove in the bottom of his car sheltered by the cook's bending over it. The smell of food made Claire forgiving toward the fact that she was wet through; that the rain continued to drizzle down her neck.

He lifted his head and demanded, "Take your shoes off!"

"Uh?"

He gulped. He stammered, "I mean—I mean your shoes are soaked through. If you'll sit in the car I'll put your shoes up by the engine. It's pretty well heated from racing it in the mud. You can get your stockings dry under the cowl."

She was amused by the elaborateness with which he didn't glance at her while she took off her low shoes and slipped her quite too thin black stockings under the protecting tin cowl. She reflected, "He has such a nice awkward gentleness—but such bad taste! They're really quite good ankles. Apparently ankles are not done in Teal-bug circles. His sisters don't even have limbs. But do fairies have sisters? He is a fairy. When I'm out of the mud he'll turn his raincoat into a pair of lordly white wings, and vanish. But what will become of the cat?"

Thus ran her tired brain, like a squirrel in a revolving cage, while she sat primly and scraped at a clot of rust on a tin plate and watched him put on bacon and eggs. Wondering if cats were used for this purpose in the Daggett family she put soaked unhappy Vere de Vere on her feet, to her own great comfort and the cat's delight. It was an open car, and the rain still rained, and a strange young man was a foot from her tending the not very crackly fire, but rarely had Claire felt so domestic.

Milt was apparently struggling to say something. After several nods of his head he ventured: "You're so wet! I'd like for you to take my raincoat."

"No! Really! I'm already soaked through. You keep dry."

He was unhappy about it. He plucked at a button of the coat. She turned him from the subject. "I hope Lady Vere de Vere is getting warm too."

"Seems to be. She's kind of demanding. She wanted a little car of her own, but I didn't think she could keep up with me; not on a long hike."

"A little car? With her paws on the tiny wheel? Oh—sweet! Are you going far, Mr. Daggett?"

"Yes; quite a ways. To Seattle, Washington."

"Oh! Really? Extraordinary! We're going there too."

"Honest? You driving all the way? Oh no; of course your father ——"

"No, he doesn't drive. By the way, I hope he isn't too miserable back there."

"I'll be darned! Both of us going to Seattle. That's what they call a coincidence, isn't it! Hope I'll see you on the road sometime. But I don't suppose I will. Once you're out of the mud your Gomez will simply lose my Teal."

"Not necessarily. You're the better driver. And I shall take it easy. Are you going to stay long in Seattle?"

It was not merely a polite dinner-payment question. She wondered; she could not place this fresh-cheeked unworldly young man so far from his home.

"Why, I kind of hope—government railroad, Alaska. I'm going to try to get in on that somehow. I've never been out of Minnesota in my life, but there's a couple of mountains and oceans and things I thought I'd like to see, so I just put my suitcase and Vere de Vere in the machine and started out. I burn distillate instead of gas, so it doesn't cost much. If I ever happen to have five whole dollars—why, I might go on to Japan!"

"That would be jolly."

"Though I s'pose I'd have to eat—what is it?—pickled fish? There's a woman from near my town went to the Orient as a missionary. From what she says I guess all you need in Japan to make a house is a bottle of mucilage and a couple of old newspapers and some two-by-fours. And you can have the house on a purple mountain, with cherry trees down below, and"—he put his clenched hand to his lips; his head was bowed—"and the ocean! Lord! The ocean! And we'll see it at Seattle. Bay, anyway. And steamers there—just come from India! Huh! Getting pretty darn poetic here! Eggs are done."

The young man did not again wander into visions. He was all briskness as he served her bacon and eggs, took a plate of them to Mr. Boltwood in the Gomez, gouged into his own. Having herself scoured the tin plates Claire was not repulsed by their naked tinniness; and the coffee in the broken-handled china cup was tolerable. Milt drank from the top of a vacuum bottle. He was silent. Immediately after the lunch he stowed the things away. Claire expected a drawn-out tact-demanding farewell, but he climbed into his bug, said "Good-by, Miss Boltwood. Good luck!" and was gone.

The rainy road was bleakly empty without him.

It did not seem possible that Claire's body could be nagged into going on any longer. Her muscles were relaxed, her nerves frayed. But the moment the Gomez started she discovered that magic change which every long-distance motorist knows. Instantly she was alert, seemingly able to drive forever. The pilot's instinct ruled her; gave her tireless eyes and sturdy hands. Surely she had never been weary; never would be so long as it was hers to keep the car going.

She had driven perhaps six miles when she reached a hamlet called St. Klopstock. On the bedraggled mud-and-shanty main street a man was loading crushed rock into a truck. By him was a large person in a prosperous raincoat who stepped out and held up his hand. Claire stopped.

"You the young lady that got stuck by Adolph Zolzac's?"

"Yes. And Mr. Zolzac wasn't very nice about it."

"He's going to be just elegant about it now, and there ain't going to be any more hole. I think Adolph has been keeping it muddy—throwing in soft dirt—and he made a good and plenty lot out of pulling out tourists. Bill and I are going down right now and fill it up with stone. Milt Daggett come through here—he's got a nerve, that fellow, but I did have to laugh. He says to me, 'Barney'—this was just now. He hasn't more than just drove out of town—he said to me, 'Barney,' he says, 'you're the richest man in this township, and the banker, and you got a big car y'self, and you think you're one whale of a political boss,' he says; 'and yet you let that Zolzac maintain a private ocean, against the peace and damn horrible inconvenience of the Commonwealth of Minnesota.' He's got a great line of talk, that fellow. He told me how you got stuck—made me so ashamed—I been to New York myself—and right away I got Bill, and we're going down and hold a donation and surprise party on Adolph and fill that hole."

"But won't Adolph dig it out again?"

The banker was puffy, but his eyes were of stone. From the truck he took a shotgun. He drawled, "In that case the surprise party will include an elegant wake."

"But how did —— Who is this extraordinary Milt Daggett?"

"Him? Oh, nobody 'specially. He's just a fellow down here at Schoenstrom. But we all know him. Goes to all the dances, thirty miles round. Thing about him is if he sees something wrong he picks out some poor fellow like me and says what he thinks."

Claire drove on. She was aware that she was looking for Milt's bug. It was not in sight.

"Father," she exclaimed, "do you realize that this lad didn't tell us he was going to have the hole filled? Just did it. He frightens me. I'm afraid that when we reach Gopher Prairie for the night we'll find he has engaged for us the suite that Prince Collars and Cuffs once slept in."

"Ho-hum," yawned her father.

"Curious young man. He said, 'Pleased to meet you.'"

"Ho-hum! Fresh air makes me so sleepy."

"And —— Fooled you! Got through that mudhole anyway! And he said —— Look! Fields stretch out so here, and not a tree except the willow groves round those farmhouses. And he said 'Gee' so many times, and 'dinner' for the noon meal. And his nails —— No, I suppose he really is just a farm youngster."

Mr. Boltwood did not answer. His machine-finish smile indicated an enormous lack of interest in young men in Teal bugs.

IV

GOPHER PRAIRIE has all of twenty-five hundred people. Its commercial club asserts that it has at least a hundred more population and an infinitely better band than the ridiculously envious neighboring town of Joralemon. But there were few signs that a suite had been engaged for the Boltwoods; or that Prince Collars and Cuffs had on his royal tour of America spent much time in Gopher Prairie. Claire reached it somewhat before seven. She gaped at it in a hazy way. Though this was her first prairie town for a considerable stay she could not pump up interest.

The state of mind of the touring motorist entering a strange place at night is as peculiar and definite as that of a bridegroom. It is compounded of gratitude at having got safely in; of perception of a new town, yet with all eagerness about new things dulled by weariness; of hope that there is going to be a good hotel, but small expectation—and absolutely no probability—that there really will be one.

Claire had only a blotched impression of peaked wooden buildings and squatty brick stores with faded awnings; of a red elevator and a crouching red station and a lumberyard, then of the hopelessly muddy road leading on again into the country. She felt that if she didn't stop at once she would miss the town entirely. The driving instinct sustained her, made her take corners sharply, spot a garage, send the Gomez whirling in on the cement floor.

The garage attendant looked at her and yawned.

"Where do you want the car?" Claire asked sharply.

"Oh, stick it in that stall," grunted the man, and turned his back.

Claire glowered at him. She thought of a good line about rudeness. But—oh, she was too tired to fuss. She tried to run the car into the empty stall, which was not a stall, but a space like a missing tooth between two cars, and so narrow that she was afraid of crumpling the lordly fenders of the Gomez. She ran down the floor, came back with a flourish, thought she was going to back straight into the stall—and found she wasn't. Though her nerves shrieked and it did not seem possible that she could again change gears she managed to get the Gomez behind a truck and side-on to the stall.

"Go forward again, and cramp your wheel—sharp!" ordered the garage man.

Claire wanted to outline what she thought of him, but she merely demanded, "Will you kindly drive it in?"

"Why, sure. You bet," said the man casually. His readiness ruined her inspired fury. She was somewhat disappointed.

As she climbed out of the car and put a hand on the smart bags strapped on a running board the accumulated weariness struck her in a shock. She could have driven on for hours, but the instant the car was safe for the night she went to pieces. Her ears rang, her eyes were soaked in fire, her mouth was dry, the back of her neck pinched. It was her father who took the lead as they rambled to the one tolerable hotel in town.

In the hotel Claire was conscious of the ugliness of the poison-green walls and brass cuspidors and insurance calendars and bare floor of the office; conscious of the interesting scientific fact that all air had been replaced by the essence of cigar smoke and cooking cabbage; of the stares of the traveling men lounging in bored lines; and of the lack of welcome on the part of the night clerk—an oldish bleached man with whiskers instead of a collar.

She tried to be important: "Two rooms with bath, please."

The bleached man stared at her, and shoved forward the register and a pen clotted with ink. She signed. He took the bags, led the way to the stairs.

Anxiously she asked, "Both rooms are with bath?"

From the second step the night clerk looked down at her as though she were a specimen that ought to be pinned on the corks at once, and he said loudly, "No, ma'am. Neither of 'em. Got no rooms vacant with bawth—or bath either! Not but what we got 'em in the house. This is an up-to-date place. But one of 'em's took and the other has kind of been out of order the last three or four months."

From the audience of traveling men below a delicate giggle.

Claire was too angry to answer. And too tired. When, after miles of stairs, leagues of stuffy hall, she reached her coop, with its iron bed so loose-jointed that it rattled to a breath, its bureau with a list to port, and its anaemic rocking-chair, she dropped on the bed, panting, her eyes closed but still brimming with fire. It did not seem that she could ever move again. She felt chloroformed. She couldn't even coax herself off the bed to see if her father was any better off in the next room.

She was certain that she was not going to drive to Seattle. She wasn't going to drive anywhere! She was going to freight the car back to Minneapolis, and herself go back by train—Pullman—drawing-room!

But for the thought of her father she would have fallen asleep in her drenched tweeds. When she did force the energy to rise she had to support herself by the bureau, by the foot of the bed, as she moved about the room, hanging up the wet suit, rubbing herself with a slippery towel, putting on a dark silk frock and pumps. She found her father sitting motionless in his room, staring at the wall. She made herself laugh at him for his gloomy emptiness. She paraded down the hall with him.

As they reached the foot of the stairs the old one, the night clerk, leaned across the desk, and in a voice that took the whole office into the conversation quizzed, "Come from New York, eh? Well, you're quite a ways from home."

Claire nodded. She felt shyer before these solemnly staring traveling men than she ever had in a box at the opera. At the double door of the dining room, from which the cabbage smell steamed with a lustiness undiminished by the sad passing of its youth, a man—one of the average-sized, average-mustached, average-business-suited, average-brown-haired men who can never be remembered—stopped the Boltwoods and hawed, "Saw you coming into town. You've got a New York license!"

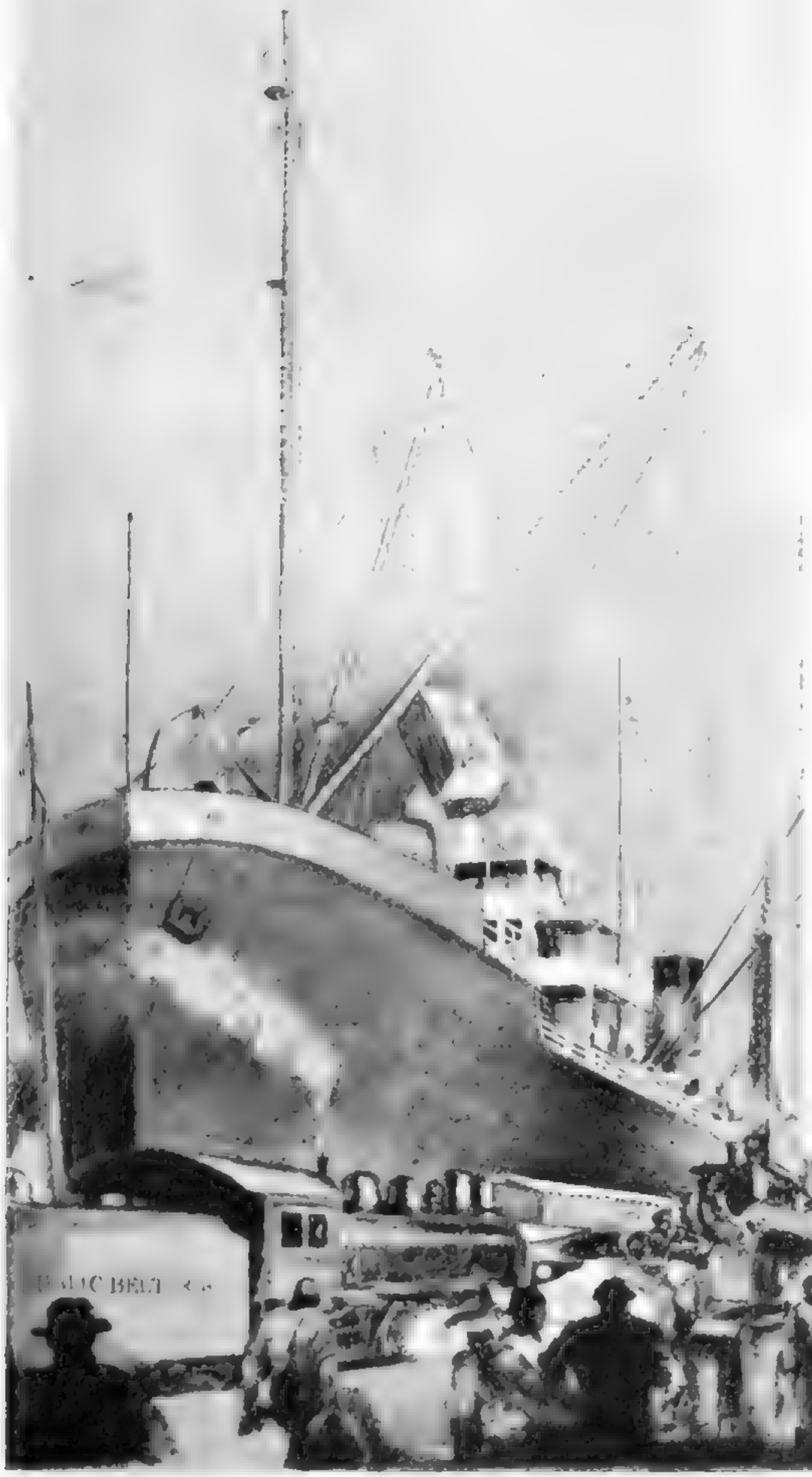
She couldn't deny it.

"Quite a ways from home, aren't you?"

She had to admit it.

(Continued on Page 127)

NEW ORLEANS



SUPREMACY IN WORLD TRADE!—in this period of international commercial revolution there is magical inspiration in those four words. They are a challenge to the courage and enterprise and patriotism of American business—a challenge that will be answered by our expeditionary forces of trade, armed with American-made goods, making peaceful invasion of all the world's markets.

But in the movement of invading armies of peace, as well as the armies of war, there arise problems of transportation.

How shall these American trade legions reach their objectives most directly, most speedily—and above all, most economically?

Throughout that vast producing region of our country known as the Mississippi Valley the movement to foreign fields points Southward to the logical concentration point of embarkation—NEW ORLEANS—WORLD MART!

Lying on the Mississippi River, with a system of navigable waterways radiating 13,900 miles through the interior of this country; with ten trunk railroads, operating 145,000 miles of lines, and with easy grades extending a thousand miles to the North, Northeast and Northwest; with forty steamship lines plying the Atlantic and the Pacific—is it any wonder that New Orleans in normal times ranked as the second greatest United States port, and today lays claim to a vastly greater share of the export and import business formerly routed through her great rival, New York?

Economically considered, the Mississippi Valley includes the twenty-one states of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Colorado, Alabama, Georgia,

WORLD MART

Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. These comprise the greatest producing area of the United States, and for these New Orleans is the natural outlet and inlet for exports and imports.

New Orleans is much nearer than New York to every port in the "American Mediterranean," comprised in the vast expanse of mainland and island lying between Florida and South America, as well as much nearer than New York to every port on the west coast of South America via the Panama Canal, Africa and Oceanica, Yokohama, Hong-Kong, Manila and Singapore.

In the development of our export trade no foreign fields offer greater promise than do those of Latin America. New York is nearer than New Orleans to but three of the countries on that great consuming continent — Brazil, Argentina and Venezuela; and that advantage in nautical miles is more than offset in most instances by the shorter and easier rail haul from Mississippi Valley points to New Orleans.

New Orleans has long been a central world market for cotton, sugar, coffee, fruits and a great variety of other commodities, home and foreign grown. Consider further that of the varied natural resources, many of vast extent, in the immediate trade territory of New Orleans, not one, with the exception of lumber, has reached anything like maximum development, and the greatest number have scarcely been touched. Sulphur, salt, oil, gas, iron, coal, raw agricultural lands, marble, phosphate rock, potash, silica, bauxite, kaolin and china clays, sea foods,— are here in great quantities, awaiting fullest utilization.

Between 1911 and 1918 the foreign trade of New Orleans almost doubled, and that in spite of greatly restricted ocean traffic during the World War and the fact that the National Government concentrated shipping at northern Atlantic and Pacific ports so that overseas travel might be confined to a few guarded lanes. New Orleans combined imports and exports for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, were, according to the Department of Commerce, $239,557,588.00. The total for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1918, was $418,536,295.00. There was, of course, an increase in commodity values, but the volume of business increased enormously as well.

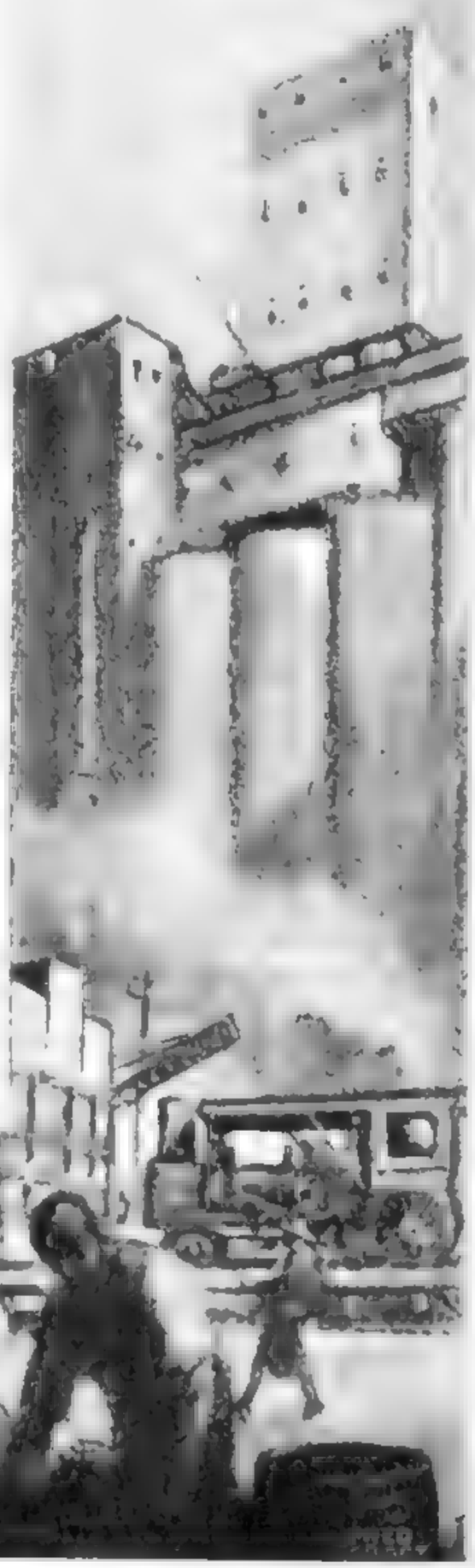
The business of the Mississippi Valley—American business—is urged to carefully consider its own best interests in embarking on this new era of greater and more profitable foreign trade. And when these interests are determined there will stand out, dominant among the great seaports of concentration and distribution—

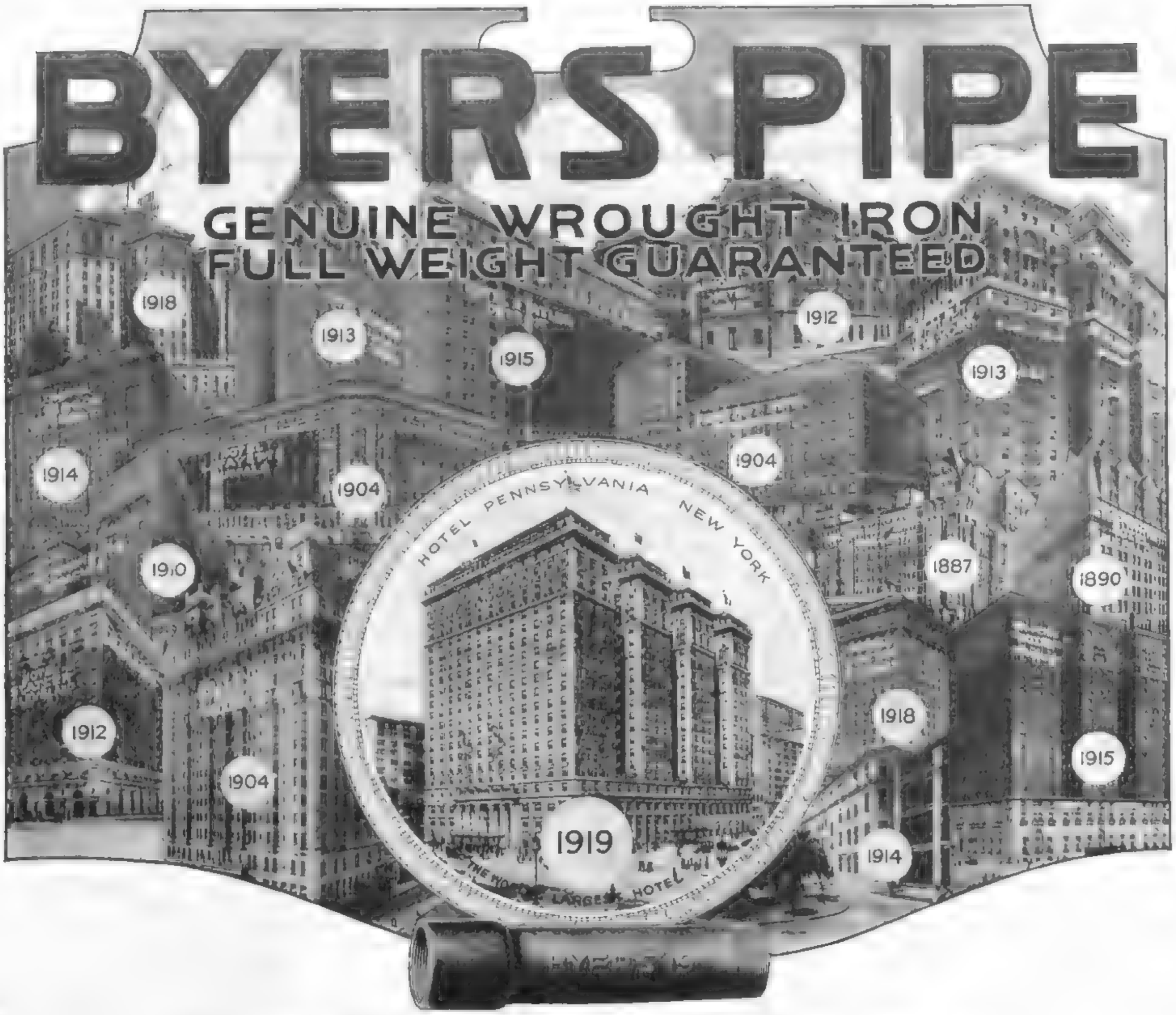
NEW ORLEANS — WORLD MART!

Mayor of New Orleans, City Hall

The 1919 meeting of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World—the first great international educational business congress following Victory—will be in New Orleans September 21–26.

(This is the Fourth of a series of advertisements. Copyright 1919 by Ferry-Hanly Advertising Company, New Orleans-Kansas City.)





In the Light of Past Performance

FOR 30 or 40 years, the majority of America's finest hotels and other large buildings have been equipped with Byers Pipe for heating, plumbing and power.

In the period between 1900 and 1912, cheaper pipe also came into use in these buildings, especially for steam lines, resulting in interesting comparative service records being obtained. Thus, only five or six years ago, Byers Pipe was installed for plumbing and cheaper pipe for steam lines in one of the largest hotels in the world. When this hotel recently built an addition of several hundred rooms, the cheaper pipe had proven so unsatisfactory that there was no question of using it again for *any* service. Byers was used exclusively.

THE latest arrival in the family of giant American hostelries—The Pennsylvania—logically became a Byers installation as a result of experiences of this kind.

No part of a building carries a greater penalty for failure than the piping. In the replacement expense, the cost of the pipe itself is trifling. Labor of wrecking and replacing partitions, walls, floors, etc., usually amounts to a hundred times more than the small difference in first cost between Byers and cheaper pipe.

Byers Pipe, being made from genuine hand-puddled wrought iron, resists corrosion two, three and four times longer than cheaper pipe. Hundreds of service records, going back from 10 to 50 years, are available to demonstrate the wonderful durability of Byers.

Whether you are building a cottage, a factory, or a skyscraper, ask your architect or contractor, or write us for free literature.

NEW YORK BOSTON

A. M. BYERS COMPANY *(Established 1864)* **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

CHICAGO DALLAS

Distributors in all large jobbing centers

Byers Pipe has the Name and Year rolled in every length

(Continued from Page 123

She was escorted by a bouncing black-eyed waitress to a table for four. The next table was a long one, at which seven traveling men, or local business men whose wives were at the lake for the summer, ceased trying to get nourishment out of the food, and gawped at her. Before the Boltwoods were seated the waitress dabbed at nonexistent spots on their napkins, ignored a genuine crumb on the cloth in front of Claire's plate, made motions at a cup and a formerly plated fork, and bubbled, "Autoing through?"

Claire fumbled for her chair, oozed into it and breathed "Yes."

"Going far?"

"Yes."

"Where do you live?"

"New York."

"My! You're quite a ways from home, aren't you?"

"Apparently."

"Hamnegs roasbeef roasporkthapplesauce frypickerel springlamintsauce."

"I—I beg your pardon?"

The waitress repeated.

"I—oh—oh, bring us ham and eggs. Is that all right, father?"

"Oh no—well ——"

"You wanted same?" the waitress inquired of Mr. Boltwood.

He was intimidated. He said, "If you please," and feebly pawed at a fork.

The waitress was instantly back with soup and a collection of china gathered by a man of much travel, catholic interests and no taste. One of the plates alleged itself to belong to a hotel in Omaha. She pushed a pitcher of condensed milk to the exact spot where it would catch Mr. Boltwood's sleeve, brushed the crumb from in front of Claire to a shelter beneath the pink warty sugar bowl, recovered a toothpick that had been concealed behind her glowing lips, picked for a while, gave it up, put her hands on her hips and addressed Claire:

"How far you going?"

"To Seattle."

"Got any folks there?"

"Any —— Oh yes, I suppose so."

"Going to say there long?"

"Really—we haven't decided."

"Come from New York, eh? Quite a ways from home, all right. Father in business there?"

"Yes."

"What's his line?"

"I beg pardon?"

"What's his line? Ouch! Jiminy, these shoes pinch my feet. I used to could dance all night, but I'm getting fat, I guess. Ha, ha! Put on seven pounds last month. Ouch! Gee, they certainly do pinch my toes. What business you say your father's in?"

"I didn't say, but —— Oh, railroad."

"G. N. or N. P.?"

"I don't think I quite understand."

Mr. Boltwood interposed, "Are the ham and eggs ready?"

"I'll beat it out and see." When she had brought them she put a spoon in Claire's saucer of peas and demanded, "Say, you don't wear that silk dress in the auto, do you?"

"No."

"I should think you'd put a pink sash on it. Seems like it's kind of plain—it's a real pretty piece of goods, though. A pink sash would be real pretty. You dark-complected ladies always looks better for a touch of color."

Then was Claire certain that the waitress was baiting her for the amusement of the men at the long table. Probably the waitress did not know there had been an explosion when Claire looked coldly up, raised her brows, looked down, and poked the cold and salty slab of ham, for she was continuing:

"A light-complected lady like me don't need so much color; you notice my hair is black, but I'm light, really. Pete Liverquist says I'm a blond brunette. Gee, he certainly is killing, that fellow! Oh, he's a case; he sure does like to hear himself talk. My! There's Old Man Walters; he runs the telephone exchange here. I heard he went down to St. Cloud on Number Two, but I guess he couldn't of. He'll be yodeling for friend soup; I better beat it, I'll say so. So long!"

Claire's comment was as acid as the pale beets before her, as bitter as the peas, as hard as the lumps in the watery mashed potatoes:

"I don't know whether the woman is insane or ignorant. I wish I could tell whether she was trying to make me angry for the benefit of those horrid unshaved men or merely for her private edification."

"It's by me, Dolly. So is this pie. Let's get some medium to levitate us up to bed. Uh—uh—I think perhaps we'd better not try to drive clear to Seattle. If we just went through to Montana? Or even just to Bismarck?"

"Drive through with the hotels like this? My dear man, if we have one more such day we stop right there. I hope we get by the man at the desk. I have a feeling he's lurking there trying to think up something insulting to say to us. Oh, my dear, I hope you aren't so tired as I am. My bones are hot pokers."

The man at the desk got in only one cynical question: "Driving far?" before Claire seized her father's arm and started him upstairs.

For the first time since she had been ten—and in a state of naughtiness immediately following a pronounced state of grace induced by the pulpit oratory of the new rector of St. Chrysostom's she permitted herself the luxury of not stopping to brush her teeth before she went to bed. Her sleep was drugged; it was not sleep, but an aching exhaustion of the body which did not prevent her mind from revisualizing the road, going stupidly over the muddy stretches and sharp corners, then becoming conscious of that bed, the lump under her shoulder blades, the slope to westward, and the creak that rose every time she tossed. For at least fifteen minutes she lay awake for hours.

Thus Claire Boltwood's first voyage into democracy.

It was not so much that the sun was shining in the morning as that a ripple of fresh breeze came through the window. She discovered that she again longed to go on—keep going on—see new places, conquer new roads. She didn't want all good road. She wanted something to struggle against. She'd try it for one more day. She was stiff as she crawled out of bed, but a rub with cold water left her feeling that she was stronger than she ever had been; that she was a woman, not a dependent girl. Already in the beating prairie sun glare the wide main street of Gopher Prairie was drying; the mud ruts were flattening out. Beyond the town hovered the note of a meadow lark—sunlight in sound.

"Oh, it's a sweet morning! Sweet! We will go on! I'm terribly excited!" she laughed.

She found her father dressed. He did not know whether or not he wanted to go on. "I seem to have lost my grip on things. I used to be rather decisive. But we'll try it one more day if you like," he said.

When she had gayly marched him downstairs she suddenly and unhappily remembered the people she would have to face, the gibing questions she would have to answer.

The night clerk was still at the desk, as though he had slept standing. He hailed them, "Well, well! Up bright and early! Hope you folks slept well. Beds aren't so good as they might be, but we're kind of planning to get some new mattresses. But you get pretty good air to sleep in. Hope you have a fine hike to-day."

His voice was cordial; he was their old friend; faithful watcher of their progress. Claire found herself dimpling at him.

In the dining room their inquisitional acquaintance the waitress fairly ran to them. "Sit down, folks. Waffles this morning. You want to stock up for your drive. My, ain't it an elegant morning! I hope you have a swell drive to-day!"

"Why!" Claire gasped. "Why, they aren't rude! They care—about people they never saw before. That's why they ask questions! I never thought—I never thought! There's people in the world who want to know us without having looked us up in the Social Register! I'm so ashamed! Not that the sunshine changes my impression of this coffee—it's frightful! But that will improve. And the people they were being friendly all the time. Oh, Henry B., young Henry Boltwood, you and your Godmother Claire have a lot to learn about the world!"

As they came into the garage their surly acquaintance of the night before looked just as surly, but Claire tried a boisterous "Good morning!"

"Mornin'! Going north? Better take the left-hand road at Wakamin. Easier going. Drive your car out for you?"

As the car stood outside taking on gas a man flapped up, spelled out the New York license, looked at Claire and inquired, "Quite a ways from home, aren't you?"

This time Claire did not say "Yes!" She experimented with "Yes, quite a ways."

"Well, hope you have a good trip. Good luck!"

Claire leaned her head on her hand; thought hard. "It's I who wasn't friendly," she propounded to her father. "How much I've been losing. Though I still refuse to like that coffee!"

She noticed the sign on the air hose of the garage—Free Air.

"There's our motto for the pilgrimage!" she cried.

She knew the exaltation of starting out in the fresh morning for places she had never seen, without the bond of having to return at night.

Thus Claire's second voyage into democracy.

While she was starting, the young man who had pulled her out of the mud and given her lunch was folding up the tarpaulin and blankets on which he had slept beside his Teal bug in the woods three miles north of Gopher Prairie.

To the high-well-born cat, Vere de Vere, Milt Daggett mused aloud: "Your Ladyship, as Shakspere says, the man that gets cold feet never wins the girl. And I'm scared, cat, clean scared."

V

MILT DAGGETT had not been accurate in his implication that he had not noticed Claire at a garage in Schoenstrom. For one thing, he owned the garage.

Milt was the most prosperous young man in the village of Schoenstrom. Neither the village itself nor the near-by *Strom* is really *schoen*. The entire business district of Schoenstrom consists of Heinie Rauskukle's general store, which is brick; the Leipzig House, which is frame; the Old Home Poolroom and Restaurant, which is of old logs concealed by a frame sheathing; the farm-machinery agency, which is galvanized iron, its roof like an enlarged washboard; the church; the three saloons; and the Red Trail Garage; which is also, according to various signs, the Agency for Teal Car Best at the Test—Stonewall Tire Service Station—Sewing Machines and Binders Repaired — Dr. Hostrum the Veterinarian every Thursday—Gas Today 27c.

The Red Trail Garage is of cement and tapestry brick. In the office is a clean hardwood floor, a typewriter and a picture of Elsie Ferguson. The establishment has an automatic rim stretcher, a wheel jack and a reputation for honesty.

The father of Milt Daggett was the old doctor, born in Maine, coming to this frontier in the day when Chippewas camped in your dooryard and came in to help themselves to coffee, which you made of roasted corn. The old doctor bucked northwest blizzards, read Dickens and Byron, pulled people through typhoid, and left to Milt his shabby old medicine case and thousands of dollars—in uncollectable accounts. Mrs. Daggett had long since folded her crinkly hands in quiet death.

Milt had covered the first two years of high school by studying with the priest, and been sent to the city of St. Cloud for the last two years. His father had meant to send him to the state university. But Milt had been born to a talent for machinery. At twelve he had made a telephone that worked. At eighteen he was engineer in the tiny flour mill in Schoenstrom. At twenty-five, when Claire Boltwood chose to come tearing through his life in a Gomez-Dep, Milt was the owner, manager, bookkeeper, wrecking crew, ignition expert, thoroughly competent bill collector, and all but one of the working force of the Red Trail Garage.

There were two factions in Schoenstrom: The retired farmers who said that German was a good-enough language for anybody, and that taxes for schools and sidewalks were, yes, something crazy; and the group who stated that a pigpen was a fine place, but only for pigs. To this second, revolutionary wing belonged some of the first generation, most of the second and all of the third; and its leader was Milt Daggett. He did not talk much normally, but when he thought things ought to be done he was as annoying as a machine-gun test in the lot next to a Quaker meeting.

If there had been a war Milt would probably have been in it—rather casual, clearing his throat, reckoning and guessing that maybe his men might try going over and taking that hill—then taking it. But all of this history concerns the year just before America spoke to Germany; and in this town, buried among the cornfields and the wheat, men still thought more about the price of grain than about the price of freedom.

On the evening before Claire Boltwood left Minneapolis and adventured into democracy Milt was in the garage. He wore union overalls that were tan where they were not grease black; a faded blue cotton shirt; and the crown of a derby, with the rim not too neatly hacked off with a dull toad-stabber jackknife.

Milt smiled at his assistant, Ben Sittka, and suggested, "Well, *wie geht's mit* the work, eh? Like to stay and get the prof's flivver out so he can have it in the morning?"

"You bet, boss."

"Getting to be quite a mechanic, Ben."

"I'll say so!"

"If you get stuck come yank me out of the Old Home."

"Aw, rats, boss, I'll finish it. You beat it." Ben grinned at Milt adoringly.

Milt stripped off his overalls and derby crown, and washed his big firm hands with gritty soft soap. He cleaned his nails with a file which he carried in his upper vest pocket in a red imitation-morocco case, which also contained a comb, a mirror, an indelible pencil, and a notebook with the smudged pencil addresses of five girls in St. Cloud, and a memorandum about Rauskukle's car.

He put on a twisted brown tie, an old blue-serge suit, and a hat which, being old and shabby, had become graceful. He ambled up the street. He couldn't have ambled more than three blocks and have remained on the street. Schoenstrom tended to leak off into jungles of tall corn.

Two men waved at him, and one demanded: "Say, Milt, is whisky good for the toothache? What d'you think! The doc said it didn't do any good. But then, gosh, he's only just out of college."

"I guess he's right."

"Is that a fact? Well, I'll keep off it then."

Two stores farther on a bulky farmer hailed: "Say, Milt, should I get an ensilage cutter yet?"

"Yuh"—in the manner of a man who knows too much to be cocksure about anything—"I don't know but what I would, Julius."

"I guess I vill then."

Minnie Rauskukle, plump hearty Minnie, heiress of the general store, gave evidence by bridling and straightening her pigeon-like body that she was aware of Milt behind her. He did not speak to her. He ducked into the Old Home Poolroom and Restaurant.

Milt ranged up to the short lunch counter in front of the pool table where two brick-necked farm youngsters were slamming balls and attacking cigarettes. Loose-jointedly Milt climbed a loose-jointed high stool, and to the proprietor, Bill McGolwey, his best friend, he yawned, "You might poison me with a hamburger and a slab of apple, Mac."

"I'll just do that little thing. Look kind of grouchy to-night, Milt."

"Too much excitement in this burg. Saw three people on the streets all simultaneously to once."

"What's been eatin' you lately?"

"Me? Nothing. Only I do get tired of this metropololus. One of these days I'm going to buck some bigger place."

"Try Gopher Prairie, maybe?" suggested Mac through the hiss and steam of the frying hamburger sandwich.

"Rats. Too small!"

"Small? Why, there's darn near three thousand people there!"

"I know, but—I want to tackle some sure-nuff city. Like Duluth or New York."

"But what'd you do?"

"That's the devil of it. I don't know just what I do want to do. I could always land in soft in a garage, but that's nothing new. Might hit Detroit and learn the motor-factory end."

"Aw, you're the limit, Milt. Always looking for something new."

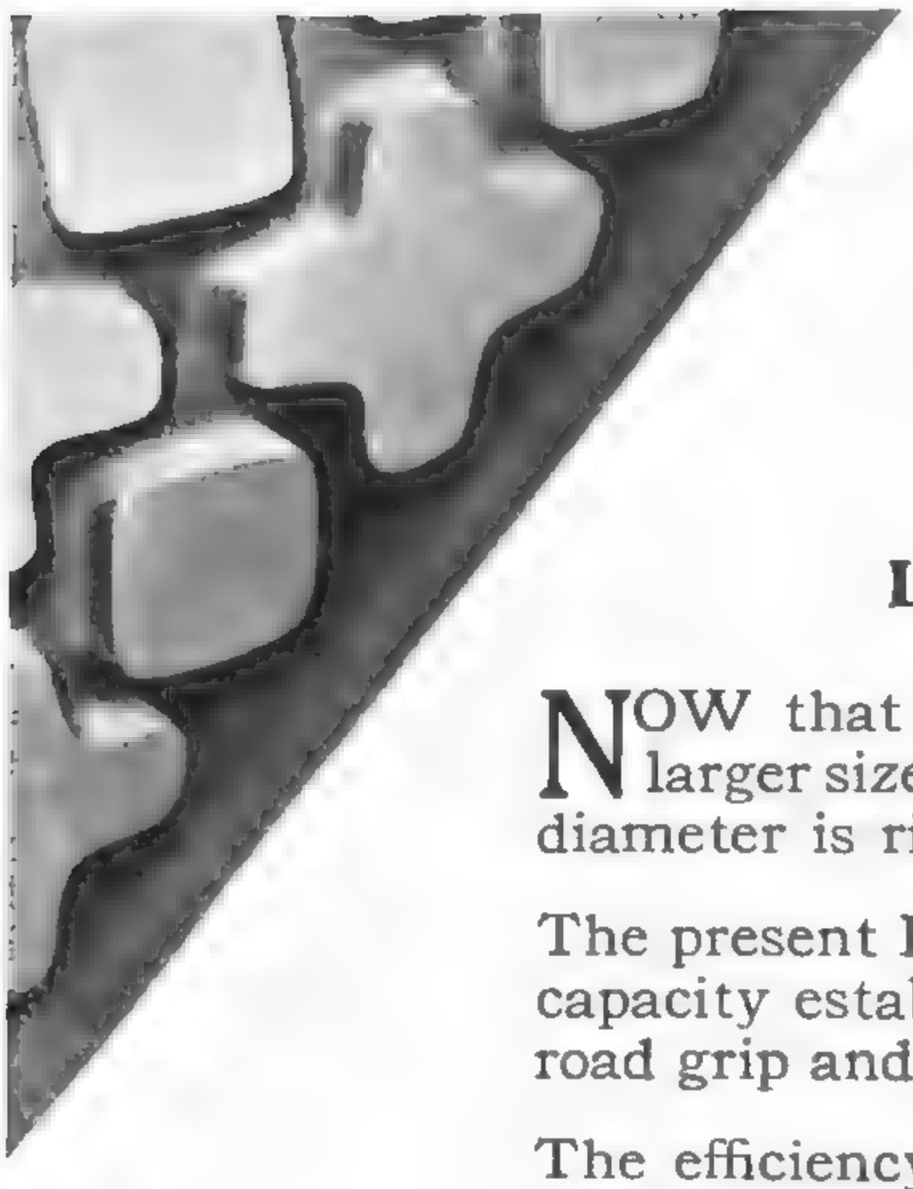
"That's the way to get on. The rest of this town is afraid of new things. 'Member when I suggested we all chip in on a dynamo with a gas engine and have electric lights? The hicks almost died of nervousness."

"Yuh, that's true but —— You stick here, Milt. You and me will just nachly run this burg."

"I'll say! Only —— Gosh, Mac, I would like to go to a real show once. And find out how radio works. And see 'em put in a big suspension bridge!"

(Continued on Page 131)

A [illegible] illustration of a [illegible] Firestone Cord Tire with the new Non-Skid Tread, built to the largest standard of this size established by the industry.



The Firestone Cord Tire

Larger Size New Tread

NOW that the tire manufacturers have realized that larger sized standards are correct, the cord tire of greater diameter is rightfully taking first place with car owners.

The present Firestone Cord offers not only the limit of air capacity established, but a new non-skid tread of greater road grip and power economy.

The efficiency of this bigger, better Cord Tire is beyond anything heretofore delivered in tire service.

But the public, knowing the Firestone creed, most miles per dollar, is surprised at nothing which that creed may deliver in results.

It is the right inspiration in the first place, and America is educated to what an Idea can do when rightly carried out.

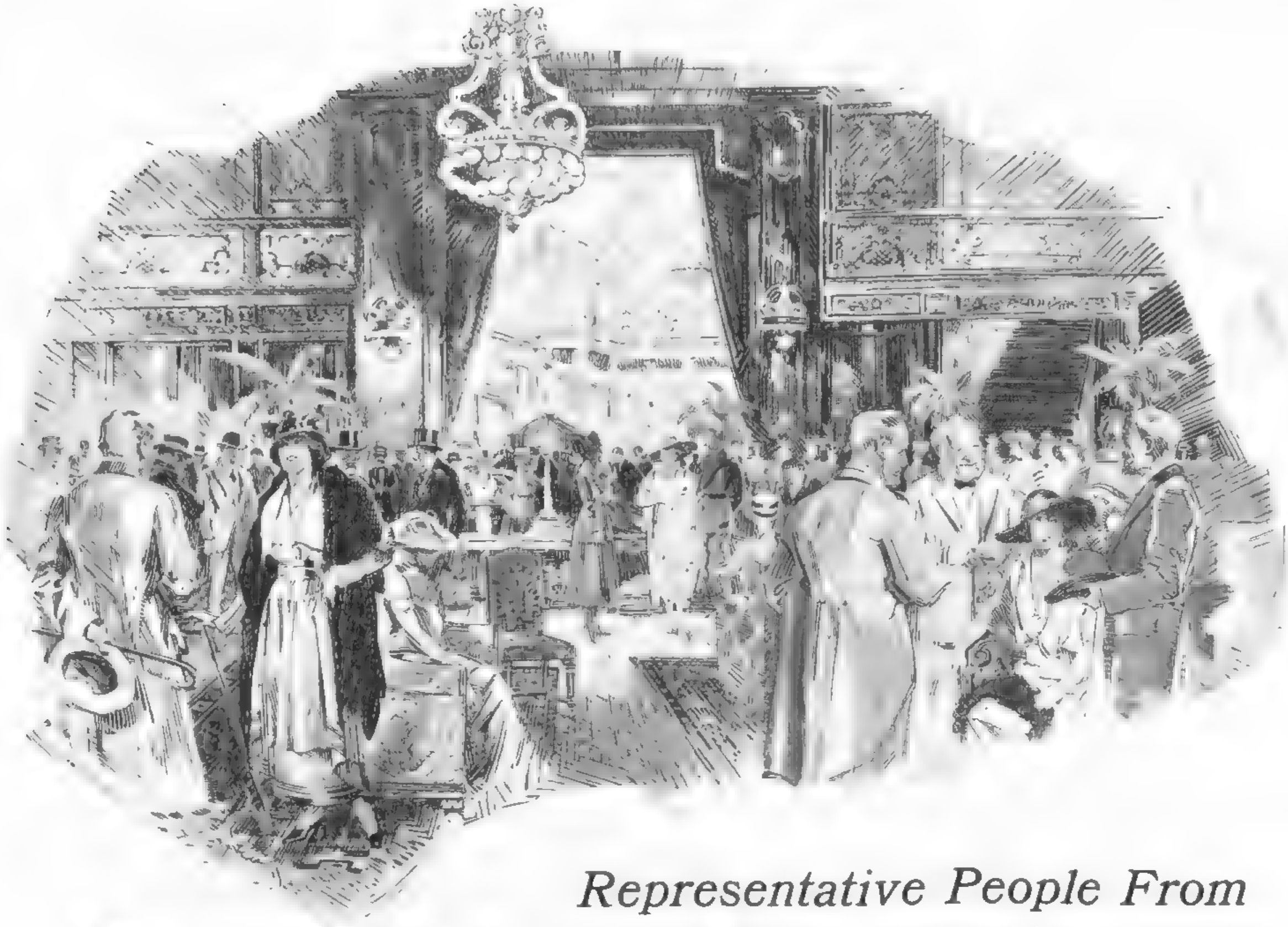
And the Firestone Organization does it—with the added force which comes because 90% of the workers own stock in the business. They are personally interested in seeing the Idea work out to your advantage.

Your dealer feels the same way; see him.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
FIRESTONE PARK AKRON, OHIO
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone



Representative People From Every Country Stop at Hotel La Salle

WORLD-WIDE popularity has come to Hotel La Salle, and its register daily chronicles the arrival of men and women who occupy high place in today's affairs.

To the American traveler Hotel La Salle stands for the finest traditions of hospitality with modern standards of efficiency in service.

And guests from abroad find here that perfect blending of elegance and comfort to which they are accustomed in foreign capitals.

RATES	
One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath . . .	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath . .	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath . . .	$3, $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath— Double room . . .	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed . . .	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons . . .	$6 to $9
Four persons . . .	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

LA SALLE AT MADISON STREET, CHICAGO

Ernest J. Stevens, Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

The only hotel in Chicago maintaining floor clerks and individual service on every floor

Hotel La Salle

(Continued from Page 127)

Milt left the Old Home rather aimlessly. He told himself that he positively would not go back and help Ben Sittka get out the prof's car. So he went back and helped Ben get out the prof's car, and drove the same to the prof's. The prof, otherwise professor, otherwise Mr. James Martin Jones, B. A., and Mrs. James Martin Jones—of the Browns of Winona and Evanston—welcomed him almost as noisily as had Mac. They begged him to come in. With Mr. Jones he discussed—no, ye Claires of Brooklyn Heights, this garageman and this threadbare young superintendent of a paintbare school, talking in a town that was only a comma on the line, did not discuss corn growing; nor did they reckon to guess that by heck the constabule was carryin' on with the Widdy Perkins.

They spoke of fish culture, Elihu Root, the spiritualistic evidences of immortality, self-starters for flivvers, and the stories of Irvin Cobb.

Milt went home earlier than he wanted to. Because Mr. Jones was the only man in town besides the priest who read books, because Mrs. Jones was the only woman who laughed about any topics other than children and family sickness, because he wanted to go to their house every night, Milt treasured his welcome as a sacred thing, and kept himself from calling on them more than once a week.

He stopped on his way to the garage to pet Emil Baumschweiger's large gray cat, publicly known as Rags, but by Milt and by the lady herself recognized as the unfortunate Countess Vere de Vere—perhaps the only person of noble ancestry and mysterious past in Milt's acquaintance. The Baumschweigers did not treat their animals well; Emil kicked the bay mare and threw pitchforks at Vere de Vere.

Milt saluted her and sympathized: "You have a punk time, don't you, dukess. Like to beat it to Minneapolis with me?"

The countess said that she did indeed have an extraordinarily punk time, and she sang to Milt the hymn of the little gods of the warm hearth. Then Milt's evening dissipations were over. Schoenstrom had movies only once a week. He sat in the office of his garage ruffling through a magazine. Milt read much, though not too easily. He had no desire to be a poet, an Indo-Iranian etymologist, a lecturer to women's clubs or the secretary of state. But he did rouse to the marvels hinted in books and magazines; to large crowds, the mechanism of submarines, palm trees, gracious women.

He laid down the magazine. He stared at the wall. He thought about nothing. He seemed to be fumbling for something about which he could deliciously think if he could but grasp it. Without quite visualizing either wall or sea, he was yet recalling old dreams of a moonlit wall by a warm stirring southern sea. If there was a girl in the dream she was intangible as the scent of the night.

Presently he was asleep—a not at all romantic figure, rather ludicrously tipped to one side in his office chair, his large solid shoes up on the desk.

He half woke, and filtered to what he called home—one room in the cottage of an oldish woman who had prejudices against the perilous night air. He was too sleepy to go through any toilet save pulling off his shoes and achieving an unconvincing wash at the little stand, whose crackly varnish was marked with white rings from the toothbrush mug.

"I feel about due to pull off some fool stunt. Wonder what it will be?" he complained as he flopped on the bed.

He was up at six, and at a quarter to seven was at work in the garage. He spent a large part of the morning in trying to prove to a customer that even a Teal car, best at the test, would not give perfect service if the customer persisted in forgetting to fill the oil well, the grease cups and the battery.

At three minutes after twelve Milt left the garage to go to dinner. The fog of the morning had turned to heavy rain. Mac was not at the Old Home. Sometimes Mac got tired of serving meals, and for a day or two he took to a pocket flask, and among his former customers the cans of prepared meat at Rauskukle's became popular. Milt found him standing under the tin awning of the general store. He had a troubled hope of keeping Mac from too long a vacation with the pocket flask. But Mac was already red-eyed. He seemed only half to recognize Milt.

"Swell day!" said Milt.

"Y' bet."

"Road darn muddy."

"I should worry. Yea, bo, I'm feelin' good!"

At eleven minutes past twelve a Gomez-Dep roadster appeared down the road and stopped at the garage. To Milt it was as exciting as the appearance of a comet to a watching astronomer.

"What kind of car do you call that, Milt?" asked a loafer.

"Gomez-Deperdussin."

"Never heard of it. Looks too heavy."

This was sacrilege. Milt stormed: "Why, you poor floof, it's one of the best cars in the world! Imported from France. That looks like a special-made American body, though. Trouble with you fellows is you're always scared of anything that's new. Too heavy! Huh! Always wanted to see a Gomez—never have, except in pictures. And I believe that's a New York license. Let me at it!"

He forgot noon hunger and clumped through the rain toward the garage. He saw a girl step from the car. He stopped, in the doorway of the Old Home, in uneasy shyness. He told himself he didn't "know just what it is about her—she isn't so darn unusually pretty, and yet—gee—— Certainly isn't a girl to get fresh with. Let Ben take care of her. Like to talk to her, and yet I'd be afraid if I opened my mouth I'd put my foot in it."

He was for the first time seeing a smart woman. This dark, slender, fine-nerved girl, in her plain, rough, closely belted gray suit, her small black Glengarry cocked on the side of her smooth hair, her little kid gloves, her veil, was as delicately adjusted as an aëroplane engine.

Milt wanted to trumpet her exquisiteness to the world, so he growled to a man standing beside him: "Swell car! Nice-lookin' girl, kind of."

"Kind of skinny, though. I like 'em with some meat on 'em," yawned the man.

No, Milt did not strike him to earth. He insisted feebly: "Nice clothes she's got, though."

"Oh, not so muchamuch. I seen a woman come through here yesterday that was swell, though—had on a purple dress and white shoes and a hat big's a bushel."

"Well, I don't know, I kind of like those simple things," apologized Milt.

He crept toward the garage. The girl was inside. He inspected the slope-topped patent-leather motoring trunk on the rack at the rear of the Gomez-Dep. He noticed a middle-aged man waiting in the car.

"Must be her father. Probably—maybe she isn't married, then."

He could not get himself to shout at the man, as he usually did. He entered the garage office; from the inner door he peeped at the girl, who was talking to his assistant about changing an inner tube.

That Ben Sittka whom an hour ago he had cajoled as a promising child he now admired for the sniffing calmness with which he was demanding, "Want a red or gray tube?"

"Really, I don't know. Which is the better?" The girl's voice was curiously clear.

Milt passed Claire Boltwood as though he did not see her; stood at the rear of the garage kicking at the tires of a car, his back to her. Over and over he was grumbling, "If I just knew one girl like that! Like a picture. Like—like a silver vase on a blue cloth."

Ben Sittka did not talk to the girl while he inserted the tube in the spare casing. Only in the triumphant moment when the parted ends of the steel rim snapped back together he piped, "Going far?"

"Yes, rather. To Seattle."

Milt stared at the cobweb-grayed window. "Now I know what I was planning to do. I'm going to Seattle," he said.

The girl was gone at twenty-nine minutes after twelve. At twenty-nine and a half minutes after, Milt remarked to Ben Sittka, "I'm going to take a trip. . . . Uh? . . . Now don't ask questions. You take charge of the garage till you hear from me. Get somebody to help you. G'-by."

He drove his Teal bug out of the garage. At thirty-two minutes after twelve he was in his room packing his wicker suitcase by the method of throwing things in and stamping on the case till it closed. In it he had absolutely all of his toilet refinements and wardrobe except the important portion already in use. They consisted, according to faithful detailed report, of four extra pairs of thick yellow-and-white cotton socks; two shirts, five collars, five handkerchiefs; a pair of surprisingly vain dancing pumps; high tan laced boots; three suits of cheap cotton underclothes; his Sunday suit, which was dead black in color and unimaginative in cut; four ties; a fagged toothbrush, a comb and hairbrush, a razor, a strop, shaving soap in a mug; a not very clean towel; and nothing else whatever.

To this he added his entire library and private picture gallery, consisting of Ivanhoe, Ben Hur, his father's copy of Byron, a wireless manual, and the 1916 edition of Motor Construction and Repairing; the art collection, one colored Sunday supplement picture of a prince and a princess lunching in a Provence courtyard, and a halftone of Col. Paul Beck landing in an early military biplane. Under this last, in a pencil scrawl now blurred to grayness, Milt had once written, "This what I'll be aviator."

What he was to wear was a piercing trouble. Till eleven minutes past twelve that day he had not cared. People accepted his overalls at anything except a dance, and at the dances he was the only one who wore pumps. But in his discovery of Claire Boltwood he had perceived that dressing is an art. Before he had packed he had unhappily pawed at the prized black suit. It had become stupid. "Undertaker!" he growled.

With a shrug which indicated that he had nothing else, he had exchanged his overalls for a tan flannel shirt, black bow tie, thick pigskin shoes, and the suit he had worn the evening before, his best suit of two years ago—baggy blue serge coat and trousers. He could not know it, but they were surprisingly graceful on his wiry, firm white body.

In his pockets were a roll of bills and an unexpectedly good gold watch. For warmth he had a winter ulster, an old-fashioned turtle-neck sweater and a raincoat as heavy as a tarpaulin. He plunged into the raincoat, ran out, galloped to Rauskukle's store, bought the most vehement cap in the place—a plaid of cerise, orange, emerald green, ultramarine, and five other guaranteed fashionable colors. He stocked up with food for roadside camping.

In the humping tin-covered tail of the bug was a good deal of room, and this he filled with motor extras, a shotgun and shells, a pair of skates, and all his camping kit as used on his annual duck-hunting trip to Man Trap Lake.

"I'm a darn fool to take everything I own, but—might be gone a whole month," he reflected.

He had only one possession left—a check book, concealed from the interested eye of his too maternal landlady by sticking it under the stair carpet. This he retrieved. It showed a balance of two hundred dollars. There was ten dollars in the cash register in the office, for Ben Sittka. The garage would, with the mortgage deducted, be worth nearly two thousand. This was his fortune.

He bolted into the kitchen, and all in one shout he informed his landlady, "Called out of town, li'l trip; b'lieve I don't owe you an'thing; here's six dollars, two weeks' notice; dunno just when I be back."

Before she could issue a questionnaire he was out in the bug. He ran back through town. At his friend Mac, now loose-lipped and wabbly, sitting in the rain on a pile of ties behind the railroad station, he yelled, "So long, Mac! Take care yourself, old hoss. Off on li'l trip."

He stopped in front of the prof's, tooted till the heads of the Joneses appeared at the window, waved and shouted, "G'-by, folks! Goin' outa town."

Then, while freedom and the distant Pacific seemed to rush at him over the hood, he whirled out of town. It was two minutes to one—forty-seven minutes since Claire Boltwood had entered Schoenstrom.

He halted only once. His friend Lady Vere de Vere was at the edge of town, on a scientific exploring trip in the matter of ethnology and field mice. She hailed him, "Mrwr? Me mrwr!"

"The hell you say!" Milt answered in surprise. "Well, if I promised to take you I'll keep my word."

He vaulted out, tucked Vere de Vere into the seat, protecting her from the rain with the tarpaulin winter radiator cover.

His rut-skipping car caught the mud-walloping Gomez-Dep in an hour, and pulled it out of the mud.

Before Milt slept that night in his camp three miles from Gopher Prairie he went through religious rites.

"Girl like her, she's darn particular about her looks. I'm a sloppy hound. Used to be snappier about my clothes when I was in high school. Getting lazy—too much like Mac. Think of me sleeping in my clothes last night!"

"Mrwr!" rebuked the cat.

"You're dead right. Fierce is the word. Nev' will sleep in my duds again, puss. That is, when I have a reg'lar human bed. 'Course, camping, different. But still—let's see all the funny things we can do to us."

He shaved—two complete shaves, from lather to towel. He brushed his hair. He sat down by a camp fire sheltered between two rocks and fought his nails, though they were discouragingly crammed with motor grease. Throughout this interesting but quite painful ceremony Milt kept up a conversation between himself as the World's Champion Dude, and his cat as Vallay. But when there was nothing more to do, and the fire was low, and Vere de Vere asleep in the sleeve of the winter ulster, his bumbling voice slackened.

In something like agony he muttered: "But oh, what's the use? I can't ever be anything but a dub! Cleaning my nails to make a hit with a girl that's got hands like hers! It's a long trail to Seattle, but it's a darn sight longer one to being—being—well, sophisticated. Oh! And incidentally, what the deuce am I going to do in Seattle if I do get there?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TIMKEN

Tonnage Hauled on Timkens

How has the truck industry grown?
How many more trucks were put to work last year than in 1909—only ten years ago?

Eighty times as many—an increase in production of 8000%.

If that is a surprising statement, the figures on the number of trucks actually on the road in service today as compared with ten years ago would be astounding.

And these results have been built absolutely upon performance—nothing could ever have made it possible save the demonstrated capacity of the motor truck to stand up to its extremely difficult job without an undue depreciation from wear and tear.

And in that development a prominent part has been played by Timken Bearings

For first and foremost in its capacity as a cargo carrier the truck must stand up *under the load*, it must take the jolts and bumps of the roughest road, and the handling of the most careless driver.

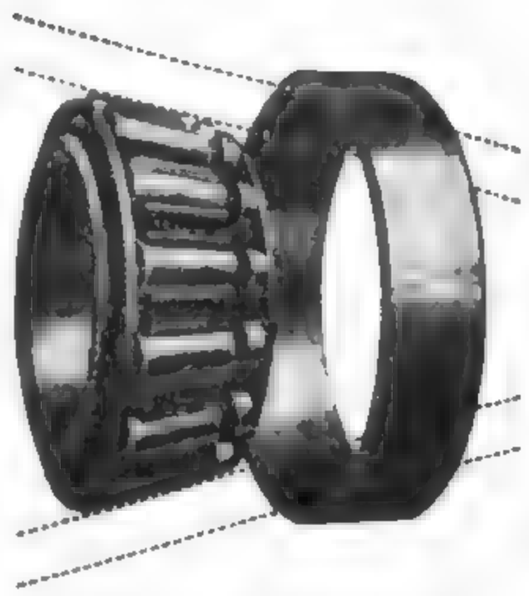
All the load that is carried by and upon the big, heavy tires, upon strong, solid wheels, and sturdy, huge springs—all this *plus the torque power load required to move the weight of truck and load*, is carried upon the bearings concealed in the wheel hubs, at these crucial points where the *greatest weight* is concentrated upon the *smallest area* and where the heaviest thrust, pound, jolt and vibration are incessant.

Reliability at these points of main support was necessary if the truck was ever to become a practical proposition.

How much the truck owes to Timken Bearings in that connection is best evidenced by the fact that Timken Bearing production has increased in even greater ratio than truck production. Although the best built trucks ten years ago were practically all equipped with Timken Bearings, over 100 times as many bearings are going into motor trucks today.

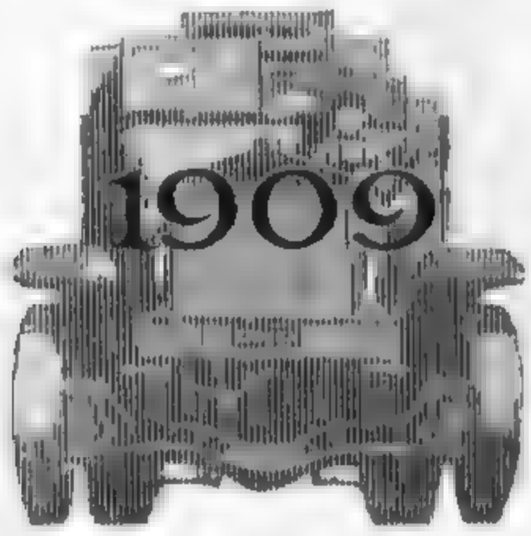
If you will write down the names of the five, ten or fifty best built trucks in this country you will find an overwhelming majority of them listed in "The Companies Timken Keeps"—a book which not only tells what trucks are equipped with Timken Bearings but exactly where those bearings are used—in the transmission, on the pinion or worm shaft, at the differential, in the knuckle head, and in the front or rear wheels.

If you haven't seen this book, send for it, for it tells more clearly than any advertisement what the truck builders of America think of the Timken Taper principle of design and the mileage records of Timken Bearings.

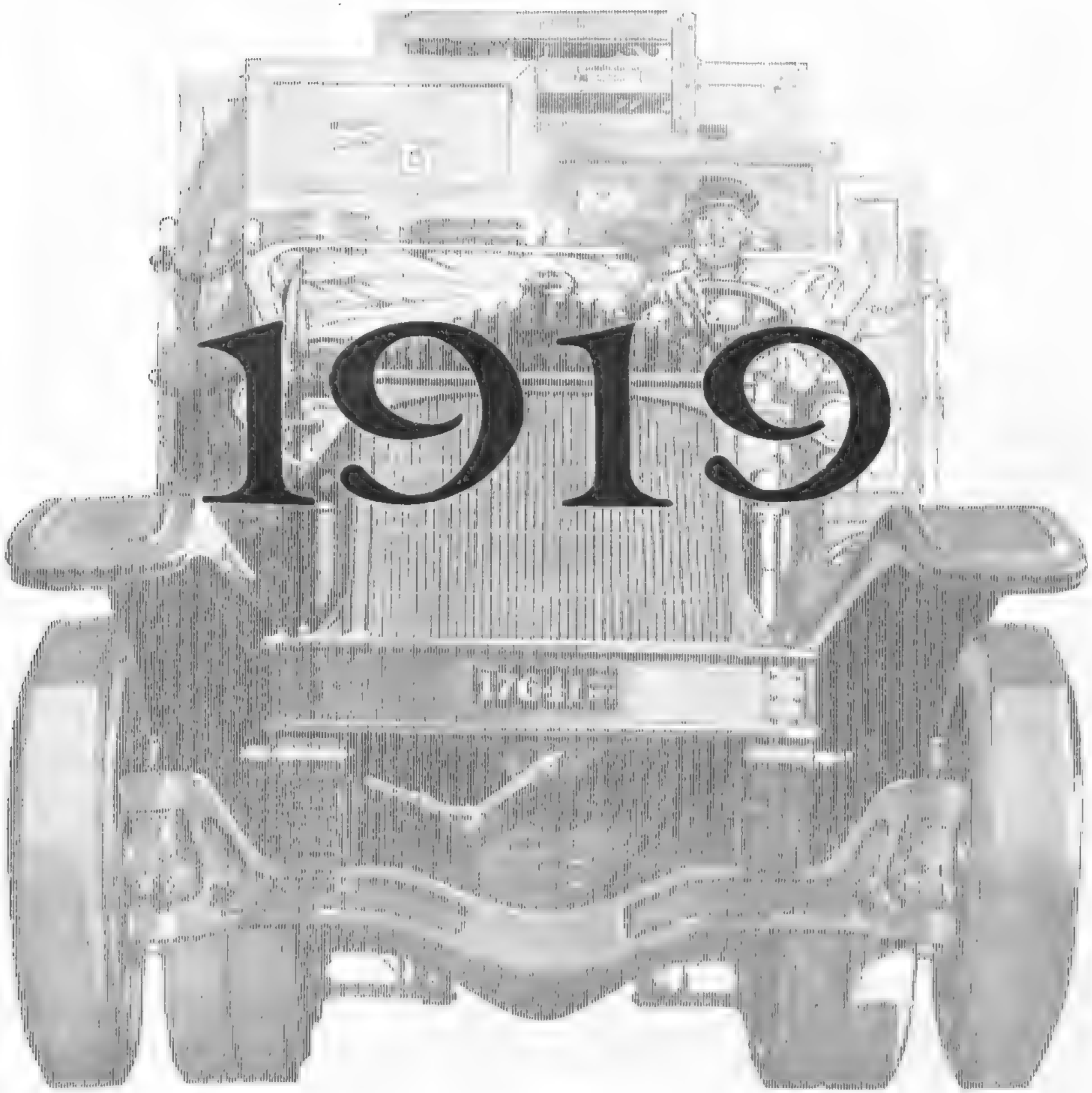


Dotted lines show how the inside of the "cup" of a Timken Bearing is *tapered* to fit over the *tapered* rollers.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



TAPER



NIGHT OWLS AND HUMMING BIRDS

(Continued from Page 19)

embarrassin' questions when he got home, he'd come bearin' gifts in the way of some feminine contraption.

"Well, he went down to a millinery store and asks to see the latest one in Parisian bonnets. The lady in charge showed him one. She was some conversationalist an' McCaleb's head wasn't so clear as it might have been; so before he got through he had ordered half a dozen of 'em—all the same kind. He meant well, all right, but overdid it; because, when he arrived with those six bandboxes an' a hold-over, Mrs. McCaleb didn't need anyone to tell her the real tidin's. Poor old Cassius!"

"That's the trouble," groaned the Bird in solemn confirmation; "that's always the trouble with me, major. I mean well, but I overdo it. It's my infernal luck!"

"I really don't see why you take this thing so much to heart," replied the other solicitously. "I never saw you when the loss of money meant anything to you. Why, Bird, a million dollars wouldn't last you a month!"

"It's—it's different this time," mumbled the Bird.

"Different this time, eh? It wouldn't be another little affair of the heart, would it, Bird?" ventured the major.

"'Tain't another; it's the same one."

"Ah!" Major Miles drew a long breath, which registered surprise. "You don't mean the San Francisco young lady—the divinity—do you?"

"That's her!" stuttered the Humming Bird lamely. "That's her! I never wanted no other girl."

"Why, I thought that was all in the discard."

"No," lamented the Humming Bird; "I got reinstated. She forgave me. I thought I was ruled off for life; but I'm in good standin' again. I was figurin' on getting the filly ready for the stake race, and how she'd be a long price. I had raked and scraped and saved to bet on her. Then I thought I'd be on Easy Street an' that the girl an' I could get hooked double. But now it's a thing of the past. All over! O-U-T! Gone to Coopertown!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" responded the major kindly. "I wouldn't say that."

"Ain't nothin' else to say," groaned the Bird. "Taps has sounded for me."

"The problem confronting us is a little hard to figure out just at this time," returned the major thoughtfully; "but I always had a certain amount of confidence in the workings of that fertile brain of yours, Bird, and I wouldn't hold to the argument that you had sung your closin' hymn yet."

"Well, you might as well."

"'Deedy no!" emphasized Major Miles. "'Deedy no! Somethin' is bound to turn up. Half the folks in the world are beat because they think they're beat. Why, the healthiest man in our town is a feller that was given up by a dozen specialists ten years ago! So far as I'm concerned, you needn't worry about me. The pleasure and pride I experienced when the filly won just now is such that no money could purchase. If I was to dig into history I might hazard the opinion that *Cogito, ergo sum* would apply to your case; but I expect you couldn't translate that."

"I couldn't take a dead fly away from a blind spider," retorted the mourner dolefully.

"Well, Bird," concluded the major optimistically, "it was a figure of speech used a good deal by the old Romans; and in a general way it means that so long as a feller puts his brains to workin' he has a gamblin' chance in any company."

II

CURLED up in the corner of the office of a downtown hotel, and almost hidden in the depths of a huge armchair, was the Humming Bird, still in a semitrance from the unforeseen course events had taken earlier in the day. He realized only too well that the mistake in his judgment had not only cost his employer a small fortune but had been visited upon himself. Jewelry had been shown up; she would probably go to the post in the big stake a most pronounced favorite. What mattered it that he had been saving up for months in order to bet on her? The opportunity of a lifetime had been tossed carelessly away. Rack his brains as he would, the Bird could not figure any scheme that pointed to rehabilitation.

And just about this time, as if to rub vinegar into the Humming Bird's mental wounds, along came the talkative Ikey Epstein. Ikey controlled four of the largest books in the ring. His chief boast was that he would take any kind of bet from anybody, and that there was no limit for those who wished to gamble with him in big figures. It might also be stated that the word gamble was not in the Epstein category, because it was more than broadly hinted that the Epstein confederacy had ways and means of keeping their bank rolls intact which did not exactly conform to the rules of racing as prescribed by the Jockey Club.

"Well, how is the Humming Bird?" quoth Ikey facetiously as he shoved his jeweled hands deep into his pockets and rolled a fat cigar into the corner of his mouth. "How is the old Humming Bird? They tell me you let the good thing get away from you to-day."

"Is that all you found out?" shot back the Bird sourly. "You must 'a' got a tip fresh from the feed box, Ikey. Did the mare talk to you and tell you things herself?"

The fat bookmaker chortled loudly.

"So I got your nanny, did I?" he chuckled. "They told me you folks let her run loose; but I didn't believe it. I heard that it was all your doin's. Someone said that old Major Miles had been away for several weeks and you had been managing the stable. Well, Bird, you're some manager!"

"Never mind what I am!" growled the Bird. "But lemme tell you one thing, and that is that I am responsible; when they said I just ran her for work, they're right. I ain't tryin' to forge any alibis. I didn't think she'd be in the first seven and figured I wasn't takin' any chance in starting her. But she's better than I thought she was. So that's all there is to it. Now you have the straight of it; so you can pack your gumdrops some place else."

"She'll be favorite for the Get-away Stakes," persisted the bookmaker. "If you get six to five against her you'll be lucky. There ain't a three-year-old round here that can give her good exercise. Good Lord! You sure tossed your wad to the fishes that time."

"I know it," droned the Bird; "I know it. If I hadn't made such a blamed fool of myself I'd 'a' got twenty to one against her. But it won't make much difference to me now, because I couldn't buy a square meal after the races to-day. I just got discouraged and went down the line bettin' on a lot of beagles. I didn't cash once. They cleaned me for fair."

"Is it as bad as that?" exclaimed the bookmaker thoughtfully and with sudden new interest in his tones. "As bad as that?"

"Worse," breathed the Bird. "Worse! If it came to gettin' holt of a piece of money right now I could make Dick Turpin and Captain Kid look like Sunday-school superintendents. But, then, what's the use o' talkin'?"

The Bird shifted about and half turned his back; his manner was that of one who regards an incident as closed.

For answer, Ikey Epstein drew a chair up close to the one in which the Bird was crouched. His voice dropped to a whisper.

"If you would listen to reason," he urged, "I might show you a way where you could get your money back; yes, and have a swell bet down besides."

But if the Humming Bird sensed anything from the newcomer's air or manner he did not manifest it by either look or gesture.

"Go on," he returned dully; "go on. I'm listenin'."

"This here," resumed Ikey—"what I was goin' to say is that this here is a business transaction. If you'll listen to reason a minute I'll explain"

"I told you I was listenin'," prompted the other.

"And, being as you need money so awful bad ——" resumed Ikey with added familiarity. "Well, that's nothing new for you." The bookmaker was feeling his way gingerly.

"No, it wouldn't be under ordinary circumstances," confirmed the Bird; "but this is different."

"Different, eh? I suppose you're trailin' round with some skirt? Well, that's nothin' new either."

The Humming Bird stiffened.

"You can keep that out of it," he enjoined in a manner that even Ikey Epstein could not mistake. "Just cut that part of it out!"

"Oh, that's all right; no offense meant," Epstein hastened to assure him. "I was just goin' to propose a little business transaction if you'll just listen to me a minute. The main thing is, you need money; and you need it bad. I'm not interested in why you want it. Now if you'll just hear what I have to say ——"

"Shoot!" exclaimed the Bird carelessly. "If you can pass me out any first aid at this stage of the game you're a wizard."

"First of all," began Ikey cautiously, "why don't you get some money from the major? Wouldn't he make you an advance that would tide you over?" The bookmaker evidently wanted to assure himself that all the Humming Bird's bridges had been burned behind him

"You don't know him," growled the Bird; "you don't know him! It's cash on delivery with the major. He pays well for what he gets, but you got to bring home the bacon.

"How could I go and ask him for money after throwin' soap in the soup like I did? Huh! You don't know him. When I saw the filly win to-day I took mine on the run. I ain't seen him since."

"Oh, I know enough about him," persisted Ikey; "a good many of 'em say he's the wisest old pirate that ever stepped on the race track. Others don't figger he calls for much. I never got a chance to size him up myself, except he makes occasional bets with me, and wins and loses like other folks. What do you think? You'd oughter know him well enough by this time; you're his handy man, ain't you?"

"That's another story," parried the Bird. "What I think an' what I don't think belongs to me. What good would it do to tell you?"

"Why? Why, because ——" Ikey nudged his chair still closer to that of the Bird, and reached over and gripped his arm. Then, with a sudden burst of confidence: "I'll tell you why: I have a scheme that can put you in the way of makin' more money than you ever did in your life—if you'll just come clean with me. You're broke, ain't you? An' you can't get any money out of this old fellow—can you? Am I right or wrong?"

"Well," acquiesced the Bird, thawing a little, "I suppose, on general principles, you're right."

"I thought I was," exclaimed the bookmaker triumphantly; "in fact, I knowed I was! Now what's the use of stallin'? I can put you close to important money an' you won't have to take any chance. Most of you fellers are all right trainin' horses, but you ain't worth a whoop when it comes to manipulatin' them so's you can get a piece of change. Now listen to me."

"You're runnin' along too fast," warned the Humming Bird impressively. "You've carried me off my feet, Ikey. I ain't goin' to do nothin' where they might get the goods on me and rule me off for life. If that's what you're after you may as well stop right now."

"Listen to me, Bird," purred the bookmaker. "All you've got to do is reach up an' pick the peaches while they're ripe. I've got a scheme, an' there ain't a chance in the world of anybody gettin' next. I couldn't afford to take chances myself; but if you'll go in with me I'll show you where we can both get a hatful of money. I'll show you," he reiterated. "I'll show you where you'll have enough to last you for the rest of your natural life. Then you should care about this old skeesicks, Miles! If I don't do as I say—why, you don't have to play; and you'll never be flat broke while you're training round with me."

"I'm willin' to play, all right, Ikey," returned the Bird in mollified tones. "I'll do anything to get holt of a little money now; but I ain't goin' to be tied in a bowknot by nobody. Let's hear your scheme. If it looks as good to me as it does to you—why, declare me in; but remember—no rough stuff an' no jockey fixin'. I won't do business with no pin-headed rider."

And then Ikey Epstein unfolded his plan. It evidently took some argument to convince the Humming Bird; but when the men rose from their conference it was quite clear, both by word and action, that he had been won over and acquiesced in all the details, as set forth with no little ingenuity.

"And don't forget," whispered Ikey as he turned to go. "Don't forget the stake will be run Saturday. Be there on time. Meet me Friday. Midnight, at the corner of the old sand road back of the race track. And if you think I ain't on the level I'll have a thousand dollars with me to hand you in advance; because money has talked since language was invented."

III

MAJOR AGAMEMNON MILES was seated on a bale of hay under the long shed of his racing stable. He was closely perusing the sporting columns of the Courier Journal; and, having finished the turf items, he laid down that newspaper with a sigh of satisfaction.

"They can say what they please about the old colonel," he soliloquized—"and, in fact, sometimes I don't agree with him myself; but they can't allege with any truth that he ain't gifted in the matter of pickin' his sportin' writers. He always does that with rare discrimination. Now this young man who edits the turf column evidently knows what he's talkin' about."

He reached for the paper again and ran his finger down the page. Then, having evidently found what he was looking for, Major Miles lifted up his voice:

"Oh, Jodey! Oh, Jodey Beam!"

A chocolate-colored face was poked out from one of the stalls.

"Heah I is, majah!"

"If you see the Humming Bird round, just tell him to come over here."

"He ain't been heah this mornin'," replied the major's colored rider; "but he's comin' now! He's just turnin' the corner ob de shed."

As the Humming Bird approached, the major noted, with something of approval, but not wholly divested of surprise, that the Bird was whistling and his hat was tilted away back on his head. It was quite evident that he had come up from the depths of despair in which the major had left him the evening before. Major Miles, however, judged it wise not to comment upon this untoward change of front.

"I was just lookin' for you, Bird!" he exclaimed. "I wanted to read you somethin' in this paper. I tell you it makes me feel mighty proud. I'm beginnin' to think that Vanity is my middle name. Now listen to this."

Major Miles squared himself away, adjusted his glasses, and solemnly intoned the following paragraph:

"'In Jewelry, a very handsome filly by Shooting Star, out of Simplicity, Major Miles uncovered the first big surprise of the season. Many good judges asserted after her race yesterday that she was the best three-year-old to be seen in years at Churchill Downs. Her performance was a rare tribute to her breeder, owner, trainer and jockey. No such finish has been seen at the old Downs since the memorable contest between Proctor Knott and Spokane. Major Miles was showered with congratulations after the race by his hosts of friends. He was overwhelmingly happy, despite the fact that it is understood he did not have a cent on the filly's chances, but let her run loose. Sportsmen of his stamp are rare.'

"What do you think of that, Bird?" beamed the major. "Oughtn't I to feel proud?"

"Well, if you don't care what you say when you talk about money, you ought," responded the major's factotum with some return of his old pessimism

"I'm not altruistic enough to come out flat-footed and say that I don't consider the loss of money or a chance to make it. But I can't weigh it against a happenin' like that of yesterday."

"Well, I could." This from the Bird.

"Yes," resumed the major. "When I read this paper I realize there's no knowledge like the wisdom that teaches a man to look for his profits in the hearts of his friends, or in the triumphs of those he loves. And there's no harvest like one springin' from good deeds and kindly acts. Money buys groceries, but it don't purchase love. An' star sapphires never standardized sentiment."

"I guess that's right," agreed the Bird.

"Indeed it is," counseled his mentor; "because, when you add up the ledger of

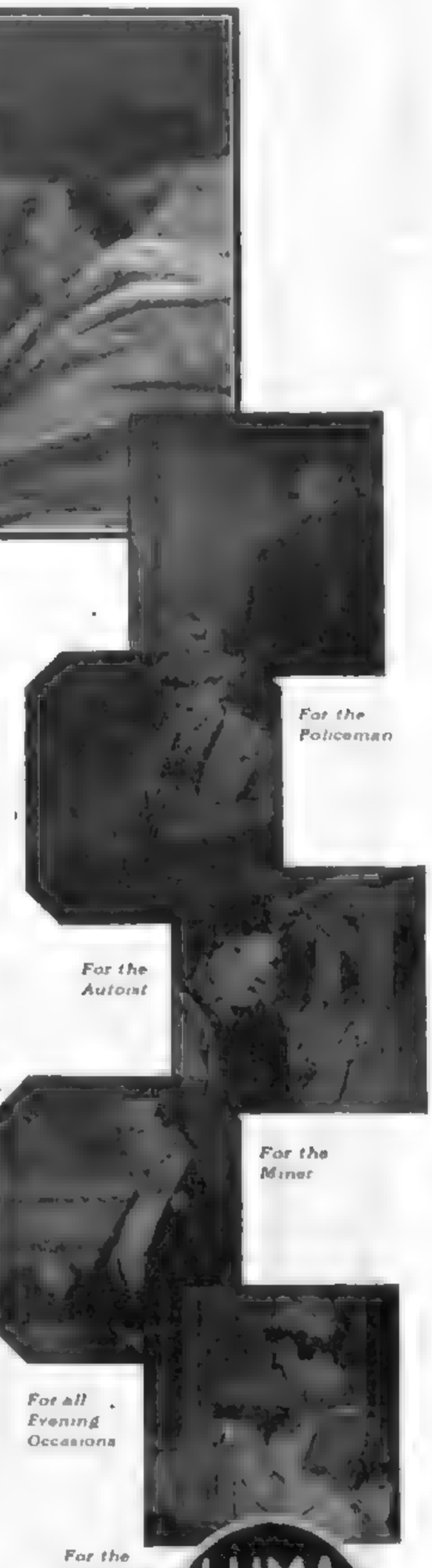
(Continued on Page 137)

LUMA

The Radium LUMAnous Compound

The Old Way

The LUMA Way



For the Policeman

For the Autoist

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For all Evening Occasions

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LUMA

Look for the seal
Be sure of lasting
LUMAnosity

"What time is it?"

—*the commonest of questions*

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DURING the night you wake up — you want to know the time. You hop out of bed, then fuss and fume for a match or the switch.

For that one night, a clock with LUMA would have been worth its weight in gold. Just to turn your head on the pillow and see the time is true *luxury*. Clocks and watches with LUMA are indispensable.

LUMA makes clocks and watches tell time in the dark.

Why allow your clock or watch to work only half time? With LUMA, clocks and watches tell time *all* the time.

LUMA is *the* Radium LUMAnous compound, guaranteed to contain Radium. It does not need exposure to light. We have the largest supply of Radium in the world. The grade of LUMA used corresponds to the quality of watch or clock.

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Pittsburgh

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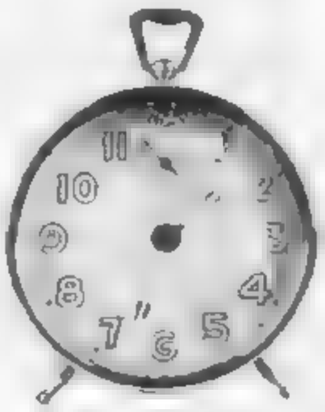
The K. & E. Army Pocket Compass is one of the Keuffel & Esser products with LUMA

The Beardsley Radiant —one of the Beardsley models with LUMA



The Slumber Stopper Radium—a LUMA model of the New Haven Clock Company

The Parker Radium, one of the Parker clocks with LUMA

The Gilbert "Nine" Radium is one of the Gilbert clocks with LUMA

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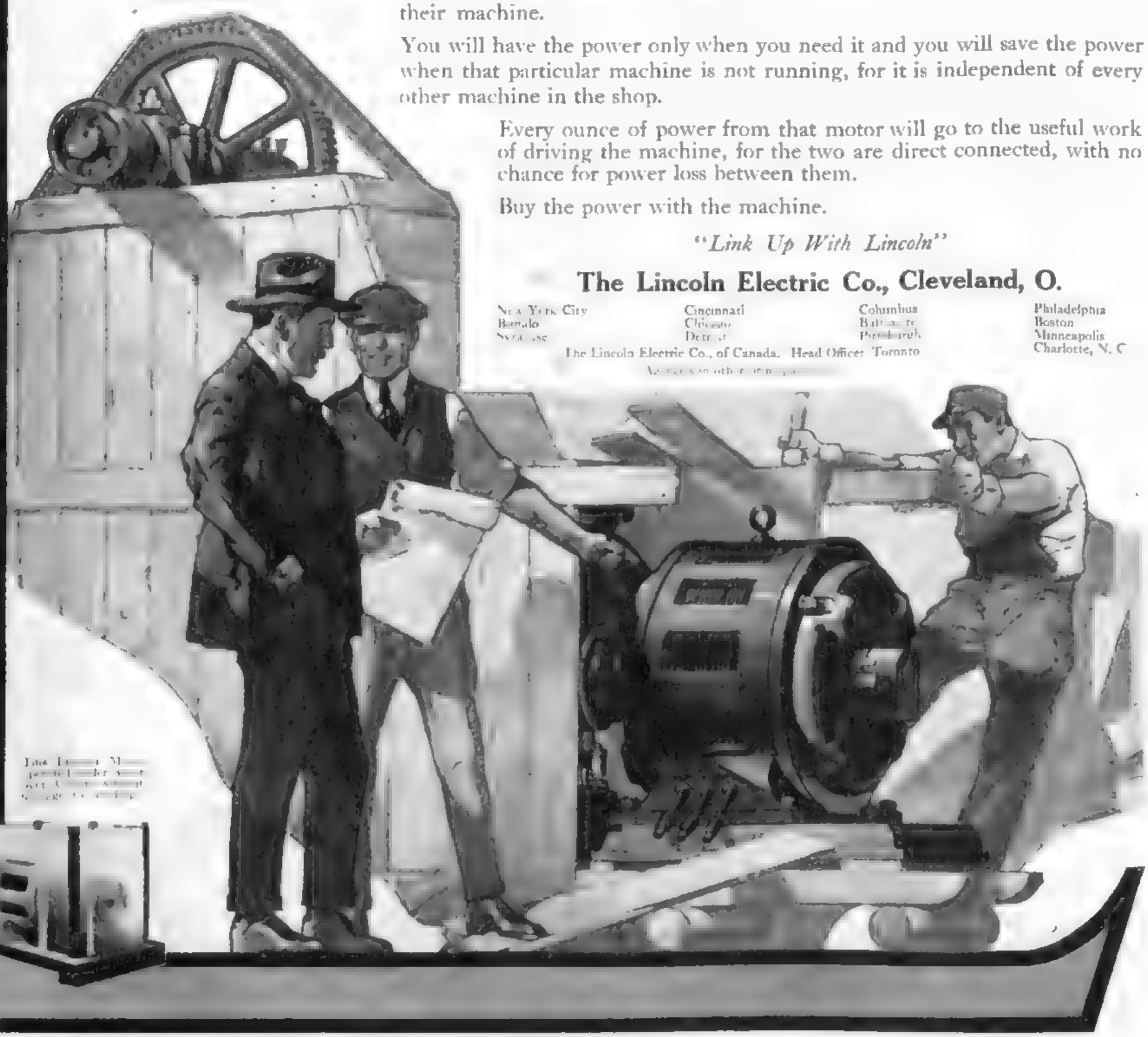


(Continued from Page 134)

life and deduct all outstandin' claims from what the world owes you, there's only a little love an' affection for somethin' or somebody left to balance the account. It's the only religion that's universal. But, speakin' of yourself, Bird, you seem to be feelin' bettah than you did yesterday."

"Oh, I'm feelin' all right now."

"Fine!" ejaculated the major. "I guess that's why the ancients took their mornin's mornin' facing the East. They knew that sunup never bore the slightest resemblance to the sunset of the night before."

"You've struck it!" confirmed the Bird. "I'm feelin' a hell of a sight better than I did yesterday when I seen that old filly beat the imported sensation by a suggestion. I'll be out o' the doctor's care in a couple of days now, I expect."

Something in the Bird's manner and speech savored of mystery. Major Miles opened his mouth to interrogate him; but he evidently thought better of it, contenting himself with merely saying:

"That's good. I'm glad to hear it."

Then the Bird rose and busied himself about the stable.

The major's entourage in the racing way was never large. A couple of two-year-olds, the filly Jewelry, and an old chestnut mare called Excess Baggage and owned by the Humming Bird, summed up the string. The latter, be it said, was the Bird's one excuse to be classed as an owner; and through her he received certain privileges of the track which were only extended to those who maintained racing stables. In the parlance of the turf, Excess Baggage was a badge horse.

Whenever a race for the cheapest class of selling platers was carded the entry of Excess Baggage was sure to be found among those listed. Out of some fifty starts she had only two wins to her credit. Major Miles always maintained that she was the most aptly named horse on the race track. And now he watched the Bird as he led her forth and proceeded to saddle her for her morning gallop.

"Don't you think you waste a lot of valuable time on that old mare?" hazarded the major. "I'd make you a present of a good two-year-old if you'd consent to send her to the sales ring."

"Couldn't dream of it, major," chirped the Bird. "I'm superstitious, an' she's lucky. She kept me out of the poorhouse twice, an' that's as much as a stake winner could have done."

"Oh, well," laughed the major; "I ain't criticizin' your regard for the old mare. If we all wanted the same thing in this life it would be one awful mix-up. Come to think of it, many a farmer marries a fashion plate an' flatters himself, for a few minutes at least, that he ain't never goin' to put a first mortgage on his stock in trade."

And so it went during the period that elapsed between these events and the date of the big stake for which Jewelry was entered. No happening bordering on the unusual occurred round the major's stable during the interim.

It is true that the Humming Bird appeared to be busy with certain outside matters, but he was uncommunicative. If the major sensed that anything of untoward interest was on the tapis he never voiced his suspicions. That worthy always held that superabundance of advice had ruined many a promising career, and that instructions had lost more races than the lack of them had won.

"A man can get along on a pinch without buttons on his clothes," philosophized the major; "but it's essential that he should always have one sewed to his upper lip."

Friday came. It was the evening before the big race and the night was as dark as proverbial pitch; and then, just before the midnight hour struck, a shadowy form led a blanketed and hooded horse out from under the shed of the Major's racing stable, mounted, and rode stealthily off in the direction of the old sand road back of the race track. Not a star was in sight and it was difficult even to see across the road. The Humming Bird—for it was he—pulled up at the corner of the fence and waited, looking about him uneasily.

"If that fellow ain't here I'll assassinate him!" he told himself; but just then a bundled-up figure emerged from the fence corner.

"You're on time, I see, Bird," whispered Ikey as he drew near. "You got her out all right, did you? There ain't nobody on to you, is there? How did you do it?"

"That was easy," returned the Bird. "When them stable boys of ours go to sleep Gabriel's horn wouldn't wake 'em up. But I didn't take no chances."

"No?" queried Epstein.

"No," confirmed the Bird. "All them old boards at the back of the stall are rotten; so I just pried a few loose and took her out the back way—that little jockey of the major's always locks her stall with a special lock the old man had made. If I had of asked him for the key he might 'a' mistrusted somethin'."

"Great head, Bird; great head!" complimented the bookmaker. "You're slick enough to own a race track of your own. It beats me how a man with your brains should play carrier pigeon for an old sucker like Miles. Stick to me an' I'll show you how to do things. Say, I see you got the mare all bundled up. Was you afraid she'd take cold?"

"One would think a wise man like you oughter know better than to ask that. A mare as well known as she is might be recognized by some of them Guineas, no matter how dark it was. Gosh! Ain't it lonesome here?" shivered the Bird irrelevantly. "I feel like a blasted owl."

"Night Owls an' Humming Birds!" Ikey laughed at his own joke. "That'd be a funny pair if they was coupled in the bettin'."

"Yep," acquiesced the Bird as he leaned over and lifted the saddle flap to tighten the girths. "But it's better than if Calamity and Desperation was hooked together. That'd be hell, wouldn't it?"

"Worse than that," agreed Ikey. "But you've bid good-by to Calamity, Bird; you'll never shake hands with that lady again."

"I hope not," muttered the Bird. "But come on; let's get started."

"All right; it's up to you," returned the other. "Go ahead."

"Ain't you forgettin' a little somethin'?" interrogated the Bird.

"Forgettin' what?"

"Nothin'—only a little matter of a thousand dollars you promised me."

"Well, won't you get it all right?"

"Perhaps I will," parried the Bird. "But say, Ikey, this is a C. O. D. package. I don't move a foot out o' here till you come across."

"I'll give it to you when you're through," persisted the other. "Go ahead! You ain't afraid of me, are you?"

"I ain't afraid of nothin' or nobody—except I've quit takin' chances," returned the rider gruffly. "If you want to keep your word, all right; an' if you don't I'm goin' home." He turned the mare's head round as he spoke.

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute, Bird!" temporized the man on the ground. "You're the darnedest fellow I ever seen! I never said I wouldn't give it to you, did I?"

"No; but I ain't got it."

"Well, you've got it now." The bookmaker shoved a fat hand into his inside pocket and drew forth a small roll of bills which he passed to the man on horseback. "There it is—all in hundreds. Count 'em if you want to."

"That's what I'm agoin' to do," returned the Bird airily as he lit a match.

"Hey! Don't do that! What are you strikin' lights round here for?" stormed Epstein. "Don't you know nothin'?"

But the Bird was too busy with arithmetic.

"Yep," he responded at length, as he refolded the bills and tucked them away; "I know you counted them right, Ikey, an' you've done your part of it. Now for mine."

"How far do you think you ought to work her?" interrogated the other. "We'd better make a good job of it."

"If I was to give her a good stiff gallop of about ten miles I guess she wouldn't have an awful lot left for to-morrow," suggested the rider.

"Don't take no chances; better make it fifteen," counseled Ikey. "An' let her go right along. It's just a quarter of a mile down to the crossroads. I'll sit here on the fence an' keep count."

"I ain't been on a horse for a couple of years," droned the Bird. "I'm liable to fall off before I hit that last mile."

"Listen to me, Bird," shot back Ikey Epstein; "listen to me, an' lemme tell you something: If any sucker was to offer me a thousand dollars to ride fifteen miles I'd stick on that saddle if I had to get all the glue in the country to keep me there."

For more than an hour and a half the little bookmaker sat huddled up on the fence, keeping faithful count as mile after mile was reeled off, and taking no chances that the Humming Bird should not execute his part of the contract. Finally, when he climbed down the cold night wind had penetrated to the very marrow of his bones.

"All right, Bird!" he stuttered through chattering teeth. "I guess she'll do now. If she comes back after this I won't have no kick comin'."

The Humming Bird had dismounted and was standing beside the mare's head.

"It seems a crime to do her up this way, don't it?" he said regretfully. "She won't be no good for the rest of the season. Fifteen miles with my weight up would stop the Overland Limited."

"Crime nothin'!" rejoined Ikey. "It'd be a bigger crime if a feller didn't have a good bed to sleep on and three meals a day. That's where you'd 'a' landed if you hadn't listened to me. Now there's another thing I want to say to you: I suppose the Old Man is goin' to bet on her, no matter what price she is?"

"You couldn't keep him out of the bettin' ring tomorrow afternoon with a Gatlin' gun," testified the Bird.

"Well, that's what I want to say," resumed the bookmaker. "Can't you steer him up against my books? You know 'em all. We'll lay a couple of points the best of the prices. I got the entries for the stake just as I was leavin' town. There's only three good ones in it—this filly; Alarm; an' the New York trick—Riot. We have taken care of Alarm's jockey already an' he won't bother nobody; so it looks like as if we could beat the race both ways. We can bet on Riot and lay the other two. Now I'll leave it to you to see that none of Old Miles' money wanders where it don't belong."

"You're a wonder, Ikey! Just a

The Evening Before the Big Race a Shadowy Form Led a Blanketed and Hooded Horse Out From Under the Shed of the Major's Racing Stable

wonder!" commended the Bird as he prepared to go. "How do you do it?"

"I just outgeneral 'em, Bird," boasted the other. "Just figure that ninety per cent of 'em are suckers. The public is just guessers. An' a man who guesses in any business will find himself out on the sidewalk some day," concluded the little bookmaker judicially and with a flourish.

"You said something that time," agreed the Bird as he moved away. "You said something, Ikey. I'll remember it."

IV

"WHY, what's the matter with you, Bird? You're all humped up like a sick camel; an' you're so lame you can hardly hobble."

It was the morning of the big race and Major Miles had just arrived at the stable. The Humming Bird presented a rather sorry spectacle as he stumped round attending to the various duties of his office. His pinched face was drawn more than was its wont, and his eyes were dull and sleepy.

"I've been busy," parried the Bird. "I've been powerful busy—that's all."

"I thought you and hard work fell out a long time ago," mused the major. "I didn't know you was on speakin' terms with manual labor."

"Well, I don't run to form, major," retorted the other. "Sometimes they get a good race out of me. While I think of it, I want you to take this here chicken feed and bet it along with your own on the mare to-day."

"Why, there's a thousand dollars here!" ejaculated the major in surprised tones as he counted the little roll of bills handed him by the Bird. "Would I appear inquisitive if I asked whether you got it with the aid of a piece of lead pipe or picked up what somebody lost?"

"Didn't do neither," laughed the Bird. "I worked for it. I worked for it last night, major—harder than any white man ever did."

"Ah!"

A question was bubbling on the major's lips; but the old gentleman was too wise in his generation, and the important bearing of the Humming Bird convinced him that he wished to clothe the proceedings of the night before with all the mystery they merited.

Major Miles did not need to be told that his factotum had framed something entirely to his own satisfaction, and he had every confidence in that worthy's acumen and judgment.

"Well, from all appearances, you earned the money wherever you got it, Bird," he replied as he tucked the bills away in his note case. "I'll see to it that you don't get the worst of the prices. Of course she'll be favorite. All the experts have tipped her to win."

"She will not be favorite!" The Humming Bird's speech was charged with supreme conviction.

"She ought to be as good as three or four to one. And if the general public got a hot tip on somethin' else she might be even better."

"What's that? What are you talkin' about, Bird?" The major almost slipped a cog and was about to demand expert testimony when he again checked himself. "You certainly are optimistic, young man," he amended; "an that don't half express it."

"P'raps I am," rejoined the Bird; "but all I want you to promise me to-day is that you won't go into the bettin' ring till I give you the high sign. Will you promise me that? And take my word for the rest of it."

The major promised.

Jewelry's price was quoted at even money in the opening betting. There was the customary early rush by the rank and file to place their money on the filly that had been admitted by all experts to be one of the best of her sex. And then, as is usual in such cases, the market settled back to normal; and those who did not subscribe to the dictum of the savants proceeded to back the horses of their choice.

But, all at once, somehow or other the price against the favorite commenced to lengthen, while the play of important money seemed to center on the Eastern horse, Riot. From even money Jewelry went to six to five; the Epstein books stretched this a couple of points, and finally she was quoted at two to one. Epstein raised this half a point, intent upon getting every dollar that came into the ring.

If one wants to study human nature in its manifold expression there is no place like the betting ring, and no locality where one is so liable to be convinced that a large gathering of human beings—more frequently than not—resembles a flock of sheep. Whenever the price on a logical favorite commences to go up, simultaneously out of the nowhere spring rumors and hints which, though often without the slightest foundation, seem to prejudice those who had perhaps already formed an opinion as to how they were going to place their bets.

The maxim that every knock is a boost does not apply to the activities of the race track. In the present instance, however, the Humming Bird might have traced certain wild rumors about Jewelry's condition to its source; but he did not exchange confidences with anyone.

Just before the bugle called the horses to the post the Humming Bird put in an appearance and limped over in the direction of the Epstein book.

"I ain't seein' any signs of the Old Man's money comin' into the ring yet," whispered Ikey as the Humming Bird paused momentarily before the stand. "Has he got cold feet?"

"He just landed a minute ago," confided the Bird. "He just sent me down to look at the prices. He's got the bundle with him, all right. Don't worry, Ikey! Just give him a little encouragement and he'll bet his head off."

"The talent ain't bettin' on her," growled the bookmaker. "There was a rush to her at first, but now they're playin' the Eastern horse. You don't suppose anybody got wised up, do you?"

"Ain't no suppose about it," whispered the Bird. "These Kentuckians never did like a short-priced favorite. They're just waitin'. Hunch the price a little an' watch 'em come. The Old Man don't never bet till the last minute, anyway. He's out in the paddock now. I'll go fetch him."

The Humming Bird turned to go, but wheeled about as if struck by an afterthought. "I guess I'd better bet a coupla hundred on Riot," he vouchsafed as he passed the money to the bookmaker.

"I ain't takin' no bets on Riot," retorted the bookmaker brusquely. "I'm holdin' him an' layin' the others. Can't you get it somewheres else?"

"Oh, yes," returned the Bird affably as he reached for the money. "Any of them fellows'd lay me. An' I forgot. Thanks, just the same."

The horses were out on the track, parading to the post, before Major Miles entered the betting ring. He was chaperoned by the Humming Bird, who deftly steered him over in the direction of the Epstein book.

"Here you are, major," shrilled that worthy as he saw the old gentleman approaching. "Here you are! Four to one against Jewelry, an' all you want of it."

"It's liberal enough, Epstein," confirmed the major smilingly. "I thought I'd have to take about six to five fo' my money."

"The public make the bettin', major," returned Ikey. "I figured she'd be a short price myself; but they don't want her an' I got to round up my book. How much will you take of it?"

Major Miles hesitated, nervously fingering the roll of bills he held in his hand. "The public might be right, Epstein." He made a motion as if to return the money to his pocket.

"They say that hard race last week took it all out of her," confided the bookmaker, now thoroughly alarmed and intent on reaching a vulnerable point in the major's armor. "A feller told me a few minutes ago that all her breed was the kind you could run only once a year."

The major stiffened.

"That's a lie," he snorted—"a base fabrication! I'll bet you a thousand!"

"A thousand!" bantered the bookmaker. "Just a little measly thousand for a gamblin' man like you?"

"Why, you insultin' scamp! What do you mean?" stormed Major Miles. "By the gods, what do you mean?"

"Only money talks round here," tantalized the man on the stand. "You can't cash in on conversation."

"It does, does it? Well, here's some of it. Here's three thousand more. Now run, you rabbit—run!"

Ikey Epstein laughed triumphantly as he handed the irate major another ticket, calling for twelve thousand to three thousand.

"I ain't got started yet," he snapped. "It takes more than a cheap pikin' bet to send me on my way."

If Major Miles heard the last remark he gave no evidence of having done so. He was stalking off through the crowd, his bearing being that of a man whose whole being was surcharged with righteous indignation; but he was moving in the direction of another book, nevertheless.

Major Miles reached his box just in time to see the timer's flag fall, announcing that the horses were off.

"Yip! Yip!" yelped the major's companion. "Jodey got her off wingin'! They'll have to ketch her now."

But out of the flying bunch came a challenger. It was the Eastern crack, Riot; and he raced alongside Jewelry toward the stand.

And then Jodey Beam showed his generalship. Gently he took his mount back until she lay in fifth position, and so held his place all the way up the back stretch.

"He should of kept in front," protested the Bird. "She's liable to get pocketed."

"No danger about Jodey!" retorted the major calmly. "He knows what he's doin'."

And so it proved. Jodey never made a move until halfway down the home stretch, and then he shot from behind like an arrow from a bow. The race was over at the drawgate. Jewelry galloped home an easy winner.

In sheer ecstasy of spirit the Humming Bird climbed on the railing of the box and cheered until he was hoarse; then, as if he suddenly remembered something, he started to make a hasty exit.

"Where are you goin' in such a hurry, Bird?" inquired the major as the former overturned a chair in his haste.

"Me for the telegraph office!" chortled the Bird. "I'm agoin' to burn up the wires between here an' Frisco."

"You surely aren't going to send a telegram to the divinity?" bantered the major.

"You've landed on another winner, major!" sang the Bird as he raced away. "When I get through she'll know that one man has spoke his little piece."

The Humming Bird made his way down the stairs three steps at a time; but just as he turned the corner he collided with Ikey Epstein.

"You've done me brown, you thief an' you robber!" howled the bookie; his face was scarlet from suppressed emotion and the veins of his neck were standing out like whipcord. "I don't know how you did it; but I'll get even with you if it takes a hundred years!"

For answer, the Bird reached out and grabbed him where collar and tie met.

"If you say another word I'll choke you to death!" he growled. "I'll put you and your chalk game in the discard forever. Did you think you were goin' to get me with your big-mitt stuff an' grave-robbin' scheme—just because I was broke? Did you think I was goin' to throw down the best friend I had on earth for a few dirty dollars? Ha, ha! Say, Ikey—so they're all suckers, are they? Well, I'm with 'em if you'll leave out the Night Owls an' the Humming Birds. They're a tough combination, Epstein, when you couple 'em in the bettin'."

As he released his hold upon the bookmaker's collar his trusty right hand shot out, and the discomfited one measured his length in an adjacent pile of rubbish. And so passed all business dealings between Ikey Epstein and the trainer of Major Miles' racing stable.

"An', now that it's all over, would you mind tellin' me the whole story, Bird?" queried Major Miles as they wended their way toward the stable.

"That's the easiest part of it," laughed the Humming Bird. "That bookmaker came to me with a proposition to take the filly out of her stall last night and june her till she didn't have speed enough to head a cow in a lane. An' I agreed to do it."

"You did! An' then what?"

"Well, I took her out last night, according to contract, an' rode her fifteen miles while the Epstein person perched on the fence an' froze to death. That's when I got the thousand dollars."

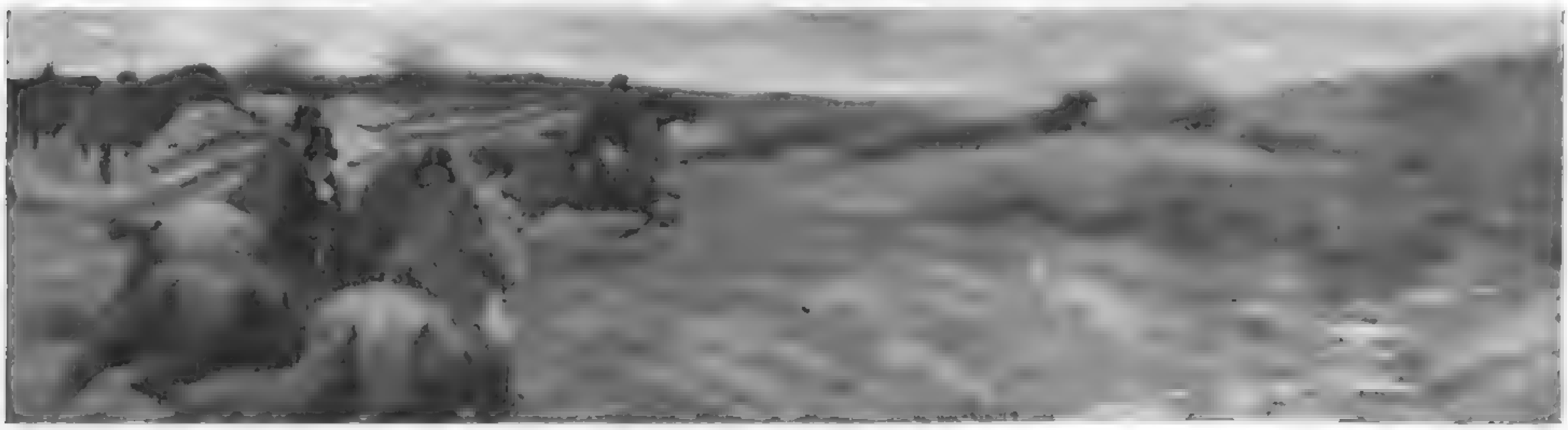
"There's some other answer, Bird," persisted the major. "What's the rest of it?"

"Wonders will never cease, major!" chuckled the Bird. "Because I just put a blanket and hood on old Excess Baggage, an' Ikey thought it was Jewelry! You couldn't have told which was which yourself in the dark. It was great, wasn't it? I'll bet you're some surprised, yourself."

"Under ordinary circumstances, yes; but in the present instance I should say no," returned the major judicially.

"Why not?" protested the Bird in amazed tones. "Why not?"

"Fo' the simple reason," purred the major—"fo' the very simple reason that scientists tell us there is a certain amount of honey in the most unattractive flower; but it takes a bee or a humming bird to find it."



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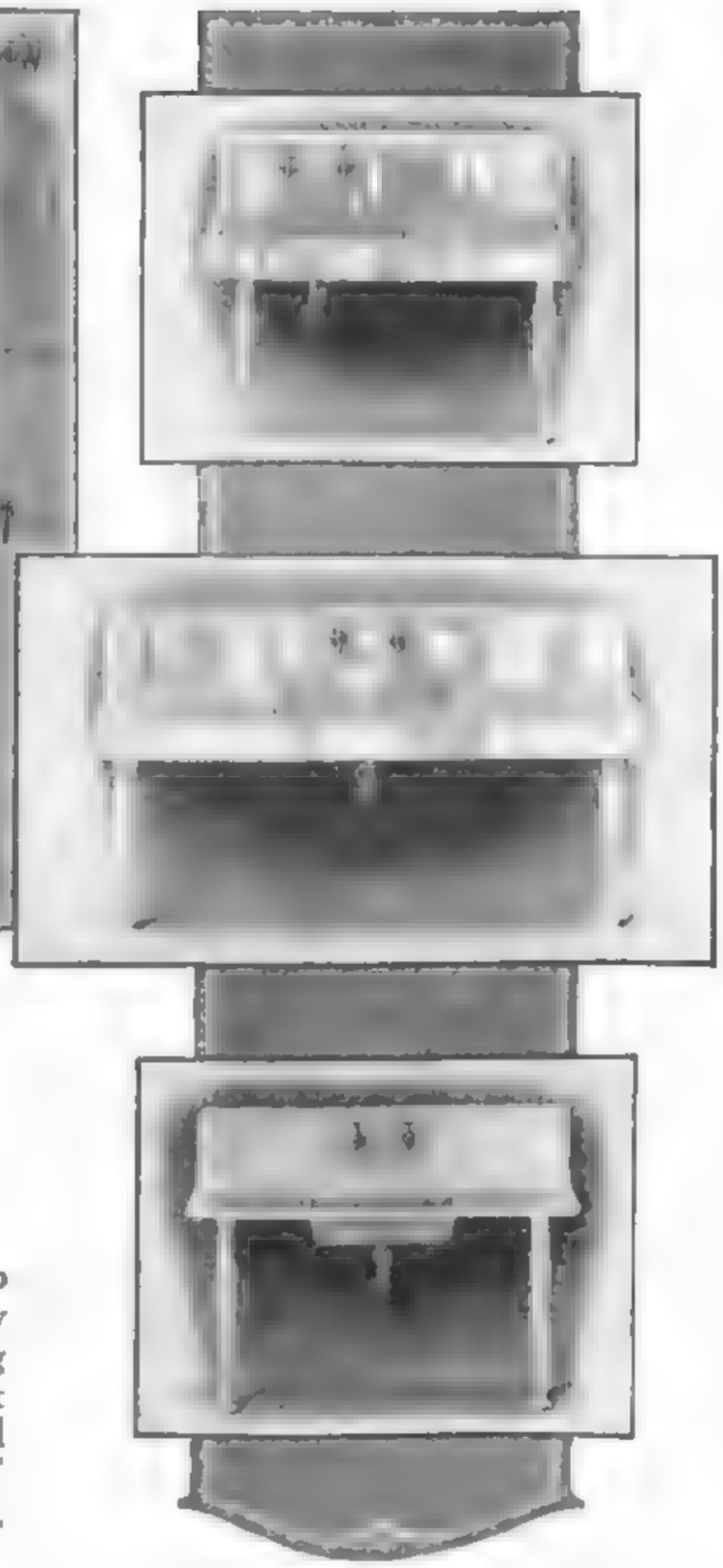

A Good Sink Makes a Good Kitchen

YOU'LL agree with that assertion if you give it a moment's thought. There is no doubt that the kitchen—where your food is prepared, where there is every possibility of safeguarding the family's health or every chance of endangering health—is the most important room in the house and the one that should represent the highest possible degree of efficiency. "Standard" One-Piece White Enameled Sinks go a long way toward insuring kitchen efficiency. The "Efficiency Kitchen" idea, now so familiar to women throughout the country, was a "Standard" creation.

The sink is the most important kitchen fixture for these reasons:

Sanitation: It is well known that an old sink, in bad condition, is the breeding place of the vermin that sometimes invade damp places. A "Standard" One-Piece White Enameled Sink prevents the collection of filth and, therefore, the breeding of vermin.

Saving of Labor: Every housewife appreciates the ease with which a "Standard" One-Piece Sink is *kept clean;* also the convenience of working at it, because of the fact that it is adjustable to any height, from 30 to 36 inches from the floor. It is not a back-breaker. The sink itself can be used as a dish-pan if desired, and then there are the convenient drain-board, the noiseless, non-splashing faucets and the sanitary trap.

Appearance: There is also the matter of looks. Whether it be the great double drain-board, or a smaller pattern, every "Standard" Sink is handsome; improves the appearance of the kitchen very materially.

"Standard" Kitchen Sinks are illustrated and described in a booklet, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home," which also features fixtures for the Bath and Laundry.

If you live in the country, ask for a special booklet, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Farm Home." Write today for one of these books—the first one named if you live in a city or town.

Service at "Standard" Branches

In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories; also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil industries. Write or call on nearest branch.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Permanent Exhibits in the Following Cities:

NEW YORK	35 W 31ST	*ST LOUIS	910 N SECOND	*HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. AND TENTH ST.	*DALLAS	1300-1306 JACKSON
NEW YORK (EX. DEPT.)	50 BROAD	*EAST ST LOUIS	15 N COLLINSVILLE	*ERIE	138 W. TWELFTH	*SAN ANTONIO	7-9 LOSOYA
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	*CLEVELAND	44-46 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	915 11TH	*FORT WORTH	828-830 MONROE
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	*MILWAUKEE	426 BROADWAY	KANSAS CITY	201 RIDGE ARCADE
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.	*TOLEDO	313-321 ERIE	*MILWAUKEE	311-313 FIFTH ST	SAN FRANCISCO	104-15 BLUXOME
*PITTSBURGH	439-449 WATER	*COLUMBUS	143-255 E. THIRD	*LOUISVILLE	319 W MAIN	*L. S ANGELES	216-226 S CENTRAL
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*CANTON	1106 SECOND ST. N. E.	*NASHVILLE	815 TENTH AVE. S.	DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG
*PITTSBURGH E. E.	6372 PENN AVE.	*YOUNGSTOWN	446 W. FEDERAL	*NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE	CHICAGO OFFICE	10-17 KARPEN BLDG
*CHICAGO	14-30 N. PEORIA	*WHEELING	2120-30 JACOB	*HOUSTON	CORNER PRESTON & SMITH	*TORONTO CAN	59 E. RICHMOND
						*HAMILTON CAN	20 W. JACKSON

"Standard" KITCHEN SINKS

"Standard" Fixtures for Factories

Factory efficiency is no less a necessity now that we have turned to the industries of peace. Sanitary plumbing conditions increase the efficiency of every man and woman thus employed. Our booklet on this subject—"Factory Sanitation"—will be sent to manufacturers on request.

TAKING OVER OUR PROBLEMS

(Continued from Page 11)

with raising the wages of the laborer and sending monthly allotments to colored cooks who had long been accustomed to support their sons now in the army, servants ceased to be servants. They did not strike. They vanished one at a time. They failed to come some morning and were seen no more forever in this or that kitchen. They became conscientious objectors to the frying pan and the bread oven.

Nothing, scarcely, in the war itself ever occurred which so completely changed the universal and incessant subject of all feminine conversation in Wilsonville as the passing of these patient, inefficient beings, the cooks and the laundresses. As ducks waddle in a long line, one behind the other, down the road to pleasant ponds, so for many years there might be seen in the early morning hours a long procession of fat dignified black cooks waddling up the residence streets of Wilsonville to their succulent tasks. Late in the summer of 1917 this procession became intermittent and shorter. In the spring of 1918 it practically ceased to exist.

This reduced the living expenses of even the richest people in Wilsonville one half. But it also reduced the lady wives and mothers of this town to a state of hysterical despair. Our proudest women began to appear in public places with wrinkle-ironed shirt waists, which were far from showing the glistening whiteness accepted as the proper standard for this garment. We were doing our own washing and ironing—secretly, because it was not in nature to confess such an ignominious defeat as this. The best and most diligent war workers cooked for their families by fits and starts, between engagements, so to speak, to sell bonds or to roll Red Cross bandages.

In the beginning we thought that it was merely a matter of raising the wages of domestic servants. Everyone's wages had been raised, we said; why not the cooks? We made a virtue of this necessity. We not only raised their wages, we took over some of the easier tasks to make their work lighter. This made no difference. Our Delias and Maggies continued to desert, though we steadily increased their wages and did more and more of the work. We made them costly presents. Mrs. Chaster gave her maid a gold watch. The girl left in high dudgeon, because she wanted a wrist watch. Mrs. Harvester offered short-term bonuses to keep her servants during a Liberty Loan drive. The cook left and went out to sell bonds among the members of her own race. And she sold them to colored congregations that shouted "Glory Hallelujah!" as they flung their fortunes into the war coffers of this Government.

The Sanctification of Molly

No one could explain why we could neither keep servants nor hire them. When famine threatened half the world and food prices made food almost prohibitive in the other half, why should acquisitive human beings suddenly learn how to despise the almighty dollar? The cooks in Wilsonville must have furnished a whole company of soldiers in France, but their allotments would not normally outweigh the remunerations, the perquisites and privileges we offered for their services.

Mrs. Windgrove had an interview with her Molly on this subject. Molly appeared at the front door of the Windgrove residence one morning at eleven o'clock, whereas she should have appeared in the kitchen five hours earlier.

She wore a purple calico robe trimmed with zigzag bands of white, and Mrs. Windgrove's last gift, a flower-trimmed garden hat, perched rakishly on her good old head.

"When I asked her why she did not come to prepare breakfast," Mrs. Windgrove said when she reported the interview later at the Red Cross rooms, "she told me that she had gone out of service. She said she had received a letter from her son Tater, who is with the Army in France. You remember him?"

We did. Tater was not his name but his title. He acquired it because of an insatiable appetite for sweet potatoes. He was known as the most worthless colored youth in Wilsonville.

"Tater," Molly told me, "had been in battle, and he had been wounded." I was sympathetic, but naturally my mind was on the main issue of what this had to do with her determination not to cook.

"'Mis' Windgrove,' she answered, 'I'm Tater's mother, and now I'm sacred to him; jest him, you understand. He is shed his blood for his country. Hit makes a difference in me. I been sanctified by de blood of my son. I ain't gwine to cook and slosh dishwater on myself when I been raised to what I is now by Tater. I'm gwine to set in my cher at home and feel it. I'm gwine to church and shout. I'm on my way now to a meeting of de Household of Ruth. We fixing to celebrate Tater's glory and my glory. I'm changed, Mis' Windgrove, dat's how it is wid me, and I ain't got no mind for cooking and carnal things!'

"My dears," Mrs. Windgrove concluded, looking at us pitiably, divided between tears and laughter, "she was ridiculous and magnificent. She was truly exalted. What could happen to one of us that would inspire the feeling of being so sacred as that?"

We admitted that Molly was the better financier of her emotions. But her high estate scarcely accounted for the deflection of other cooks and maids who had no sons in battle to purify them.

Mrs. Chaster Audits the News

Mrs. Chaster said that she suspected the colored servants in Wilsonville of having formed a labor union.

"They may have an antilabor union—but it certainly is not a labor union," Mrs. Harvester amended dryly.

I said all unions were formed more particularly for anti-labor purposes.

We discussed this subject with much the same acumen with which we formerly discussed our servants, their faults and perversities. The word "labor" had become the industrial prefix of the idler masses. They were all strikers or potential strikers against labor.

Someone said she thought it was time for capital to strike, at which Mrs. Chaster threw up her hands.

"Oh, my dear, don't suggest such a thing!" she exclaimed.

"If capital closed its doors and locked its vaults labor would, would ——" the other began.

I suppose she was about to say that labor would come to its senses, but Mrs. Chaster interrupted again.

"Labor would be delighted," she informed us. "For the Government would then take over the plants, factories and corporations of capital and run these businesses at whatever cost labor might be disposed to charge, as they have been doing during this war. That is why labor so ardently supports government ownership. It practically means that capital would be owned, controlled and spent by labor!"

Mrs. Chaster was that kind of person. She could audit the news of daily papers in a way that was absolutely appalling. I never felt safe about the future in her presence. She was ever disposed to mortgage it with the most direful prophecies.

"Well, it is all a muddle, and I cannot see that it has anything to do with settling the servant problem in Wilsonville," Mrs. Harvester complained. "We cannot strike even if everyone else does. And I warrant you the Government never offers to take over the family washing and cooking!"

She said she did not mind selling bonds and Thrift Stamps and doing Red Cross work but she did despise being drafted into her own kitchen.

During the whole of this discussion we had been rolling bandages and cutting out hospital shirts. Dora Ann Woodsend was seated at the top of the long table listing and packing the bandages. She is an old maid with a magnetic imagination. She collects sensations and distributes them always with dramatic effect. She placed the top on the last box, swept us with a glance and asked if anyone had seen the button being worn by colored women in Wilsonville.

"Button!" several women exclaimed in concert.

"A small blue button with the letters W. W. I. K. printed on it," she explained.

No one had seen it. Dora Ann said that she had never actually seen one either, but she positively knew that they were wearing such a decoration, and that the mystic letters on it stood for "White Women in the Kitchen!"

The existence of this button was never proved, but the rumor of it stirred Wilsonville as a delegation of I. W. W. strife workers never could have done. The women were furious. They were willing to endure the privations of war, they were ready to serve their country day and night, but they would not take this impertinence from their former servants. Women who had plaintively done their own work for months vowed that they would not do it. The hotels and restaurants were overwhelmed by local patronage. Meanwhile it was moved and seconded that we should have servants at any cost. The color made no difference, the point was that the white women of Wilsonville would not, not serve in their own kitchens under the circumstances. What had been an unavoidable duty became an unbearable outrage to dignity.

Mrs. Harvester said that it was really very simple once we made up our minds what to do. The idea was to import domestics, white ones. Other sections had them. They were not more expensive, because they were so much more competent. She would never have another colored servant in her house! She had ordered a French maid sent up from an employment agency in Savannah. She purposed to declare peace in her home with this excellent creature. The French were famous cooks, yes, and they were artistic, intelligent—and frugal.

A dozen other women followed her example. There was much pleasurable excitement among them when their domestics began to arrive and take hold. It was like old times to have something in common to talk about, to compare the relative advantages of having Swedes, Irish, French and Scotch domestics; and above all to be independent of those ungrateful blue-buttoned cooks of former days.

But in an incredibly short time we were whispering the disadvantages. It turned out that though we had seating capacity in the churches for at least a thousand servants we were woefully short on creeds. The Irish and French, who were at daggers' points socially—and neither of them would associate with the Swedes—were all of the Catholic faith. They were accustomed to attend mass. And we had no priest.

The Widow Fargus

The situation was further complicated when we discovered that they did not recognize proper racial distinctions. They established a quick and hardy relationship with the colored population. This would never do. Within one short month the city authorities rounded them up and deported them as undesirable and alien to our institutions.

Servants cannot be imported like commodities. They must be native to the section, and bred to the characters of the people whom they serve. Conditions social, moral and spiritual must exist to meet their needs. This is the case everywhere.

It was in this darkest hour of our domestic bondage, during the winter of 1918, that Bernice Fargus offered a last desperate remedy—not that she considered it desperate. She declared that it was the only ethical thing to do, the one way by which we might come into closer relation, and catch step with the spirit of our times.

Mrs. Fargus is a widow, a large placid woman with a plain countenance, and young joyful eyes. Whenever she enters the room you feel as if something pleasant is about to happen, and it never happens. She can believe the best under the most depressing circumstances, and her faith never makes good. She is the one person I have ever known who cannot learn from experience and who will not endure plain facts.

If ever I saw a fool in petticoats it is this woman. Yet when she chooses to exercise it she has more influence than all the sensible women in this town put together.

She lives not so much in seclusion as in a kind of iridescent dingy eminence in a fine old tumbled-down house near Wilsonville. She is the only celebrity we have produced in recent years. She is an author with a national reputation as a student of human nature. She is, in fact, the most innocent person imaginable of any practical working

RACINE SUPREME

Inside Blowout Patch

When you *do* suffer a tire blowout, a Racine Supreme Inside Blowout Patch is indeed a friend in need. Slip one inside the casing, over the hole, and the casing is ready for service.

In Your Repair Kit

Two or three Racine Supreme Inside Blowout Patches should always be tucked away in your repair kit. When you need them, you'll need them badly.

The upper picture shows the superior construction of the Racine Supreme Inside Blowout Patch. See how each ply of rubberized fabric extends down beyond the flexing point. It is *extra* long, rubber tipped, and molded to fit snug and smooth in the casing.

RACINE SUPREME TIRE SUNDRIES

Every article in the line is Extra Tested. The same extra care that gives extra wear to Racine Multi-Mile Cord and to Racine Country Road Tires, gives extra service to Racine Supreme Tire Sundries.

RACINE RUBBER COMPANY

RACINE, WISCONSIN

The good dealers in your locality sell Racine Supreme Tire Sundries.

Ex-Soldiers: *Keep* Your Foot Freedom

—the precious freedom from foot ills that you have found in the roomy, broad-toed army shoe.

But you *can't* keep it if you go back to the old narrow pointed "stylish" shoe, with its inevitable corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arches, etc.

You *can* keep it if you will get into Educators—the shoe made, like the army shoe, to let the feet grow as they should. And made, too, with a good-looking shapeliness all its own.

Let *all* taste of foot freedom in Educators. Take the family to the store today. In buying, make sure that the name Educator is on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this famous trademark. It means that behind every part of the shoe stands *a responsible manufacturer.*

A BOOK OF SERIOUS FOOT FACTS

Send for "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"—a book for foot sufferers. Free.

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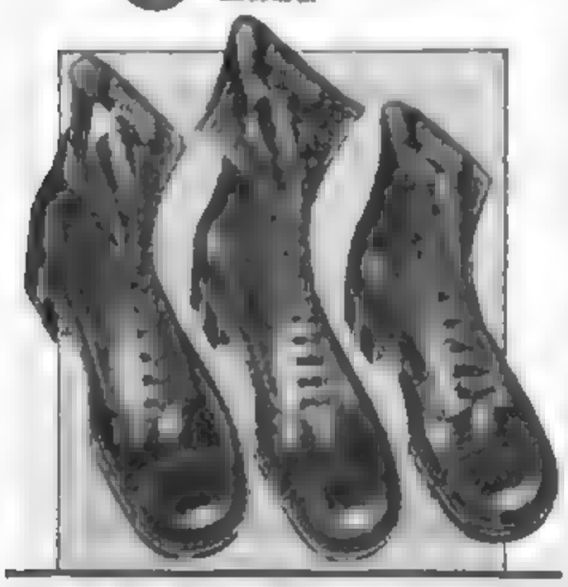

Made for Men, Women, Children

Black Kid Educator for Men *Black Kid Educator for Women* *Dull Calf Educator*

Unless branded on Sole it is not an Educator

EDUCATOR SHOE

knowledge on this subject. She is an incorrigible idealist. She vends ideals as a patent-medicine peddler sells nostrums. The only thing she asked was that we should try out her ideal. She had no conscience at all about recommending perfidious agents to her neighbors. She wanted to help the agents.

She had one devoted disciple in Wilsonville. This was Mrs. Chaster. I do not know why, unless it was that Mrs. Chaster had no illusions of her own and found Bernice Fargus refreshing to her hard-headed mind.

When Mrs. Fargus appeared one winter afternoon at Mrs. Harvester's tea party she came in with the air of one who has just received a blessing and is ready to share its benefits with the less fortunate. She floated like a feather above the discussion, which had to do with the hardships of doing all the work in our homes and all the feminine war work besides. Presently she set down her teacup and regarded us with that good-news expression so habitual on her singularly simple countenance.

"Why fash yourselves?" she exclaimed. "Why not accept the situation as it is, and make other arrangements in keeping with the changing conditions of our times?"

"Meaning?" Mrs. Harvester asked with thinly veiled suspicion.

"Just this," Mrs. Fargus replied, using the tones of cold reason, which she invariably assumed when she was about to propose something absurdly unreasonable: "Nature never produced a servant or a slave. We have had them because they lacked the intelligence and initiative to escape. Now they have acquired that. The very term 'servant' will presently become obsolete, like those elder words 'serfs' and 'vassals.' We are entering upon a new era of comradeship in the common fate. There will be no more masters and no more servants."

Mrs. Windgrove began to gather up her belongings, gloves and muff and pussy bag. She did it very quietly but with her lips folded in tightly, as if she had heard a blasphemy and would not listen to more blasphemy. She said that she had been a slave, a serf, a vassal and a servant in her own house for months, but that she was not and never would be a socialist.

The Fargus Bombshell

"We shall be served, of course—far better served," Bernice went on, merely glancing at her and making a gently detaining gesture.

Mrs. Windgrove waited, but on the edge of her chair, indicating that she certainly would go at the slightest provocation.

"But we shall be served by friends instead of servants," Bernice concluded triumphantly.

"Friends!" we echoed.

"Yes. Why should we require persons of a different class to serve us? Why should we make it a condition that we shall look down upon those who minister to us? Why should they not be friends instead of servants?"

"My dear Bernice!" Mrs. Chaster laughed, "where can such friends be found?"

"The world is filled with them, especially since the war has upset everything," she answered

"Splendid men and women, educated, capable, refined, anxious to escape the uncertainties of changing conditions, who would be glad to have employment in our homes, not as menials but as friends."

"They would join the bread line first!" someone exclaimed.

"I have two in my house at this moment," Bernice announced.

"Where did you get them?" Mrs. Harvester wanted to know.

"I advertised for them, and I received forty answers in three days."

"You advertised for—for friends?" Mrs. Windgrove stammered.

"Yes; to serve me and care for me. You know one misses that in the best servant—the tender, personal consideration for just you."

Mrs. Chaster threw up her hands and shrieked with laughter.

"But, my dear, how did you go about it? What did you say in your advertisement?" she asked.

"I made it say just what I wanted. We never do when we advertise for servants, you know. Then it is: 'Wanted, cook, wages so much, reference required.' And we get just a cook," she explained.

"Oh, no, we do not!" Mrs. Harvester interrupted. "I advertised for weeks for a cook and received not a single answer."

"Precisely; because there are no more mere cooks. That is what I realized when I wrote my advertisement. It read something like this: 'Wanted, two friends to do the work in and about a country house. Must be intelligent, well bred and energetic. Must regard no work as menial. Everything furnished. Salary thus and so. References given and required.'"

"And what did you draw with that masterpiece of fiction?" Mrs. Chaster asked.

"It was not fiction. It was an intelligent recognition of conditions and of the ascending spirit of our times. And I drew a splendid young couple. Both college graduates, both energetic, having worked their way through school. And both glad to escape from a profession where the man made a better salary but where their living expenses consumed it all. You see, it was like offering them a beautiful home of their own where the wife does exactly the same things she would do in such a home, where the husband escapes office work into the freedom and freshness of the country with all its varied interests. And they save their salaries."

Too Good to be True

We were obliged to admire her resourcefulness. She said it was only a matter of vision. She was sure her experiment would work. These pluperfect beings had been with her a month. They were contented. They served her hand and foot. Clarissa even attended to her correspondence. And she was herself perfectly happy. It was so different—being cherished and served by friends!

"How do you treat them?" Mrs. Harvester asked.

"As friends, of course," the simple creature answered. "Instead of saying 'Maggie, prepare my bath,' I say 'My dear Clarissa, will you oblige me by drawing the bath?' and she answers: 'Of course I will, dear heart'"

"How can you bear it—such familiarity?" Mrs. Windgrove exclaimed with deep disgust.

"I adore it," Bernice replied. "You see, Clarissa is a sort of comrade, not a maid."

"And Mr. Clarissa—how do you manage with him?"

"Oh, Roger, you mean. I do not manage at all. I simply trust everything to him. It is a great relief. Always before I was obliged to watch old Tom lest he neglect to feed the dear animals, the dumb members of my family; but now I never do. You see Roger is a responsible person. He knows it and I know it.

"I should never think of wounding his finer sensibilities by watching to make sure he does things."

We saw, and we had our doubts. Still, if these persons were really satisfactory we were anxious to profit by her adventure.

"The proof of the pudding is the eating thereof," she said, rising to go. "You are all asked to dine with us next Sunday."

"Us?" Mrs. Windgrove repeated.

"Yes. I am dieting and take my scanty meals on a tray usually, but on the Sabbath we dine together—Clarissa, Roger and I. Will you come?"

We accepted, feeling very queer, but we wanted to know the best or the worst before we borrowed the remaining thirty-nine answers to her advertisement from which we hoped to draw friends to serve us.

On Saturday before we were to dine with Mrs. Fargus I met Colonel Cruselle, her attorney. He said that he had just been out to ransom Mrs. Fargus from her friends.

"What has happened?" I exclaimed.

"Everything!" he answered, frowning and then beginning to chuckle. "And to make it worse she had signed a contract with those people—without consulting me, you understand. If she only would do that before she takes a header instead of afterward I could save her a lot of money and considerable annoyance."

"I suspected from the first that they were dangerous people," I said.

"Not dangerous, merely parasites," he amended. "The woman, I believe, was pretty shrewd. Mrs. Fargus was devoted to her until she drew that contract like a gun on the poor unsuspecting lady and demanded satisfaction. The man was just a plain fool with a violent temper. They are gone; but it was an expensive experiment."

I said something about Mrs. Fargus' romantic tendencies.

"They never pay in real life," he answered. "I have known a number of idealists in a professional way. Wonderful people, stimulating, invariably evangelical in their relations to society, but not safe Theoretically they are so nearly right that they shame the rest of us.

"This is the hold they have on us. But for practical purposes they do not really exist. They are merely figures of speech, eloquent, like poetry and fine scriptures, and not to be taken literally. They are always starting something, which we, the plain, sensible, earth-bound folk, must finish for them or settle for them.

"Ideals," he went on, "are very delicate things, born of the spirit and clothed by the imagination. And like the scriptures they are easily perverted by unscrupulous people. That is the trouble with the whole world at the present moment. The rogues have stolen our ideals. We are suffering from an epidemic of that sort of idealism. Great faiths debased, liberty changed to license, brotherhoods changed to bandits and Bolsheviki.

"I shall never feel comfortable or sure of the future until we return to the normal standards of competitive human nature undisguised. We have been too blind to mere facts and the consequences.

"Consider you women," he said, edging a glance at me. "You wanted independence, your rights, the ballot, and so on. And when the signs of victory appear you do not recognize them. Victory, my dear lady, is not pretty at close range. She is harsh of features with the dust of battles covering her, and the future mortgaged to pay for the same. Now that is what you women are trying to evade—the cost of your own ideals. You have demanded independence, but you are not willing to earn it and pay for it with the labor of your hands. You want it like a decoration. Well, you will not get it! The citizen man attends to his business, earns his living and votes when the time comes to vote. The citizen woman will be the same kind of citizen. But you will not see that. You want to hire your work done, and you want to side-step your plain duty with the ballot now staring you in the face like an imprecation. Do you know the real explanation of your servant problem here?"

Does Citizenship Cost Too Much?

I did, but I said no one explanation would cover it.

"Right you are, but they all lead to this: The servants want what you demand—independence. They are not insurrectionists. They have discovered the worth of their labor. They are becoming professionals, choosing standards as you choose your rights!"

"But they are notoriously inefficient," I put in.

"That makes no difference. They have their ideals, as you inefficient mistresses have yours. Besides, there are ten thousand inefficient clerks in Washington, some of them former maids and cooks, who are earning salaries of a hundred, even two hundred dollars a month. It is the demand that determines the wage. The less competent and willing women are to do their own work the higher the cost of servants must be—any kind of servant.

"This war has only hastened the issue. It was bound to come along with your just demands for economic independence and the ballot. You will earn your citizenship as men have earned it, by assuming full responsibility for your part of the labor that goes to make homes and civilization. There is no other way," he concluded, wagging his head.

Like the rich young ruler I went away sorrowful from this chance interview with the ablest man we have in Wilsonville. My feeling is that if citizenship costs us so much there are some hundreds of thousands of women in this country who would willingly exchange its rights and privileges for cooks and laundresses.

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A Correct Size for Every Car

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More than one thousand Prest-O-Lite Service Station Managers are ready to prove to you that Prest-O-Lite Service is thoroughly organized to relieve you of battery worries.

They are waiting for an opportunity to make tests every few weeks, keep the battery supplied with the distilled water (without which it cannot produce "juice") and help *prevent* needless repairs. If necessary to recharge or repair your present battery—no matter what its make—they'll do so at reasonable prices.

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Be good to yourself. Be good to your car. Give the Prest-O-Lite Battery and Prest-O-Lite Service a chance to prove themselves. Start now by calling at our nearest authorized Prest-O-Lite Service Station.

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Hitting the Bullseye Since 1864

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Thomas K. Lee of Birmingham, Ala., made a world's record of 4599 out of a possible 4600. Forty-five targets were like the enlarged target shown here.

Stevens No. 44 Ar[illegible] Model Rifle. Balanced like an army rifle and especially suited to range and indoor [illegible]

Rifles
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55 Years of Accuracy

Stevens—the rifle that enabled Champion Thomas K. Lee, of Birmingham, Ala., to make 200 perfect shots in succession.

Stevens—the rifle that in the past ten years has won the most indoor matches and hung up the most individual championships.

Stevens—the rifle that teaches the boy to shoot and helps the man to bag the game.

Any expert American hunter or marksman will tell you that the name Stevens on a rifle is accepted as a mark of accuracy today just as it was 55 years ago.

J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Export Office: 8 State Street, New York

IN A FRENCH LOOKING-GLASS

(Continued from Page 36)

One day I saw Leo Cassou on top of a tent. The Americans had perched him there, for he is very small and light. When a soldier passed near the tent the youngster would let himself slip down a little and snatch the soldier's hat, then scamper back out of reach. Below the Americans were laughing and trying to catch him. Finally a soldier caught his leg and tried to drag him down, but Leo defended himself by kicking. The Americans did him no harm; if they had been bad they would have struck him. They are very patient. The Americans are accustomed to make themselves comfortable, and they never deprive themselves of anything if they can help it.

We have learned many things from the Americans, above all to work without tiring ourselves too much. The French find that the work of the Americans is quickly done and without fatigue, while our own work causes much tiresome effort. Already we are imitating; we are building a little railway to transport the saw logs. In future days I can tell my children many good things about the American soldiers who were in Pontenx during the great war.

MATHILDE LESCOMMERES [*age twelve*]:

During the afternoon of the day that the Americans arrived several companies passed on the road, singing Tipperary. One of the men left the ranks and came to shake our hands. The soldiers were laden with equipment like those of the Front. While seeing them pass we thought of our own soldiers; the Americans are much stronger and bigger. The following day we saw some of them along the roads. They only knew how to say, "*Oh, là là! Non compris.*" That was all. . . .

They have a small establishment for taking shower baths. The kitchen is inclosed with a very fine iron grating to keep out the flies. The cooks make good things, but their cooking is not the same as ours. They do not put enough sugar in their cakes. In spite of that I like them very well and am much pleased when they give me some.

The Americans are good, courageous. They are kind to the French. They are always light-hearted. They love their own country very much. They show us photographs of their homes, of their mothers, of their fathers, of their brothers and sisters. They speak especially of their mothers, whom they would like to see again. They are fond of cognac. They are rather inclined to be too fond of eating; when they have money they drink a good deal and buy dainties to eat.

The Americans have taught us to be a little more active and skillful. When the Americans wish to do anything they do it right away. As for the French, they always discuss a new undertaking for a long while, saying, "And suppose we should lose! Suppose the affair should not succeed!" The Americans are more clever, more enterprising than the French. They have more machines, and these are highly perfected. We have had need of the Americans. Without them we would not have had victory! And all Europe would be under the yoke of the Kaiser!

ANTOINNETTE BELLIARD [*age eleven*]:

The Americans always wear shoes. They like to talk with the French people, but there are very few who know how to speak French. Some who speak it talk like little children. They wish to say something and cannot; they make efforts.

The Americans are very likable. They give good things to the little children and play with them.

They make the children laugh; the children remember these Americans and whenever they see them again they start laughing and go to meet them.

The Americans have taught us politeness, discipline, and the custom of working fast and well without fatigue by the use of machines.

MARIE GAVINI [*age nine*]:

On Christmas the Americans who came to our house brought us pretty toys. There is one American who every time he comes kisses me and puts his hat on my head.

The Americans brought a goat with them to France for a mascot. The poor animal is dead now, because it ate too much tobacco.

In the midst of their camp there is hung from a tree a bag made of waterproof canvas. It is always filled with water for the soldiers to drink. There are little faucets for the water to run through.

JOSEPH GERARD [*age eleven*]:

The Americans are very fond of the French. An American who never drinks wine goes to dine at our next-door neighbor's every Saturday evening. He speaks to everyone. He is very lovable. He always plays with the children. He plays with us every Sunday afternoon. He jumps rope and plays hide and seek. At noon he goes to a hotel which is not far away, and there he treats the French children to lemonade. When mamma and papa do not want to let us go with him he says that he is sorry. Then mamma allows us to go with him. I do not know of any fault that he has, for he neither smokes, chews nor drinks.

We have learned the use of machinery from the Americans. They are wiser than we. They know how to work with machines. We work with our arms; it is very hard.

JEANNE DELEST [*age twelve*]:

The Americans are very polite and very cleanly. Every morning I see one of them washing and rinsing his mouth; it does not matter whether it rains or freezes.

They are somewhat gluttonous; they are always eating cake, candy or chocolate. They chew gum too. Sometimes they drink a little too much, then they are "zigzag," as they say.

They are fond of jokes. One fine morning I was taking a walk with my cousin near the railway station. An American approached her and put two brown cakes in her hand, saying in a confiding manner, "Chocolate; very good chocolate." Then he went to take the train. My cousin put the so-called chocolate in her pocket. After the train left she started to eat it. What did not surprise me was seeing her sputter with disgust. She said, "Oh, what meanness! He gave me tobacco to eat!"

MARCEL NASSEYS [*age twelve*]:

The Americans like the French people very much and often go to see them. They take off their hats as they enter a house. They are very light-hearted. They ask where the corn comes from, and what it needs to make it grow fast—heat or moisture. They pass their time asking questions and learning things. When they came to visit us they gave me some chewing gum.

They have very unselfish principles. They have come a long way to fight with us against the damned Germans, who are at last reduced to a state in which they can do no more harm. The Americans left their parents behind; their wives and children too. Some of them showed my mother photographs of their wives and children. We ought to love them all the more because they are here without their families.

While we carry nearly everything on our shoulders the Americans do very little with their hands; they do almost everything with machinery. They are very ingenious. The Americans are more industrious than we are. They have many more ships. They are a progressive people, and we have had great need of them in fighting the Germans.

GASTON GAITTE [*age ten*]:

The Americans mix everything together when they eat—jam, meat, butter and cheese.

ANDREA VILLENAVE [*age nine*]:

The Americans brush their teeth every morning; this is not done by all French people. At times some of the Americans have no handkerchiefs, so they blow their noses with their fingers; sometimes the French do the same thing. The Americans like the French very much. The little French children like to go with them because they give them sweets. The Americans like to go to church; they behave themselves very well.

ANDRÉ PEDEMONNON [*age eleven*]:

The Americans have strict discipline. Each day you see the military policemen passing to and fro. Some are armed with a club, others have a pistol. A cloth belt fits closely round the waist, with two pistol clips in two little pockets; there is a red

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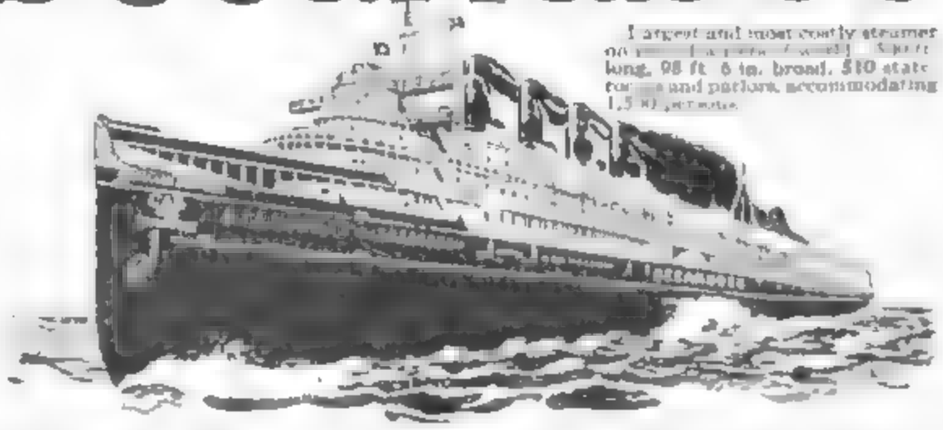

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Remember war-time flours. The Government required flour makers then to use 74 per cent of the wheat kernel.

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But that isn't all. There are new ways of milling—exacting, scientific ways. We use them in Quaker Flour.

Our mills have laboratories, where the Flour is constantly watched by analysis. Our mills have bakeries in them, where the Flour is daily tested in bread making.

Let one sack show you the results of applying Quaker standards to Flour.

Never Was a Flour So Welcome

There are millions of people who love Quaker cereals, because they are extra-grade. One day we thought that they might welcome a Quaker grade of Flour.

So we built a model mill, equipped it in the newest way, and employed experts to direct it. Chemists and bakers were employed to daily watch this Quaker Flour by analysis and tests.

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Women knew that the Quaker brand meant extraordinary Flour. They bought it, used it and told others. Wherever we sold it it became the sensation.

Now we have five mills with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels. Now a million users every day enjoy it. And now Quaker Flour is the queen flour of two nations.

Ask your grocer for a sack. If he lacks it, ask him to get it. Then you will gain a new idea of fine flour. A new era will dawn in your bread making.

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Quaker Biscuit and Pancake Flour

This is a superfine flour, made self-raising, and put up in sealed packages with tops. It is made of a special wheat in a special way for dainties. It is the flour to use for biscuits, pancakes, cookies, cakes, doughnuts, etc. It is vastly better than bread flour for such foods.

The leavening mixture is exactly right, ever the same and ever-fresh. In this sealed package it cannot deteriorate.

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Quaker Farina is the choicest bits of inner wheat in granulated form. A finer farina is impossible.

It makes a delightful breakfast dainty. Use also for fritters, griddle cakes, waffles, etc. The granulations add attractions to such foods.

This is fancy farina without a fancy price. Sold in packages only.

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band round the arm with the black letters, M. P.

We celebrated the arrival of President Wilson in France and the day of American independence.

The Americans have taught us to work with machines without tiring, to love water and baths, and to have a good appearance.

DENISE DUVIGNAC [*age twelve*]:

The Americans are kind and brave; very neat, polite, courageous, gallant, lovable and obliging; but they have a serious fault. It is jealousy.

They are good to the little ones. The other day my little nieces were playing dolls. An officer arrived and seeing that all amused themselves except a little one who had nothing he went to find some toys.

The Americans have taught us politeness, to work quickly and well without tiring, and to love neatness and exercise.

RENÉ DUCOURNEAU [*age eleven*]:

The Americans have taught us to do our work better and to be polite. I have seen them when they were burying a comrade. They uncovered their heads and did not say a word to anyone during the ceremony. It was very beautiful to see them. They have also taught us neatness.

MARIE JEANNE BERCOU [*age ten*]:

The Americans came to defend us against Germany, who for a time threatened Paris. I was astonished to find the Americans pleased at seeing France. They gave us cakes, candy and apples, and we were much pleased.

There was one whom I did not know; it was the first day that I had seen him; he gave me a necklace of black and white pearls; it is ugly.

I went to see the American sawmill at the bridge of Haubian, but it was a long time ago; I do not remember very much about it, but I remember a little. It was very large. The roof was supported by high crosspieces of timber. It was not closed on the sides. I saw that above there were glass balls, above them a white cover, and within the glass balls small silken threads; it was electricity.

From afar is heard a noise like thunder. It makes no difference whether one is walking or standing still, the noise grows louder and louder; it is because the American train approaches. The locomotive is small and black, but it has a big stomach; it is powerful; it draws eleven flat cars loaded with lumber. There is a bell that rings all the time, and a whistle that they blow to frighten people. The ground creaks under the wheels. When the locomotive passes one hears a great noise.

The Americans like France and the French people very much, and we in our turn like them; we have held fêtes for them. They have done us many good turns, and we also for them. There are some French people, old men and old women, who at first said that the Americans came to eat the French bread and to cut down all the pine forests. They do not say that any more, for it is the Americans who have saved us, and thanks to them the war is ended.

The Americans love their parents, their friends. They are good, intelligent, obliging; but they are too fond of eating.

Christmas Eve a police sergeant came to our house for his laundry. He asked me if I had placed my wooden shoe on the hearth. I told him I had not. He then asked, "And hasn't little Odette placed her shoe on the hearth either?" "Oh, yes. She has put hers there already," I answered. He went to look in the fireplace, and drew from his pocket two cakes of chocolate and a large package of chewing gum. Odette was in bed and could not know about it. My mother put in two oranges and two cents. The policeman asked me not to tell Odette that it was he who had put the chocolate and chewing gum in her shoe. So she has never known about it.

We have learned from the Americans how best to erect sawmills, to make use of machinery, to work diligently, to carry ourselves well, and to be clean and polite.

PONTENX-LES-FORGES,
January 21, 1919.

Mon Commandant: On Christmas Day we saw Colonel Benedict. He left here for Bordeaux last September, and we had not seen him since that time. His visit gave us the greatest pleasure. However, he appeared to us less light-hearted than usual. He was worried because since the armistice his soldiers—the French soldiers are the same—no longer work with the same vim. Most of them have caught the *mal du pays*—they are homesick. And the good colonel, who was so proud, and justly, of the output of his sawmills before November eleventh, is quite upset at the slowing down of activity of his men, whom the imperious necessities of war no longer stimulate.

Last summer we had a very destructive fire in the communes of Pontenx, Lue and Parentis, which laid waste about twenty-five thousand acres. The fire-killed pine trees could not be cut at the time by the French workers, of whom the greater number are still mobilized. It was necessary then that the American soldiers remain here some months longer, to work once more in the interests of our people.

Without doubt you know that the Tenth Engineers left Pontenx on December thirtieth to go and embark at Brest. We certainly regret the departure of these splendid soldiers, perhaps because they were the first Americans whom we had seen here, but also, I believe, because they formed a regiment of the élite, very worthy of the great American nation.

I thank you for the thoughts which you expressed with regard to France. It is true that our losses have been cruel. We have, as M. Poincaré has expressed it in a recent speech, "bled from all our veins." But America has saved us. She came in time to permit us to come, still living, out of this gigantic struggle.

Through all our wounds, all our suffering, we had the immense joy of seeing return to us that dear Alsace, that Lorraine finally recovered! Oh, but this return of our lost provinces has been touching! We thought that the Alsatians remained faithful to us, but we did not know how tender was their attachment for us.

And now we await peace, a peace just and lasting.

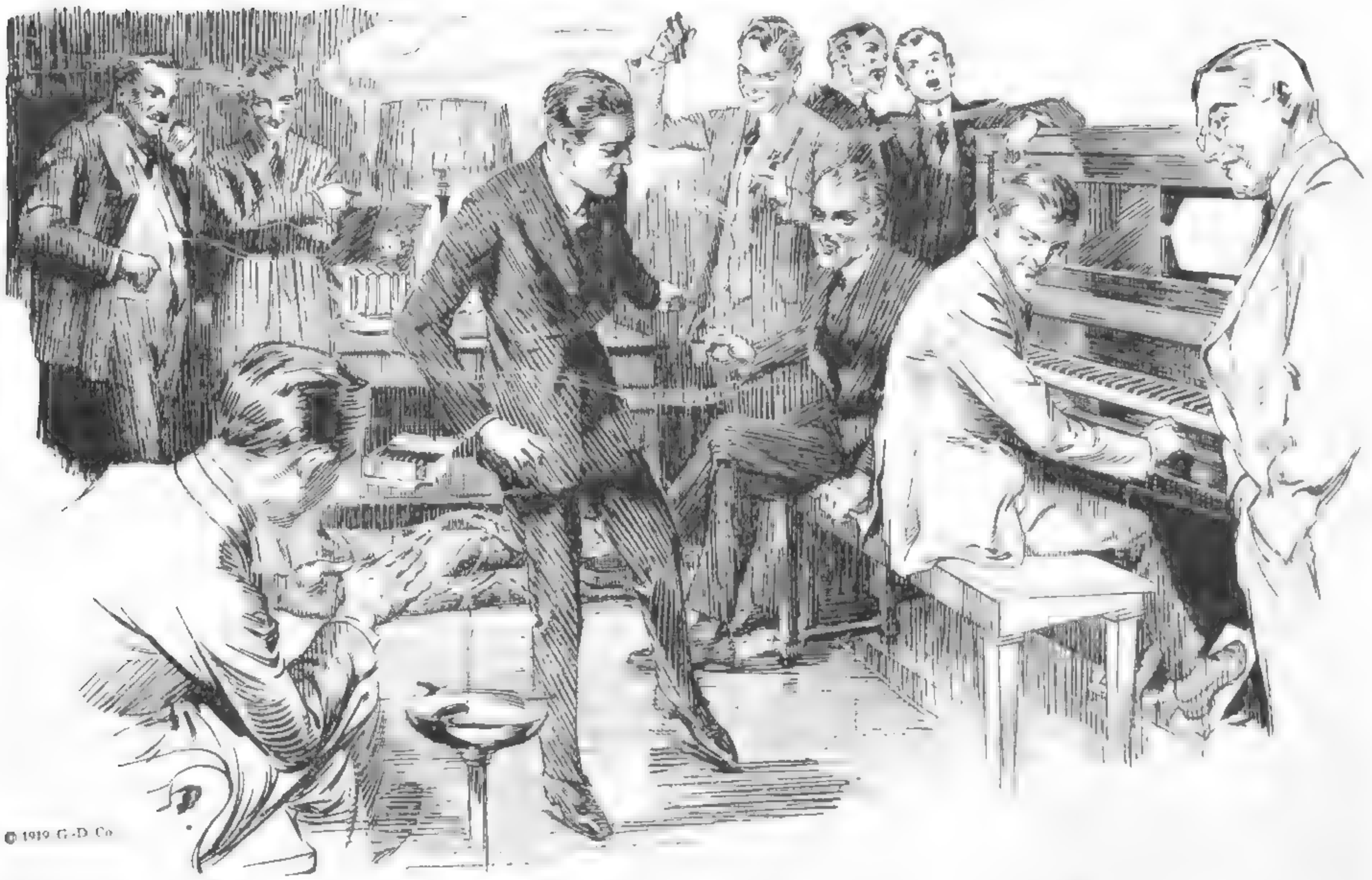
Your distinguished President, Mr. Wilson, has been in France for some time now, and his presence among us is very cheering. We know his wisdom and his spirit of justice.

Paris, Paris sorely afflicted by the war, Paris mutilated and tormented by the Huns, Paris was delirious with joy to receive the representative of your great nation. I doubt if any other statesman ever had such a reception. America must have been touched also by this welcome of France to her President.

Our little school children—who hesitate at nothing—were permitted to send to Mr. Wilson an address of felicitation. We added to it a clipping from the Independent, Pierre and Paul See Sammy. We have received a charming response in French.

In California you must enjoy an ideal climate. Here the winter is mild, but very, very rainy. Our acacias are in bloom, and in a few moments I am going with some little girls with some blossoms, to decorate the graves of your poor soldiers. For some time we have had at Pontenx an American cemetery beside our own. Four graves new and bare—in the solitude of the forest under the shade of the big pines. Poor little ones! They never thought that they would one day sleep their last sleep three thousand miles from their home, in this poor Landaise region so far from their own country. And it is for us that they have come, it is for us that they are dead!

Your friend of France,
EUGENIE DOURTHE.



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[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]
Come on, Pa Pa
Madelon

Say, Young Fellow, Where'd You Get That Girl
[illegible]
[illegible]
A Hot Time in the Old Town
Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag
[illegible]
Everybody Shimmies Now
The Wild Wild Women

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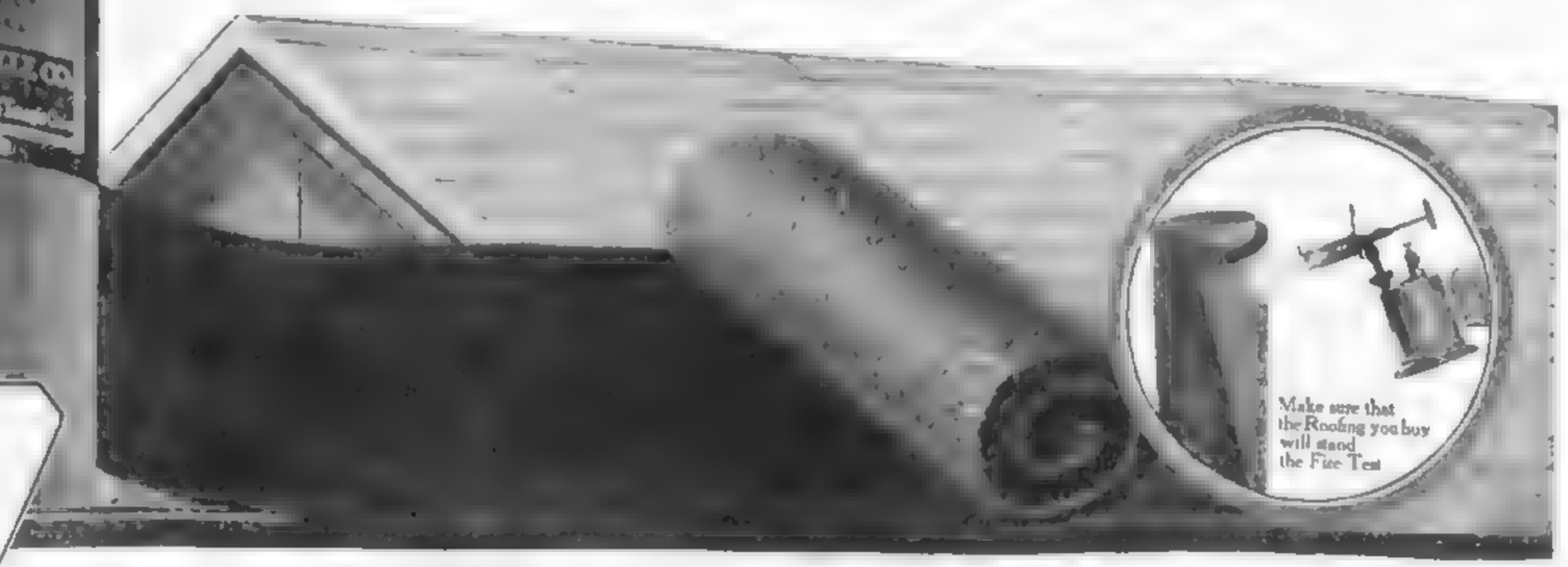

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THE DEN OF THE ZEPPELINS

(Continued from Page 15)

the senior of them, as I was assured shortly, but had been over England more than once. They were the best of Germany's surviving Zeppelin pilots, and one was interested to compare the type with that of the pick of her sea pilots as we had seen them at Norderney.

Running my eye round their faces as the mingled parties began moving slowly toward the side door of the first shed to be inspected I recognized at once in these Zeppelin officers the same hard, cold, steady eyes, the same aggressive jaw, and the same wide, thin-lipped mouth that had predominated right through the officers we had met at Norderney. These, I should say, are characteristic of the great majority of the outstanding men of both of Germany's air services. The steady eye and the firm jaw are indeed characteristic of most successful flying men, but it is the hardness—not to say cruelty—of the mouth which differentiates the German from the high-spirited, devil-may-care air warrior of England and America.

These Zeppelin pilots seemed to me to run nearer to the German naval-officer type than did the seaplane officers. The latter were nearly always slender of body, wiry and light of foot, where—though there were several exceptions, including the great Von Butlar—the former were mainly of generous girth, with the typical German bull neck corrugating into rolls of fat above the backs of their collars.

A major of the R. A. F., who had been walking at my side and doing a bit of sizing up on his own account, put the difference rather well when he said as we waited our turn to pass in through the small side door of the great gray wall of the shed: "If I was taking temporary refuge in a hospital, convent or orphan asylum during a German air raid I'd feel a lot better about it if I knew that it was some of those seaplane chaps flying overhead rather than some of this batch. That thickset one there with the cast in his eye and the corded neck has a face that wouldn't need much make-up for the Hun villain in a lyceum melodrama. Yes, I'm sure these Zepp. drivers will average a jolly lot Hunnier than the run of their seaplane men."

A Careful Look at L-68

Up to that moment my experience of German airships had been limited to the view of them as slender silver pencils of light gliding swiftly across the searchlight-slashed skies of London, and three or four inspections of the tangled masses of aluminium and charred wood which remained when ill-starred raiders had paid the supreme penalty. I was indebted to the Zeppelins for a number of thrills, but only two or three of them—and one was in the form of a bomb which gave me a shower bath of plate glass in Kingsway—were comparable to the sheer wave of amazement which swept over me when, having passed from the cold gray light of the winter morning into the warm golden glow of the interior of the big shed to which we had come, I looked up and beheld the towering loom of the starboard side of L-68, with the sweeping lines of her fining to points at both ends, exaggerating monstrously a length which was sufficiently startling even when expressed in figures.

The secret of the hold which the Zeppelin had for so long on the imagination of the German people was not hard for me to understand after that. It was easy to see how they could have been led to believe that it could lay Paris and London in ruins, and that the very sight of it would in time cause the enemies of their country to sue for peace. One saw, too, how hard it must have been for them finally to believe that the Zeppelin had been mastered by the aëroplane, and that the high hopes they had built upon it had really crashed with the fallen raiders.

There were two Zeppelins in the shed we had entered—L-68 and another monster of practically the same size. The former, with great irregularly shaped strips of fabric dangling all along its under side, suggested a gigantic shark in process of being ripped up the belly for skinning. Being deflated the weight of its frame was supported by a number of heavy wooden props evenly distributed along either side from end to end. Its mate, on the other hand, being full of hydrogen and practically ready for flight had to be prevented from rising and bumping against the yellow skylights by a series of light cables, the upper ends of which were attached at regular intervals along both sides of the framework, while below they were made fast to heavy steel shoes which ran in grooves set in the concrete floor. The latter contrivance—especially an arrangement for the instant slipping of the cable—was very cleverly devised and greatly interested the Allied experts.

There were two or three things the popular mind had credited the modern Zeppelin with embodying which we did not find in these latest examples of German airship development. One of these was an anti-bomb device on the top, something after the style of the steel nets erected over London banks and theaters for the purpose of detonating dropped explosives before they penetrated the roof. The fact that attempts to destroy Zeppelins by bomb had invariably—with the exception of the one brought down by Warneford in Belgium in 1915—resulted in failure was doubtless largely responsible for this belief in the existence of a protecting net, whereas the reason for those failures is probably to be found in the fact that only about one bomb in a hundred will find enough resistance in striking an airship to detonate. At any rate there were no indications that either the earlier or later Zeppelins we saw had ever been protected in this way. Indeed, we did not even see a single one of the machine guns which everyone had taken for granted were mounted on top of all Zeppelins to resist aeroplane attack, though these, of course, with their platforms may well have been removed in the course of the disarmament imposed by the armistice terms.

Recent Zeppelin Improvements

Nor had these late airships the bright golden color of those that one saw over London in the earlier raids. That the refulgent tawniness of them was not due entirely to the reflected beams of the searchlights was proved by the uncharred fragments of fabric one had picked up at Cuffley and Potter's Bar. But the German designers had been giving a good deal of study to invisibility since that time, with the result that these new airships were colored a dull slaty black over all of their exposed surfaces, which would hardly reflect a beam of bright sunshine.

The cars, which were both smaller and lighter than those from the airships brought down in England, were all underslung, and none of them was inclosed in the framework, as had often been stated. Even these were not built entirely of metal, heavy fabric being used to close up all spaces where strength was not required. The bomb-dropping devices had been removed, but the numbered switchboard in the rearmost car, from which they could be released, still remained. The cars, free from every kind of protuberance that could meet the resistance of the air, were effectively and gracefully stream-lined. The framework and bodies of the cars were made of the light but strong duraluminium alloy, which the Germans have spent many years in perfecting for this purpose. A small fragment of strut which I picked up under L-68 has proved on comparison considerably lighter in specific gravity of the alloy than similar pieces from three of the Zeppelins brought down early in the war. Indeed, in spite of its admixture of heavier metals for stiffening, the latest alloy seems scarcely heavier than aluminium itself.

The inspection of an airship to see that it had been disarmed according to the provisions of the armistice was, as may be imagined, rather more of a job than a similar inspection of even a giant seaplane. In a Zeppelin that is more or less the same size as the Mauretania the distances are magnificent; and though most of the inspection was confined to the cars, that of the wireless, with a search for possible concealed machine-gun mountings, involved not a little climbing and clambering. One's first sight of the interior of a deflated Zeppelin—in an inflated one the bulging ballonets obstruct the view considerably—is quite as impressive in its way as the first survey of it from the outside. No 'tween-decks prospect in the largest ship afloat, cut down as it is by bulkheads, offers a fifth of the unbroken sweep of vision that

Every Woman will say this

MILLER Boudoir Lamp

is "adorable"—and the price is but

$5.50 in U.S.A.

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It solves the vexing problem of an unusual wedding gift—attractive, useful and not too expensive. The shade can be tilted at any desired angle. Choice can be made of three finishes: antique bronze, Etruscan bronze and royal brown. The glass in the shade is a glowing amber.

See this lamp at a display room or order by mail from the nearest company, enclosing 15 cents additional for parcel post.

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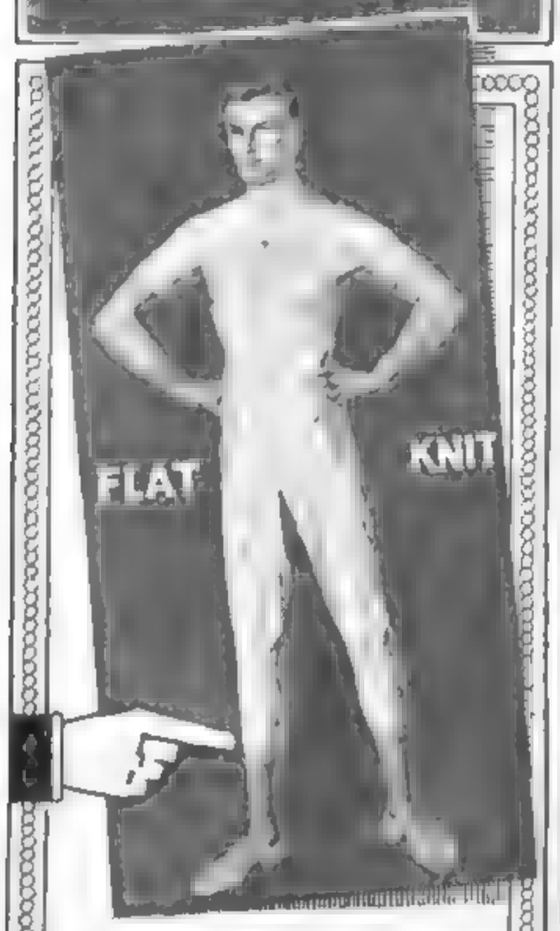

Note the length of this suit—doesn't show through sheer socks—it is a Lastlong ¾ length suit

A tip to you and your retailer

INSIDE each box of Lastlong **Flat-Knit** Union Suits are instructions for measuring you correctly. Ask your dealer to show you.

Take one of the suits, examine the feather-weight, flat-knit, elastic and absorbent fabric—it allows perspiration to evaporate, and that means comfort.

You'll like the finish, the fine appearance of these Lastlong flat-knit suits, but get into one and discover how comfortable a union suit that does not bind can be.

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Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. All dealers sell it.

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one finds opened before him as he climbs up inside the tail of a modern airship.

Though airy ladders and soaring lengths of framework intervene they are no more than lacework fretting the vast space, and the eye roams free to where the side braces of the narrow walk seem to run together in the nose. Only, so consummate the illusion wrought on the eye and brain by the strange perspective, that meeting point seems more like six hundred miles away than six hundred feet. The effect is more like looking to the end of the universe than to the end of a Zeppelin. No illusion ever devised on the stage to give distance to a scene could be half so convincing.

All that was cosmic in you vibrated in sympathy, and it took but a shake of the reins of the imagination to fancy yourself tripping off down that unending Road to Anywhere to the music of the spheres. You

"Gee, but ain't that a peach of a little gyro?" filtering up through the fabric beneath my feet awakened me to the fact that the inspection of L-68, having reached the rearmost car, was near its finish. Clambering back to earth I found the party just reassembling to go to the carriages for the drive to the great revolving shed, which was the next to be visited.

Its central revolving shed is perhaps the most arresting feature of the Nordholz station. It is built on the lines of a twin engine turntable, with each track housed over, and with every dimension multiplied twenty-five or thirty fold. The turning track is laid in a bowl-shaped depression about ten feet deep and seven hundred feet in diameter. The floors of both sheds—which stand side by side, with only a few feet between—are flush with the level of the ground, so that the airships they house may be run out and in without a jolt. The turning mechanism, which is in the rear of the sheds and revolves with them, is operated by electricity. The shifting of a lever sets the whole great mass in motion and stops it within a millimeter of the point desired, the latter being indicated on a dial by a needle showing the direction of the wind.

The Germans assured us—and on this point the British and American airship experts were in full agreement with them—that the revolving shed is absolutely the ideal installation, as it makes it possible to launch or house a ship directly into the wind, and so allows them to be used on days when it would be out of the question to launch them from or return them to an ordinary hangar. The one point against it seems to be its almost prohibitive cost. This central shed at Nordholz was designed sometime before the war, and was completed a year or so after its outbreak. The Germans did not tell what it had cost, but they did say that the latter was so great—both in money and in steel deflected from other uses—that they had not contemplated the building of another during the continuance of the war.

A Remarkable Veteran

Another interesting admission of a Zeppelin officer at Nordholz was to the effect that one of their greatest difficulties had arisen through the fact that it had been found practicable and desirable to increase the size of airships far more rapidly than had been contemplated when most of the existing sheds were designed. Thus many hangars—even at Nordholz, where practice was most advanced—had become almost useless for housing the latest Zeppelins. The proof of this was seen at one of the older sheds which we visited, where both of the airships it contained had been cut off fore and aft to reduce their lengths sufficiently to allow them inside. Thirty or forty feet of the framework of the bows and sterns of each, stripped of their covering fabric, were standing in the corners. They assured us that though an airship thus bobbed at both ends was not necessarily considered out of commission it would take several days of rush work to get it ready for flight, and that during most of this time sixty to eighty feet of it—the combined length of the nose and tail which had to be cut off to bring it inside—would have to remain sticking out, exposed to the weather.

To anyone who, like myself, was not an airship expert but had been among those present at a number of the earlier raids on London the last shed visited was the most interesting of all, for it contained what is in many respects Germany's most historic Zeppelin, the famous L-14. Twenty-four bombing flights over England were claimed for this remarkable veteran, besides many scores of reconnaissance voyages. All the surviving pilots appeared to have an abiding belief in her invulnerability—a not unnatural attitude of the fatalist toward an instrument which has succeeded in defying Fate.

This is the way one of them expressed it who came and stood by my side during the quarter hour in which the inspecting officers were climbing about inside the glistening yellow shell of the historic raider in an endeavor to satisfy themselves that she was, temporarily at least, incapable of further activities.

"It will sound strange to you to hear me say it," he said, "but it is a fact that all the officers and men at Nordholz firmly believed that L-14 could not be destroyed. Always we gave her the place of honor in starting first away for England, and most times she was the last to come back—of those that did come back. After a while, no matter how long she was late, we always said: 'Oh, but it is old L-14; no use to worry about her; she will come home at her own time.' And come home she always did."

The Charmed Life of L-14

"All our greatest pilots flew in her at one time or another and came back safe. Then they were given newer and faster ships, and sometimes they came home and sometimes they did not. Blank, who was experimenting with one of the smaller, swift types of half-rigids when it was brought down north of London—the first to be destroyed over England—had flown L-14 many times and come home safe. And so had our greatest pilot, who was also lost north of London, very near where the other was brought down, and where we think you had some kind of trap.

"L-14 saw these and many other Zeppelins fall in flames, and the more times she came home the more was our belief in her strengthened. The pilot who flew her was supposed to take more chances—because she really ran no risks, you see—and if you have ever read of how one Zeppelin in each raid always swooped low to drop her bombs you now know that she was that one. Because we had this superstitious feeling about her we were very careful that in rebuilding and repairing her much of her original material should be left, so that whatever gave her her charmed life should not be removed. Though our dur-aluminium of the present is much lighter and stronger than the first we made L-14 still has most of her original framework; and though improved technical instruments have been installed all her cars are much as when she was built. You will see how much clumsier and heavier they are than those of the newer types. And now for some months we have used L-14 as a school ship in which to train our young pilots. You see, her great traditions must prove a wonderful inspiration to them."

A few minutes later I had a hint of one type of this inspiration, when a pilot who had fallen into step with me as we took a turn across the fields on foot to see the hangars of the protecting flight of aëroplanes mentioned that he had taken part in a number of the 1916 raids over the Midland industrial centers. Knowing the Stygian blackness in which this region was wrapped during all the Zeppelin raiding time I asked him if he had not found it difficult to locate his objectives in a country which was plunged in complete darkness.

"Not so difficult as you might think," was the reply. "There were always the rivers and canals, which we knew perfectly from careful study. Besides, a town is a very large mark, and you seem to sense the nearness of great masses of people anyhow. Perhaps the great anxiety they are in establishes a sort of mental contact with you, whose brain is very tense and receptive. Effective bombing is very largely a matter of psychology, you see."

I saw. Indeed I think I saw rather more than he intended to convey.

The inspection over, and everything having been found as stipulated in the armistice, we were conducted to the officers' casino for lunch. Each member of the party, as had been the practice from the outset, having brought a package of sandwiches from the ship in his pocket it was intimated to the commander of the station that we would not need to trouble him to have the luncheon served which he intimated had been prepared for us. The same situation had arisen at Norderney and several others of the stations previously visited, and in each of these instances our hosts of the day had acquiesced in the plainly expressed desire of the senior officer of the party that we should confine our menu to what we carried in our own nosebags. Nordholz, however—quite possibly with no more than an enlarged idea of what were its duties under the circumstances—was not to be denied. A couple of plates of very appetizing German red-cabbage sauerkraut, with slices of ham and blood sausage, were waiting upon a large side table as we entered the reception room, and to these, as fast as a very nervous waiter could bring them in, were added the following: A large loaf of pumpernickel, a pitcher of chicken consommé, a huge beefsteak with a fried egg sitting in the middle of it, for each member of the party; two dishes of apple sauce, and eight bottles of wine—four of white and four of red. The steaks—an inch thick, six inches in diameter, and grilled to a turn—were quite the largest pieces of meat I had seen served outside of Ireland since the war. The hock bore the label Dürkheimer, and the other bottles, which were of non-German origin, Ungarischer Rotwein.

Hung round all four walls of the room were perhaps a dozen oil paintings of flying officers in uniform, and though they bore no names we knew from what had been told us of a similar display in the reception room at Norderney that they were portraits of pilots who had lost their lives on active service. One—a three-quarter length of a small wiry man with gimlet eyes and a jaw that would have made that of a wolf trap look soft and flexible in comparison—I recognized at once as having been reproduced in the German papers as the portrait of the great Schramm, who had been killed when his Zeppelin was brought down at Potter's Bar. Another—the bust of a man of rather bulkier figure than the first, but with a face a shade less brutal—was also strangely familiar.

"If the Huns," Major P—— was saying, "had had proper parachutes most of the crews of the Zepps. brought down in England could have landed safely instead of being burned in the air. Of the remains of the crew of the one brought down at Cuffley hardly a fragment was recognizable as that of a man. But if ——"

The Portrait's Original

Like a flash it came to me. The warm comfortable room with its solid new-art furniture and the table stacked with plates of food and wine bottles faded away, and I saw a tangled heap of metal and burning débris, sprawling across a stubble field and hedgerow, and steaming in the cold early morning drizzle that was quenching its still smoldering fires. Five hours previously that wreckage had been a raiding Zeppelin charging blindly across London, pursued by searchlights and gunfire. I had watched the ghostly shape disappear in the darkness as it shook off the beams of the searchlights, and when it appeared again it was as a descending comet of streaming flame, streaking earthward across the northwestern heavens. After walking all the rest of the night I had arrived on the scene at daybreak before the cordon of soldiers which later kept the crowds back had been drawn.

They had just cut a way through the wreckage to one of the cars, and were cooling down the glowing metal with a stream pumped by a little village fire engine. Then they began taking out what remained of the bodies of the crew. Some had been almost entirely consumed by the fierce flames, and it is literally true that many of the blackened fragments were hardly recognizable as human. But there was one notable exception. By a miracle the chest and head of the body of what had undoubtedly been the commanding officer had been spared the direct play of the flames. The fingers gripping the steering wheel were charred to the bone, but the upper part of his tunic was so little scorched that it still held the Iron Cross pinned into it. The blond eyebrows beneath the bony cranial protuberances were scarcely singed, and even the scowl and the tightly compressed lips seemed to express intense determination rather than death agony.

That portrait—and doubtless most of the others that looked down upon our strange luncheon party that day at Nordholz—must have been painted from life.

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This is the $6.00 outfit which makes a glider, coaster, flat-topped wagon and other toys.

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Here's the outdoor toy of the twentieth century and the boy who does not go wild over it isn't a "regular fellow". It's a boy teacher, a boy helper, a great fun giver. It encourages the mechanical and inventive instinct in boys. It gives them plenty of healthful exercise in the open air. It keeps them out of mischief. Girls, too, will like it.

With the finely painted steel plates, angle-irons, axles, bars and boards of tough wood, and four remarkably strong round edge steel wheels that come packed in a neat, flat wooden case only 10 by 18 inches in size—any boy can make a corking good wagon, a real glider, a coaster, go-cart, wheelbarrow, and a dozen more great toys. Not models, but the real things—things that the boy can use and bang around to his heart's content—toys that are stronger and better looking than the regular ones.

Makes All the Things shown on this Page and Many More

A screw driver and a wrench are all the tools needed to put them together. The outfit comes in three sizes—$6.00, $10.00 and $15.00 (Canada $9.00, $15.00 and $22.50). The $6.00 outfit makes most of the toys shown on this page and many more. The $10.00 outfit, with gears and pinions and many added parts, will make the geared racer shown at the left and many other things—something new every week.

Give your boy a treat. Get him one of these fine outfits. He can have fun all summer long with it—all the year 'round. It's a kit that a boy will never get tired of as long as he remains a boy. Write us if your toy dealer cannot supply you.

$100 in Cash for A Name

We offer $100 to the boy or girl under 18 years of age who gives us what we consider the best name for this toy. The contest will positively close at five o'clock Thursday, July 31st, 1919. Names must be mailed to us at New Haven, Conn., and no replies received at our office after the closing time will be considered. In case two or more contestants send in the name selected each will receive $100.

No entry blank or fee is required. Any boy or girl under 18 years of age can compete by submitting a name to us on the coupon below. Cut it out and let your boy or girl enter the contest. Tell them to write their name and address plainly. Also tell them that we'll send them, *free of charge*, an especially fine issue of Gilbert Toy Tips, our boys' and girls' magazine, full of good stories and suggestions for outdoor and indoor sports and fun. It will contain additional information about our new wheel toy and the details of another FREE contest for boys and girls, with a real buckboard automobile or Shetland pony and a hundred other fine prizes.

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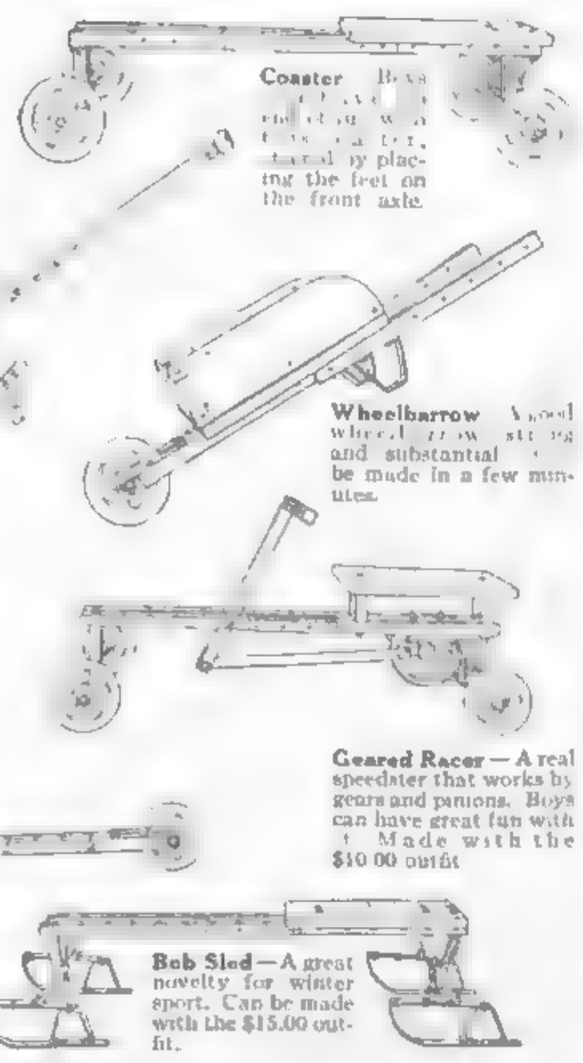

Coaster Boys ... by placing the feet on the front axle.

Wheelbarrow ... and substantial ... be made in a few minutes.

Go-Cart—This ... cart for the ... does

Geared Racer—A real speedster that works by gears and pinions. Boys can have great fun with it. Made with the $10.00 outfit

Glider ... glider. This strong glider can be made by any boy

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Call on the Beaver Board Dealer at your first opportunity. Let him show you the big panels and give you some interesting and helpful reading matter.

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14 Beaver Road **Buffalo, N. Y.**

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Manufacturers also of Beaver Greenboard and Beaver Blackboard.
Distributors in principal cities, dealers everywhere

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

(Continued from Page 13)

know he's good, but they don't know how good. If they did those naughty baseball owners would have a bill jammed through Congress making it legal to kidnap this boy."

"Well"—the burly manager gave her a shrewd glance—"if he does make good how much do you want for him? I s'pose the U. S. Mint and our baseball plant."

"I won't tell you that until he does make good."

"Why?"

"Because," she said, flashing her keen eyes at him in a long direct look, "what I want may be a little difficult to get. But after you've had him a while and Eddie begins cracking the fences and batting your team up a few notches in the race the fans will howl so loud if you don't keep him that you'll have to pay my price."

"Now just one more question, Missus Douglas."

"For pity's sake!" she laughed. "You men are inquisitive, aren't you?"

"You said it," he agreed "when it comes to buying a ball player from the timbers What if this kid gets a bad case of ball players' temper'ment? He might stick out for going to another club or he might not like the picture shows here or the color of the uniforms. They get that way, you know."

"He won't," she replied with a short little laugh. "And don't ever worry about anything like that. If Eddie ever needs correction just notify me. I'll take care of him."

Whereupon the big-league manager agreed to the proposition, and the little-league manageress hied back to Montana to continue her battle for women's rights and baseball games.

The following week the highly touted player arrived, accompanied by his extremely pretty and youthful wife, one straw suitcase and four heavy, long, murderous-looking baseball bats.

The former, a little slip of a girl, with big, wistful, appealing eyes and lots of blond hair piled on top of her dainty little head, he left at the small hotel near the railroad depot the next morning, and the latter two articles he bundled into a taxicab, which took him to the Grays' park.

"I'm Eddie Ketcham," the youth announced briefly to the burly manager. "Mrs. Douglas sent me here."

The other looked him over carefully and shrewdly appraised the tall lithe youngster, with his well-made shoulders, close-cropped, brown, crinkly hair, quiet eyes set deep, and stubborn mouth and long chin.

"Well, Eddie, if you're anywheres near as good as that dame claims you are you lay over Ty Cobb like a tent, and have got Eddie Collins looking like a crippled semi-pro with the rheumatism," said McCune.

"You can't kid me," said the other quietly, with a stubborn glance. "I might not make as big a batting average as this Cobb ——"

"You might, at that," broke in McCune, "with a paper and pencil."

"But," continued the youngster, "if I couldn't bat higher than some of the old has-beens you've got drawing pensions round here I'd get a job selling albums to you big-town jays."

"Now that's no way to make a hit round here, kid," said McCune in a fatherly tone

"I know it," said the other. "I get my hits with my bat."

"Well, slide into your uniform and let's see you get 'em," snapped Pep, nettled at the unfriendly tone.

A few minutes later the youngster reappeared from the clubhouse. The manager gazed at him in amazement. Young Ketcham was attired in a yellow baseball uniform with the word Blame worked in dark silk across the shirt front, and a yellow silk cap with a dark peak. The words Equal Rights were worked in with dark silk down the side of the pants, one letter below the other, and altogether the affair was a most wonderful thing to behold.

"Holy catfish!" exclaimed McCune in awe.

"Suffrage colors," explained Ketcham indifferently.

"How did she happen to forget sticking Votes for Women on somewhere?" grinned the manager.

"Oh, we kicked about these uniforms, but she made us wear 'em," said the youth wearily.

"I bet she didn't sprain her little finger twisting you boys round it, did she?" chuckled McCune.

"Oh, you needn't talk!" flared Ketcham. "I'll bet you didn't get away with anything on her, either."

"Well, get out there and work out at second base," ordered McCune hurriedly.

"Suffering chilblains!" howled old Pete Barnes, the trainer, as the youth grabbed a glove and trotted out on the field amid the snickers of the other players. "What's that?"

"A ad for the Women's Suffrage Party," grunted McCune.

"Where'd you get him?"

"Offen a suff. She jammed him right down my throat. They're even getting so they manage baseball teams now," groaned McCune.

"Has this here Votes-for-Women ball player got anything," asked the trainer with a grin, "besides a yellow uniform and a bush-league haircut?"

"We'll see," replied the other.

And they saw. The youngster flashed about the infield, getting everything in sight. He speared high overthrows from the air, scooped up puzzling, twisting grounders on either side of him with one hand, dug the low ones out of the ground, uncovered a throwing arm that whipped the ball on a line to the bases, and withal gave such an exhibition of sparkling, glittering infield work that old Pete Barnes roared with glee and Pep McCune danced with delight.

"Now if you could only hit like that!" said the latter as the players came in for batting practice.

"Oh, I can bust 'em," drawled Ketcham indifferently.

"Go to it, then," ordered McCune.

Selecting one of his long heavy bats the youngster loped to the plate. A second-string pitcher was on the mound.

"Give him everything you got," the manager ordered the twirler.

After fouling off two curves the youth, with a long free swing, stepped into a fast one and the ball sailed into the upper tier of the right-field stand. McCune then sent in the regular pitchers.

"Oh, I hit 'em all," said Ketcham almost sleepily, and he sent McCormack's fast curve on a line to center field. McCormack was one of the star box men of the game. And after the youngster had connected solidly with the offerings of the other pitchers for a half hour the manager grinned in ecstasy, old Pete Barnes hugged himself for joy, and little Ollie Jarvis strolled gloomily to the clubhouse. His big-league job was slipping from under him and he knew it.

That afternoon the new second baseman displayed his wares in the regular game before a sparse audience of fans that came to jeer, but remained to cheer. The Grays cinched the game—their first win in seven days—when Ketcham slouched up to the plate in the sixth inning with two runners on base, picked out one of Rube Emmelton's spitballs and cracked it to the left-field wall for three bases. He had previously singled in the second inning, and in the fourth just missed a home run by two feet when his hard-hit ball broke a new straw hat in the grand stand on the wrong side of the foul line. Besides this the box score disclosed two stolen bases, six put-outs and four assists, several of them hard chances and one a circus play, with never a sign of an error.

From that day the Grays began to climb in the percentage column and the crowds began to fill the stands in the park. In two weeks the team was in fifth place, and two days before leaving for a trip round the circuit they had passed the Indians and were in fourth place. Then McCune wired as follows to Mrs. Evelyn G. Douglas: "Want to keep Ketcham. Name your price."

To which he received the following reply: "Of course you do. But wait until he bats your team into second place. Can't talk business until then. Votes for Women."

"Suits me," grinned the manager, pocketing the telegram. "This kid'll bat us into the championship before he's even paid for if she don't watch out."

The story of the woman manager, her prominence in the suffrage movement and

BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN
CHEWING GUM
The Charm of Clean White Teeth
WHAT is more wholesome and attractive than clean white teeth? And yet how many people who are blessed with good teeth fail to care for them as they should. The use of too much soft food, especially in childhood, rapid eating, and imperfect mastication with its lack of saliva, tend to deprive the teeth of nature's most effective means of cleansing the mouth and teeth.
Those who realize the intimate relation sound, healthy teeth bear to general bodily health, owe it to themselves to neglect no rational measure, however simple, that will help to maintain mouth cleanliness.
For instance, more care in selecting the diet, greater attention to thorough mastication, and the routine use of my original pepsin gum after every meal, and before retiring, will increase the flow of saliva and prevent the accumulation of food particles that undergo fermentation and decay. The aid thus given to keeping the mouth clean and wholesome will go far to promote the health of the teeth.
D. E. Beeman
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
CHICLE
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Concrete Roads and Gasoline

11.78 miles per gallon of gasoline on this concrete road. This is over double the mileage obtained on the earth road opposite.

5.78 miles per gallon of gasoline on this earth road—less than half the mileage obtained on the concrete road opposite.

Why Spend $2 $1 will do

Tests made last September at Cleveland, Ohio, with five 2-ton White trucks carrying full load, showed that on an earth road in fair condition, gasoline consumption was twice that on a concrete road.

The diagrams to the left and right illustrate the relative quantities of gasoline and its cost, used by one truck in making a 100-mile run under the same condition of load over the two roads pictured above. Think what 5,000,000 motor vehicles would save in gasoline alone if they always traveled on concrete!

Since ***one gallon of gasoline will carry you twice as far on a concrete road as it will on an earth road,*** *why waste the other gallon?*

You pay the price of good roads whether you get them or not—and if you pay for **concrete roads** they **pay you back.**

Let's Stop This Waste!

Illinois, Pennsylvania and Michigan have voted big, road bond issues to do away with the mud tax. Many other states and counties are going to do the same thing.

When You Think of Roads—Think of Concrete
When You Ride—Ride on Concrete

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PAVE THE ROAD—DOUBLE THE LOAD

the club's acquisition of young Ketcham had meanwhile leaked into the newspapers, and the sport scribes round the league were having a joy ride of joking through their columns daily.

A Chicago writer named the club the Wrens, and the name clung. A Pittsburgh sporting scribe did a half column on the Gray's young star, described his entrance into the league in a suffrage-colored uniform and started the slogan, which soon rang round the circuit, "A hit for Ketcham is a vote for suffrage." The sporting pages spoke of the Grays' upward climb in the pennant race as the new suffrage movement, and the bleacherites dubbed Ketcham "Suffrage Ketcham."

"Oh, you Suff," "Here comes Suffrage Ketcham" and "Suffering Suffragettes" were cries that greeted his every appearance at bat. And all the while the youngster kept on batting his merry way through the league, and the Grays kept climbing in the race.

In Chicago Ketcham got a single and two triples off Alexander and the following morning the Tribune burst forth with the headline, "Even Alexander the Great Fails to Check Suffrage Movement." As the hits rattled from the youngster's big bat the gibes and jokes clicked from the scribes' typewriters, and the Grays' burly manager kept driving his team toward the top of the league.

"We should worry about what the newspaper boys call us," chuckled Pep McCune to Pete Barnes. "They could even call us the 'Evelyns' if they want, so long as we keep on copping the games. Every time they hang a new label on Ketcham he just goes out and cracks another outfield fence, and when they stick a new monnaker on the club he gets even sorer and busts a coupla new straw kellys in the upper tier of the grand stand. If we hadda pay for everything that kid has busted round this here old league with them big bats of his we'd never be able to pay for him."

"Sure," answered old Pete. "Let 'em call us anything. As them poets say, 'What's in a name anyways?' The Panthers looked like a lotta lambs when we left their burg, the Giants looked pretty small when we got through with 'em, and the Bear Cats was as meek and gentle as a sick jack rabbit after we grabbed four out of five offen them. We might be the Wrens, but we're flyin' pretty dog-gone high in this man's league right now."

When the trip ended the team was in second place. The night they landed home fandom was out in force to greet them boisterously and to take them to its sporting bosom and howl their praises to the blare of a brass band that marched from the depot to the City Hall. The papers spoke of the final drive to the pennant and hailed them as the next champions.

That evening Manager Pep McCune dispatched the following telegram to Manager Mrs. Evelyn G. Douglas: "Ketcham has batted us into second place. For the love of Pete name us your price for him."

Whereupon Manager Mrs. Evelyn G. Douglas sent the following answer to Manager Pep McCune: "Must see you and owner, Elkhart, personally. Arrive Friday morning. Votes for Women."

"Well," said Mrs. Douglas as she bustled into the club offices Friday morning and greeted the manager and owner, "and how does Eddie strike your fancy?"

"Great!" exclaimed Pep. "That kid strikes everything he sees, includin' the pitchers and the advertising signs out in center field. Now how much are you gonna sting us for this Ketcham boy?"

"I hope you're not going to be unreasonable," said Elkhart, smiling as he lit an expensive-looking cigar.

"Unreasonable!" exclaimed the woman sweetly. "Perish the thought! What I want for Eddie is based on pure reason."

"That's fine!" said Elkhart, glowing. "I'll give anything in reason. Ketcham's worth it."

"Splendid," said Mrs. Douglas. "Now what I want is this ——"

The two men leaned forward anxiously in their chairs and she leaned back easily in hers and appraised them coolly.

"Fifteen thousand dollars ——" she went on.

"It's yours. It's a big fancy price for a ball player, but Ketcham's worth it," said the owner with a sigh of relief. "Thank heaven we own him now!"

"Not quite yet," she breathed softly with a level glance at Elkhart. "I want fifteen thousand dollars—and Senator Raleigh's vote for the Woman's Suffrage amendment when the bill comes up in Congress."

"Why, that's ridiculous!" snapped Elkhart angrily. "I can't agree to that."

"Then back to Montana for Eddie," said she, reaching for the telephone book. "I'll get him on the phone now and tell him so."

"Just a moment!" exclaimed Elkhart, jumping to his feet. "Now look here, Mrs. Douglas, you promised to be reasonable."

"I am reasonable," she retorted. "Our movement is based on pure reason, and I'm merely making a fair deal with you to help it."

"Very well," said he shrewdly, taking another tack. "But how am I to help you there? I'm not a senator, and Senator Raleigh has nothing to do with this baseball club."

She smiled blandly at this.

"Now really, Mr. Elkhart, you don't expect me to swallow that," she said with a silvery little laugh. "I haven't been active in women's politics for years without learning a little about men's. I know just as well as you do that your power elected Senator Raleigh. And I happen to know that he is strongly in favor of this proposed amendment and would vote for it of his own volition if you released him from his promise made to you when you agreed to support him—not to vote for the amendment."

"Nothing doing," said Elkhart decidedly, seeing his hand forced. "I won't stand for being blackjacked on a political question just to help my ball club out. You aren't going to drag politics into the club."

"Then Eddie Ketcham isn't going to drag the club into first place," she countered, reaching for the telephone.

McCune jumped up this time, and placed a restraining hand upon her arm.

"For the love Lulu, Mrs. Douglas," he pleaded in alarm, "don't do that yet! Let's talk this over." Then to Elkhart: "Why don't ya help them dames get the vote, boss, if they want it? What's the big objection anyway? What difference does it make if they rather have Percy Van Alstine for mayor of Oskaloosa instead of Mike Kelly? Perce might make a better mayor at that."

"I haven't any big objection to it—never have had," said Elkhart stubbornly. "As a matter of principle, I'll admit they're right. But there's no particular reason for women voting, it's too radical a change for me to positively favor offhand, and what can a woman do that a man can't do in politics anyway?"

"I don't know about politics, but I do know that in baseball this woman's to blame for shooting our club from sixth place to second and making you a wad of money and keeping my job, besides makin' this club the talk of the big leagues and giving you and the town a lotta free advertising."

"Well, I won't be sandbagged into it because of the mere whim of a woman," blustered Elkhart. "I'm willing to pay and pay well for Ketcham—in money; but I won't do any more."

"Perhaps, Mr. Elkhart, you don't quite realize the alternative," said Mrs. Douglas sweetly. "I'm no fortune teller, but I'm going to predict what will happen if I take Eddie back to Montana with me. In the first place your ball team will skid backward so fast the official scorers won't be able to keep track of their position as the club shoots by. Instead of crowds at the park, of thousands, daily, you're going to be lucky to have a few hundred. The club is going to cost you money instead of making it for you; and when the fans find out that you can easily keep this star player and won't you'll be lucky to have even the ticket takers at the games. Also, when the newspapers learn that because of a little childish stubbornness you've sacrificed the success of a big business proposition like your club, worth several hundred thousands of dollars, they'll entertain a rather poor opinion of your wisdom and judgment in political matters as well, and you'll be lucky if you have enough political power left to swing a vote in the Doreas League."

"On the contrary they might admire me for refusing to allow a business proposition to interfere with my sincere political opinion," said Elkhart.

"They would—and so would I—if it were your sincere political opinion," she retorted. "But you've just admitted that it isn't. You've practically said that you

(Concluded on Page 157)

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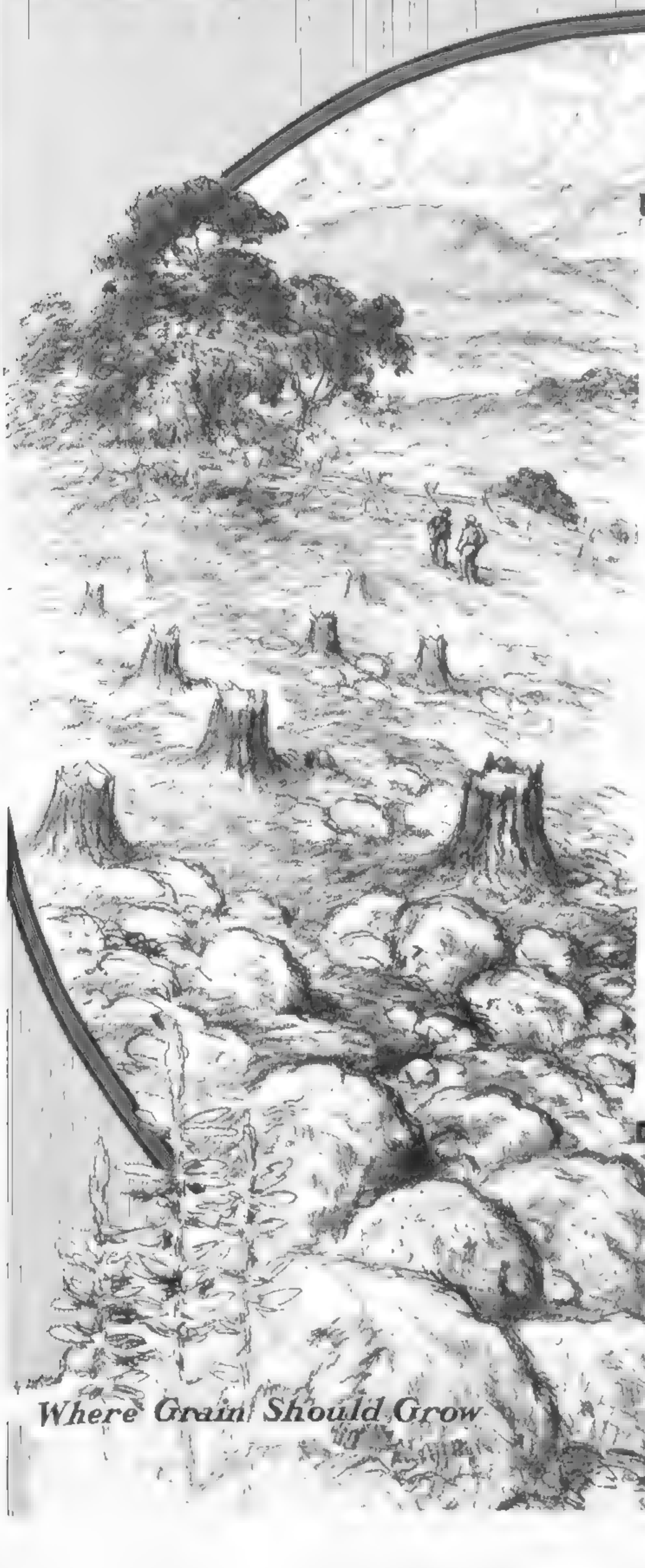

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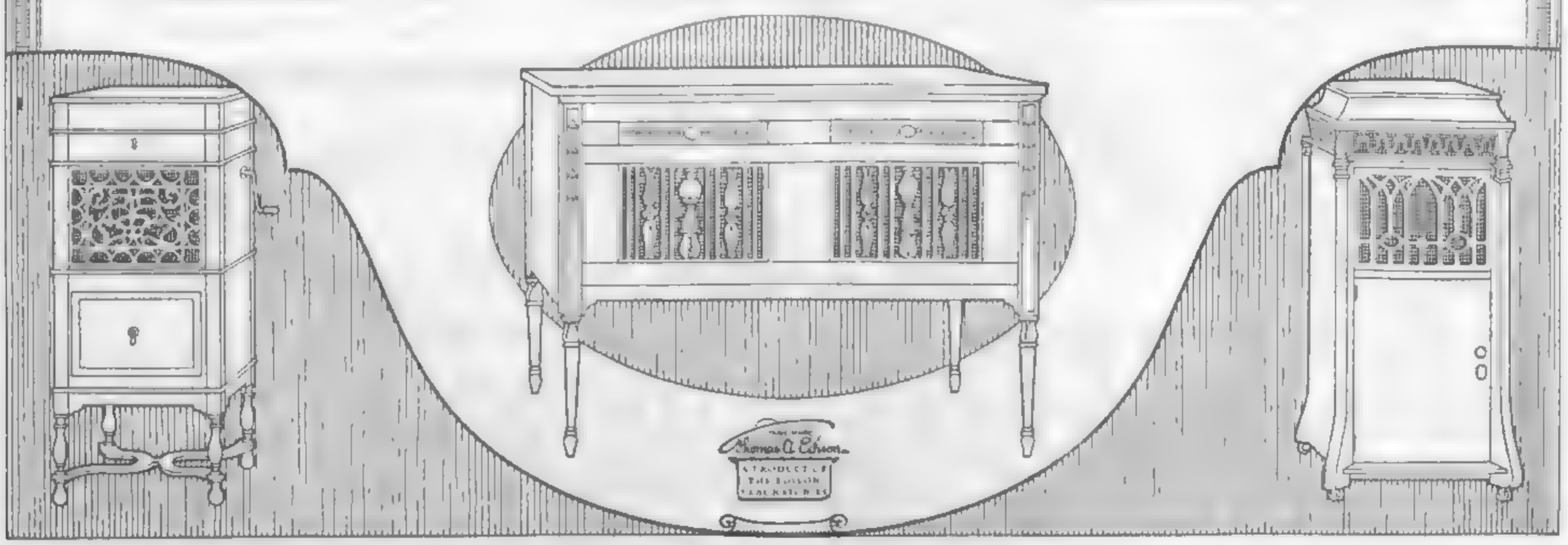


(Concluded from Page 154)

really believe in our cause, but are against it for several little reasons too childish to mention. Now I've no more time to waste here," she ended, rising and drawing on her gloves, "so you can take my offer or leave it, as you prefer; but you'll have to be quick about it."

"Boss, you better take it," interjected McCune. "We got a swell chance for the pennant now; the club's making a lotta money; the fans are all strong for us now, and, anyways, why not give the dames a chance to get their pictures in the newspapers as well as the ball players? Besides, if Mrs. Oswald Jenkins won't sling her vote for Hiram Spink to be dog catcher of Oshkosh because he's gotta bald head and a wrong attitude on the Eskimos, why, Mrs. Taylor-Jones'll vote for him because her sister bought a piano from his brother-in-law, and it'll be even up. It's a fifty-fifty bet, boss."

Elkhart frowned, blew some smoke rings and said nothing.

"And just yesterday," continued McCune innocently, "Suffrage Ketcham got four hits off Big Jim Varley—in four times up. His batting average is .384. He's gotta swell chance to pass Ty Cobb and ——"

"What!" shouted Elkhart, springing to his feet in excitement.

"And if he does," continued McCune calmly, "our league'll have the champ batter of the world."

"Mrs. Douglas," said Elkhart quietly, "our treasurer will draw you a check for fifteen thousand dollars, and," he went on slowly, "I'll release Senator Raleigh from his promise to-day."

"Well, now that we got the Suffs all fixed up in nice style we can just amble right ahead and pay all our attention to grabbing off that pennant," said Pep McCune to old Pete Barnes.

"We can if this Mrs. Evelyn G. Douglas don't butt in again," replied Pete. "Ain't you kinda scared Evelyn might horn in again on the festivities and make our outfielders tie yellow ribbons on their ears and make the fans root for the Suffs instead the team? She's some dame, that Evelyn suff is!"

"She's considerable dame is right," agreed McCune, "but she can't pull no more funny work with this here club, because we own Suffrage Ketcham outright now, from his spikes to his cap button. And I don't expect no more trouble on this team."

And for quite a while McCune's prediction held good. The Wrens, born Grays, gained rapidly upon the Buccaneers, the league leaders, until the last of August they were just a game and a half out of first place. Ketcham was still performing his prodigious feats of swat and working miracles in the field. He was leading his league in batting and both major leagues in base stealing when he suddenly slumped in his playing.

In the next four games he got only two hits, made three glaring errors in one game, and seemed to go suddenly to pieces. The team in consequence dropped slowly behind again. When they were five games behind the leaders and still slipping the manager made a discovery.

"I know what's the matter with Suffrage Ketcham," said he to Barnes, as they were leaving the ball park.

"So do I," quoth Pete. "Suffrage is just in a slump."

"You're dead right he's in a slump," said McCune, "and I found out why. I got a note from a fan who tips me off that the kid's hittin' the high spots at night in this town, and if we want a Chinaman's chance for that flag, to have him practice a little more batting on spitballs and less on highballs."

"What are you gonna do about it?" asked Barnes.

"I already done something about it," replied McCune. "First I spoke to Suffrage Ketcham himself and he told me to go sit on a railroad spike. He's got kinda chesty with all this newspaper publicity he's been gettin', and when I asked him was he pulling any White Way stuff at night instead of pounding his ear so's he could pound the ball next day, he tells me to go and ask Information. So I just took a run up to see his wife, and then I got all the dope. She's a little bit of a thing, a awful pretty little blond girl, and the minute I bust into the apartment she busts out crying. She looked at me with them big lamps of hers and she cries, 'Oh, Mr. Mac, it's just simply terrible!' Gosh, I felt sorry for her. And the more I thought of the way the club's skidding the sorrier I felt. Well, I got the whole yarn out of her. It seems that Ketch has got an idea he can bat as high nighttimes downtown as he can during the days at the park. And the way he neglects that little lady and his batting average is fierce."

"So what did you do?" asked Pete.

"So I just wired Mrs. Douglas. If anyone can fix anything she's the dame to do it I told her about how Suffrage is leaving his poor little wife alone nights and our winning streak in the days. And she seemed awful mad about it, from her wire."

"What did she say?" asked Barnes

"Just four words," replied McCune. "She wired: 'Coming. I'll fix him.'"

And Mrs. Douglas came, as fast as train could carry her. McCune met her at the station and took her to young Ketcham's apartment.

"Eddie," said she, bursting into the flat, "what's this I hear about you?" and her eyes flashed at him dangerously.

"Why, I'm just slumping a little in my batting," replied Ketcham. "A guy can't get hits every day."

"Oh, bother the hits!" she snapped. "What about Gracey, here? You've been neglecting her. Just come into this room with me; I want to tell you a few things privately."

The two went into the dining room, leaving McCune staring and little Mrs. Ketcham sobbing softly. Fifteen minutes later the former pair came out, Mrs. Douglas' eyes blazing wrathfully and young Ketcham much chastened in spirit.

"There," said she to McCune, as he was about to leave, "you can look for the usual quota of base hits now. I guess you won't have any more difficulty with that young man!"

Which was a quite prophetic assertion. For Suffrage Ketcham started right in where he had left off, and proceeded to bombard the opposing twirlers hither and yon as fluently as of yore, while the Wrens caught up with the league leaders, passed them, just as the season was closing late in September, and the fans were preparing for the unusual spectacle of a world's series right in their home town.

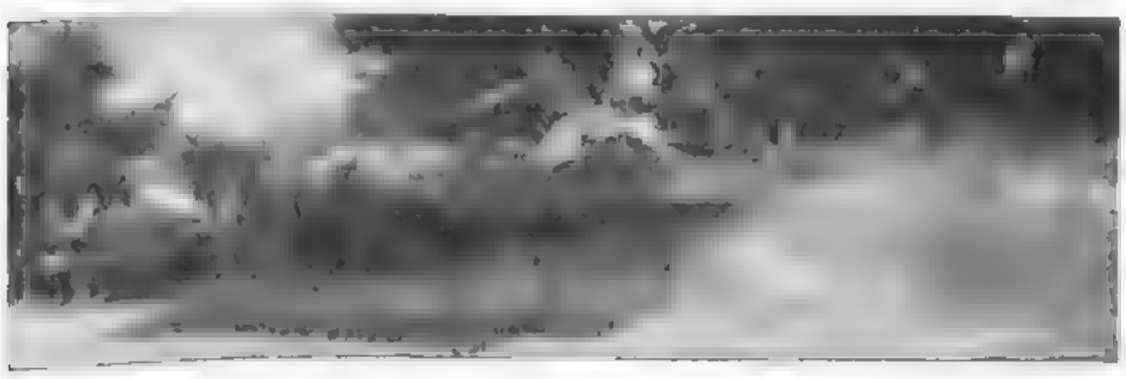
It was just before the first series game that Pep McCune next saw the woman baseball manager and was able to satisfy a burning curiosity that had been with him since the private session between her and his youthful star.

The aggressive lady nodded gayly to him from a grand-stand box as he passed in front of the stand and went, all grins, to greet her.

"Missus Douglas," said Pep, leaning over the edge of the box, "they's one question I'd like to ask you: I know you can manage a ball club and I know you can manage things for them suffs, but will you please tell me how you managed this young Ketcham kid so gol-darned easy?"

She gazed dreamily from young Ketcham, who had just lifted the ball into the right-field bleachers in the batting practice, to his pretty little wife, with her in the box, who was looking fondly in the same direction. Then she turned to the burly manager abruptly.

"Well, why wouldn't I manage him?" replied the lady manager scornfully. "I'm his mother-in-law."



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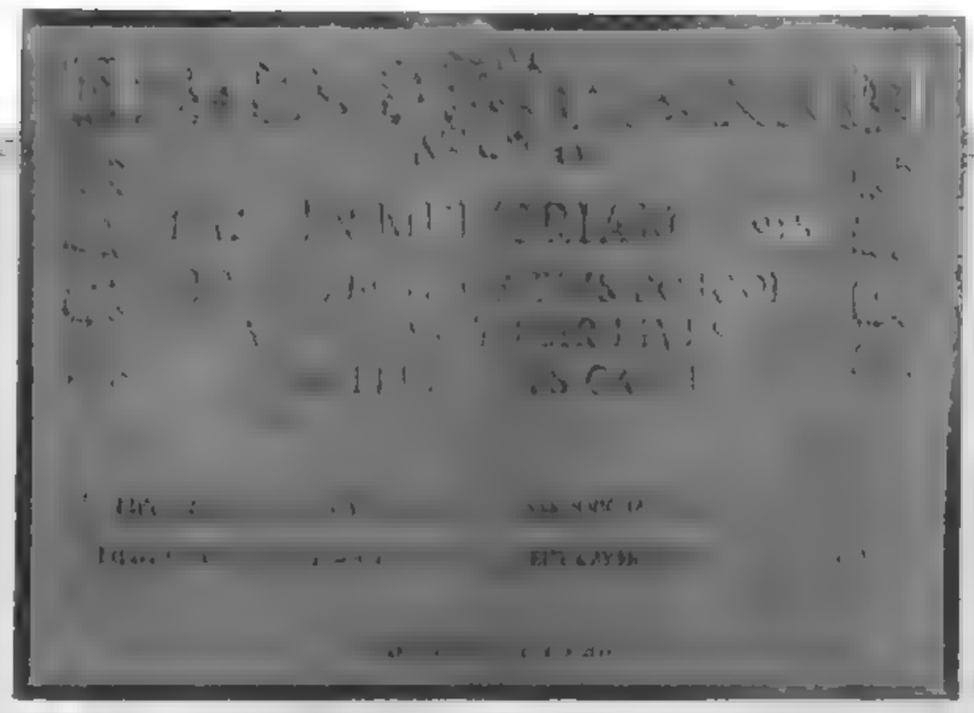

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JOHN HENRY'S DRESSING GOWN

(Concluded from Page 21)

had cost him only twenty-five dollars. In her daughter's mind there was still a balance of twenty-five dollars to be checked off the family ledger. He decided that it should be struck off swiftly.

"All right," he agreed. "You select it. Go as far as you like."

"You're so good." Henrietta's wide-awake eyes wore an abstracted look. "She needs a set of furs," she added reflectively.

John Henry's mind experienced a jolt.

"Furs!" he repeated. "Why, great Scott, Henrietta, a good muff and neckpiece would cost at least a hundred dollars—probably more."

"I know. But her old set is awfully shabby. She was looking at mine so wistfully last week, and it popped into my head —— But of course if you think it's too much —— Only I feel that if she could spend fifty on you ——"

"Why, I guess it isn't too much." The affectionate husband in John Henry kicked out the miserly interloper. "Of course it isn't," he added briskly. "Get a nice set."

The furs, he hoped, would end the episode of the dressing gown; and so perhaps it would have done had not both his wife and his mother-in-law been misled by the claim of affection he had made on his birthday night. The furs were a huge success. So were the new rugs, presented to Mrs. Patton several months later by her dutiful son-in-law, and the evening coat he gave her at Christmas time, and the phonograph he sent her to while away the dragging hours when she was at home and not enjoying his society.

At the end of one year John Henry Wall's notebook showed the following significant entries:

Dressing gown	$ 55.00
Atlantic City .	25.80
Furs .	125.00
Two rugs	[illegible]
Evening coat	125.00
Phonograph	115.00
Records .	35.00
Total	$640.80

Over these figures one morning John Henry pondered for some time. Then his lips set and his jaw took on the look of obstinacy that attended his unalterable decisions. That day at breakfast his wife had begun to hint that her mother needed a trip South. Now if Mrs. Patton needed this pleasure there was no reason why she should not have it. Her husband had left her a quarter of a million, and his widow had proved that she knew how to take care of it. She was certainly saving half of an income of twelve or fifteen thousand a year, and adding it to her principal. Most of this money, she had frequently explained, was to go to a Home for Aged Couples—her pet charity. Margaret had a comfortable fortune left her by an aunt, and Henrietta was married to a prosperous and generous man.

But John Henry knew he was not so prosperous as he had been. The war had knocked his business into a cocked hat. He had all he could do to keep his head above water, and he realized that fully two years must pass before conditions in his line became normal. During those two years he certainly could not and would not continue to spend from six hundred to a thousand a year on gifts for his affluent mother-in-law.

As he reached this resolution the bell on his desk telephone rang compellingly. He took up the receiver, and the voice of his mother-in-law came to his ears.

"I'm sick in bed," she said tersely. "Don't say anything to Henrietta yet, but run in during the day—this morning if you can."

John Henry ran in at once. Mrs. Patton was no hypochondriac. If she thought she was ill, she was ill. He found her flushed and in a high fever.

"Well, I've got influenza, and my idiot of a doctor is talking pneumonia too. He thinks both lungs are already affected. He has gone for a trained nurse, so perhaps it's my last chance to talk to you."

John Henry was disturbed, and showed it.

"Let me get Henrietta here," he suggested, half rising. "And don't you worry. We'll pull you through all right. You leave everything in my hands. I'll look after you as if you were Henrietta."

"I know you will—dear."

The little word came out almost shyly. She held out her hand and he took it, with an unexpected gulp of sympathy. It was so hot and so old and so feeble.

"You've got ten good years yet," he said affectionately. "Make up your mind to fight for them. I'll fight with you, shoulder to shoulder. And we'll get the best specialists in town to help us."

"I knew you would. You're my rock, John Henry. I'm resting on you, hard. I won't die if I can help it. But in case I've got to go there's something I must say to you. Sit down and listen."

He resumed his chair, still holding the hot hand that clung to his fingers. He was a sympathetic man, but he would not have believed that he could feel this way. He was fonder of the old girl than he had dreamed. He had always admired certain qualities in her. Evidently he had ceased to mind the rest.

"I'll want Henrietta a little later; and Margaret too. I'll be an exacting old woman in this sickness, as I've always been. But I'm going to be selfish, for I have a conviction that this will be the end of me."

"Nonsense! Great Scott, mother, that doesn't sound a bit like you!" John Henry had never called her mother before. He did it now as the result of an uprush of anxious affection that astonished him.

She smiled. "That's nice," she said quietly. "You've been a great comfort to me, my boy—especially this last year. I don't mean the presents, though I'm going to speak about them in a minute. The difference I've noticed is in your spirit. I've always loved you. You didn't know it, but I have. And lately, for the first time, you've let me come close to you. You've let me treat you as if you were my son. I always wanted to. I always wanted a son. And you were the son I would have chosen from the whole world."

For a moment she lay quiet. Then: "I've loved you very much, John Henry," she repeated simply. "If this has really been my last year you have made it happy—by being a real son to me."

He bent his head and tightened his grip on her hand. He could not speak.

"But one thing worries me," the feeble voice went on. "I'm afraid you're a little extravagant, John. All those presents you gave me—they worried me. I loved the spirit of them—your generous thought. But—they worried me. I was afraid you couldn't afford them."

"Yes I could." He smiled at her. "Every one of them. Lots more like them if you'll only get well."

She shook her head. "I'm not going to get well—so this is a business talk," she added in a different tone. "I made a new will last month. When Mr. Vandam left all that money to the home this year I realized that my money was not needed there. So I've divided it into three equal parts, and left it to my three children—Henrietta, Margaret and you. And I've made you the executor. I wanted you to know that—but now I'm tired. So go away, dear, and send Rollins to me. I know you and Henrietta will stand by till it's over."

"There's just one thing I want to say before I go." John Henry spoke huskily. "And I'll say it though I'm positive you'll get well: I never had a mother, you know. Mine died when I was born. So I haven't known how to treat one. I can think now of a million things I might have done—I shall always be sorry I didn't do them."

She shook her head.

"You've always been good. I've always loved you. And this last year you were wonderful," she repeated. "But I could see you were worried, and I knew your business was not going right. That's why I wanted to—to give you something. Life will be easier for you after this. You can indulge that big generous heart of yours. Now go, dear."

He kissed her and went away.

Five days later, after Mrs. Patton's gallant but losing fight for life, John Henry sat by Henrietta's side on the big davenport before the open fire in Mrs. Patton's suddenly lonely living room, and tried to comfort his weeping wife.

"Oh, Johnny, she loved you so," sobbed Henrietta. "I always knew it. And, thank God, you had a chance to show how much you loved her before she left us!"

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JUNGLE LAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 23)

"He must always be fair to them. I mean he must never take advantage of them; never do anything to them that would make him fight back if he were in their place."

"I am thinking what a difference there is between your standpoint and that of the hunters of wild animals I know. But tell me—have you ever been afraid?"

"Yes; once."

"Really afraid?"

"Yes."

"I want to hear about it some day, if you will be so good; but first I want to tell you a story of fear—two kinds of fear. It may be long, to you. There has been no one I could speak to—and I am in need of help."

"I should like to help you. Tell on."

"Do you know much about hyenas?"

"I know they are the most unclean of all beasts. I have never heard that they are dangerous to men."

"Sometimes they are. Only a little way from where we sit in this Jungle a woman was killed and eaten last year by a hyena. But I am not afraid for myself. I have said my fear is of two kinds. First, I am seriously concerned for the children—especially the baby. She is frail at her best; and if it were not for her long afternoon naps I am unwilling to think what might come to her just from the sort of thing that has been happening. She is highly organized, and one has heard that any kind of nerve shock is most dangerous to such children. Then, there is a different kind of fear—quite different; it is for her Great Dane dog."

"Won't he charge them?"

"That is the most awful part of it. Of all creatures I have ever known—I may as well say of all people I have ever known—he has the most splendid courage. One night in every week he is taken to Bhanah's own quarters so that his master shall not be disturbed. The change seemed to relieve him at first. One who had not seen could never conceive how gradually, but through the long, long nights I have watched his almost superhuman courage breaking."

Skag opened his lips to speak, but she put up her hand.

"This is hard to tell, because I have never known that I could be afraid. I have always supposed I had perfect courage; but while Nels' courage has been in the wrecking my own has been wrecked—quite!" Her voice was very low and very bitter.

"I don't believe it's so bad as that."

She glanced up and smiled the slow smile of extreme age upon extreme youth.

"My husband, the police commissioner, has hunted in India more than twenty years; some of his friends longer than that. I suppose they are as familiar with the natures and doings of most animals in this country as foreign hunters can become. But, of course, the natives know jungle creatures even better. We have two servants, born in these hills—my ayah, and Bhanah, the old cook; I have much from both of them. But my experience here in this tent has—as the natives would say—established it all in me. You may have heard that hyenas almost always are the scouts for tigers."

"Yes; Mr. Cadman told me that."

"Jackals run with them. The hunters say that the hyena, whose stench is beyond description awful, and the jackal, whose stench is strong dog, obliterate the tiger smell and so prevent the desperate panic from coming in time to the hunted creatures, which fear the tiger more than anything."

"Hyenas in captivity do not smell so exceptionally bad."

"One has heard that all flesh-eating animals in captivity are fed clean meat, reasonably fresh."

"They are; and for the moment I forgot their reputation—that would make a difference."

"It is claimed here that they eat only two kinds of meat—human and dog. They say the hyena entices and betrays to the killing; the tiger kills and eats his fill; then the jackals come in and leave only bones and tendon stuff for the hyena. This is what he devours as soon as it is old enough to suit his taste."

"Are all these animals here in this Jungle?"

"Plenty of jackals; but the tigers have been killed out of all this part of these Ghats by the European sportsmen of Bombay and Poona. The hunters disregard hyenas; so there are many left, with no killer to kill for them."

"That might make them dangerous."

"Yes; and they will tell you that when a hyena is forced to kill for himself he invariably hunts for a dog. It has become very important to me that dog flesh is their first choice. And dogs never fight hyenas; never even to defend their own lives. They may bark or howl while the hyena is some distance away, but as soon as it comes near they are silent; and when it approaches them they simply cower and submit. Not only that, but it is beyond question that hyenas have the power to call dogs to them. . . . For five weeks I have been alone in this tent six nights in every week all night, with two children and the Spartan soul of Nels, the Great Dane; and I have seen and heard the process of the hyena's lure."

"That's what I want to hear about."

"You shall hear; but will you be good enough to remember, please, that Nels is no average dog? There is nothing better in lineage than his. Also, he is a thoroughly trained hunting dog. My husband, the police commissioner, has used him in hunting tigers and cheetahs, black panthers and leopards of the long sort, the big black bears of the Great Hills and jungle pigs, which we call wild boars at home. To different famous hunting districts of the country he has taken Nels on many hunting furloughs, and Nels' courage stands to him and to his friends the very last word in courage. I have often heard him say he does not know a man with courage to equal that which has never once failed in Nels."

"I should like to know that dog."

"You shall certainly meet him; and it may be you are the one to know him. I am confident no one does now."

"About the hyenas?"

"The hyena has three kinds of call. The most common is the bark of a puppy. If you ever hear it you will not wonder why mother dogs go out to it—to their death. Presently the bark breaks into a puppy's cry. It whimpers; then it climbs up into heartbreaking desolation—the wailing cry of a lost puppy. It snaps out in distracted futile little yappings; then it whimpers again, like sobbing. So on for hours.

"The next most common is a laugh—a harsh senseless laugh. The effect is to terrorize and paralyze its prey. It is wicked. It climbs up into piercing high falsetto tones—all maniacal; so insane that, though one knows perfectly well what it is, it chills one's blood. This keeps on a long time, with variations. Every change seems worse than the last. But sooner or later it brings one up standing with a laugh impossible to describe, unless it is devilish; so clear, so keen, so intelligent, so beyond expression malicious. Toward morning this sometimes brings sweat. Oh, maybe not if one were alone; but, with Nels—watching Nels —— Oh, yes!

"The last and least often heard—I mean they do not do it every night, sometimes not for several nights, sometimes they do all three in one night—is the cry of a little native baby. The cry of a lost baby. The cry of a deserted baby. The cry of a baby alone out in the jungle shadows and frightened to death."

She stopped and lay quite still. She seemed to forget he was there.

"And what then?"

"Nothing—only it keeps on sometimes for the rest of that night. They never mix the three kinds together. Even when they do them all in one night, they are usually in this order, as I am telling you. Sometimes the baby is still for a few minutes; then it begins again and goes on."

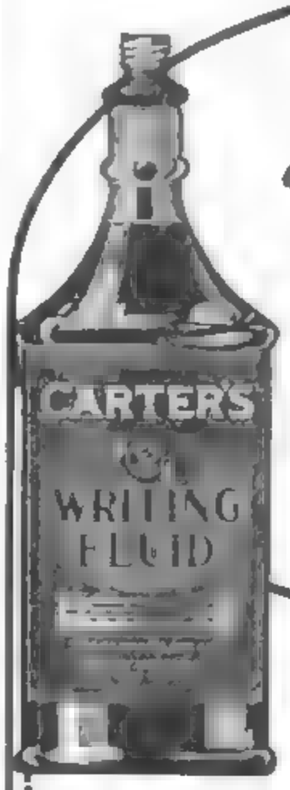
Again she stopped a long time. Suddenly she flung up her hand and spoke faster:

"Oh, no; there's nothing more about that little deserted native baby's cry, except that I've started up in broad daylight afterward with a cold fear in my heart that it had really been a baby, a true baby, and I had failed to go and save it. And oh, the nights, the long nights when I have fastened my weight on Nels' neck to keep him on the inside of this door!"

She pointed to the opening by her couch.

"Why don't you chain him?"

"He goes on a leash perfectly, but he has never been taught to be chained up. My husband has never permitted the servants



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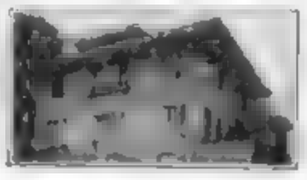

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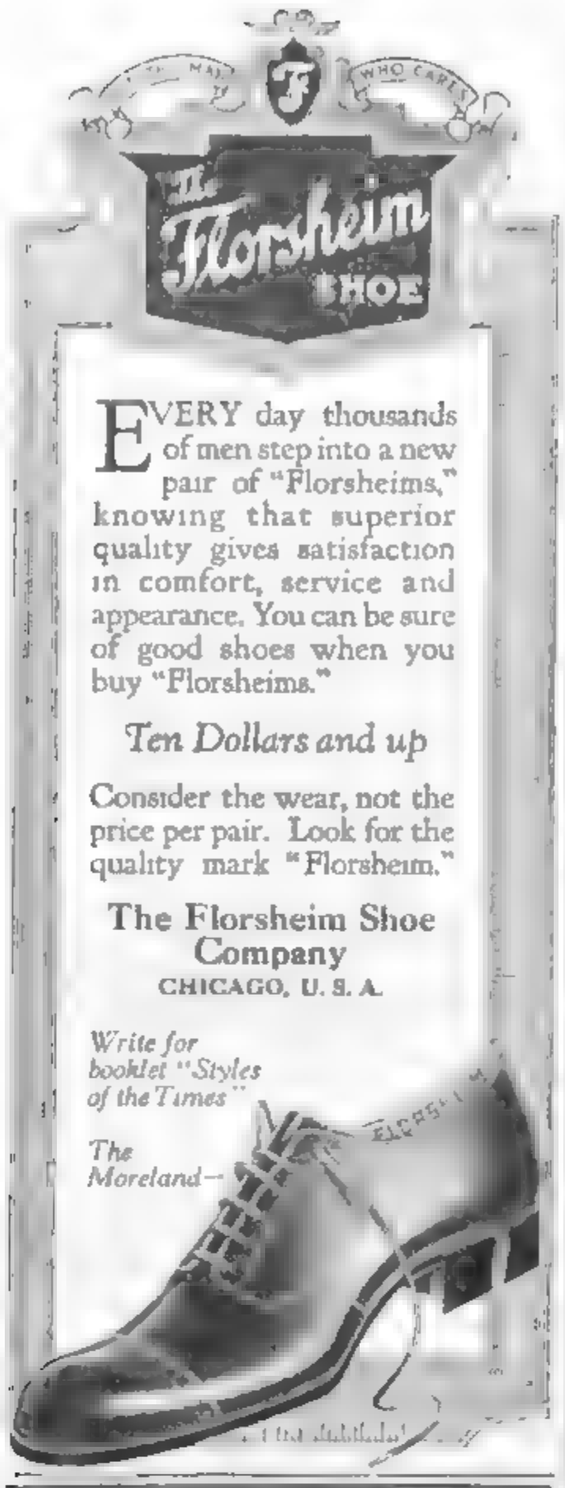
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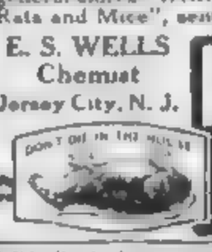

ROUGH ON RATS

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to do it. I tried it here myself, but he suffers and cries, and that keeps both the children awake. It would jeopardize the baby's life to force him. On account of a ceremony that occurred a few hours before her mother died, the servants believe she belongs to Nels. They claim that he acknowledges the ownership. I will admit that he behaves like it. She has often kept him back. He goes from this tent door to her cot yonder to look at her; but always he comes back to the door. Some night my weight will not be sufficient. That is my fear."

"The situation is clear; and I think I can manage it if you will leave it to me for a night or two. These beasts must be kin to a big boa constrictor I met in the Grass Jungle country. My friend, Mr. Cadman, shot him. That was when I found fear ——"

At that moment Skag heard the clear treble tones of a child's voice:

"Nels-s! Nels-s! Nels-s!"

And the veriest fairy thing his eyes had ever looked upon came flying into the tent before him. Her head was a halo of gold made of the finest kind of baby curls. She was unbelievable! She was like a flame beside the couch under the girl's hand.

"This is Betty, our baby."

The child lifted intensely blue eyes; and, though Skag smiled into them, he was without words before the vivid whiteness of her face. She was sent, with her ayah, to the back of the tent for her nap. Then Nels came in.

Skag had never seen such a dog. For size, for proportions, for power, for dignity, he was quite beyond comparison.

"This is Nels, one of the four great hunters in India."

Nels came to him at once. With a searching regard he looked into Skag's face one long moment; then a glow came up in his eyes, and he swung about and stretched himself alongside Skag's chair, reached his legs out before him and laid his head on them, almost touching the man's foot. Skag leaned over and stroked the big head. It felt like sealskin; but it was of a soft clean gray color.

"Nels has adopted you, Wonder Man." The lady on the couch spoke like a small child, marveling.

"I am glad to have his friendship. But I wish—if you will excuse me—I wish you wouldn't call me by that name. Skag is not my real name, but the few friends I have call me Skag. I'd be pleased if you would call me that."

"That's very nice of you; but do you much mind? I like Wonder Man better."

"I don't believe I quite get why."

"Partly from things I've heard about you; but rather more on account of what I've seen just now. I fancy the natives are not far wrong and you are a wonder man to them. . . . If you do this sort of thing—delivering people who are in danger of their lives and getting the devotion of creatures as hard to win as Nels—I can see that you are going to have a great reputation in this India. And you are not to be in the least disturbed if I call you Wonder Man. I am believing the title is prophetic at least."

"What I'm doing for you is just about what any average American man would do. If you hear me outside to-night don't be startled. I'll get the beast as soon as I can. If there's more than one I'll stay round till they're cleaned out."

Soon after dusk Skag circled out into the Jungle. He carried one of the best hunting pieces made and plenty of ammunition. Taking a position in sight of the tent on the Jungle side, he waited. Within half an hour a little puppy began to bark. No man alive could ever know it was anything but a puppy. It yapped and whimpered a while, and then it began to get frightened. He moved toward it but it stopped. For several minutes there was silence. Then another one began, back of him. He slipped through the shadows with the utmost caution; but it also stopped before he got near.

This occurred several times. At last, away in another direction, a wild grating laugh broke out. He turned at once and moved carefully but swiftly to come in range between it and the tent.

This laugh thing was torture. It couldn't stop. It was plumb mad. He thought it would never be done. In a few minutes it was important to have it done. She had said it was to paralyze its prey. It was enough to paralyze anything!

Then he jumped. Now that was devilish! But he was coming closer to the sound and getting interested, when it stopped. So he followed it from place to place. Always when he got into near possible range it stopped. Always it began in a few minutes in some other spot. There might be a dozen.

And a woman, alone with two children and a dog, had endured this six nights out of seven, night after night—all night—for five weeks!

Near morning, toward the front, a sick baby began to cry. While he made his way round his steps quickened to the very urge of its need. He was quite near the tent when—a clear, high, agonized shriek! It was the girl! And he ran.

There was an instant when he did not realize anything. He just saw. Fifty feet from the tent the Great Dane, his head low almost touching the ground, was moving slowly, step by step—with a long, slender white figure dragged bodily on his neck. Then he heard:

"Rodger! Keep back! Take care of baby. Nels! Nels! Nels, you must listen to me! Nels!"

He caught hold of her and the dog at the same moment.

"Don't let him go. Don't let go of Nels!"

"All right; I won't. Now will you go back to the tent, please?" he said. "I've got Nels. I'm going with him."

"No; the thing has happened! I tell you he doesn't know even me! Why do you want him to go at all?"

"Because they keep out of my range, alone. He'll lead me to this one. I'll take care of him. Now go! Will you please go back?"

"I don't ——"

A frantic scream from a boy's throat and in the same instant the lifting cry of a younger child! Clear in the door space of the tent, behind them, two little figures clung together in the opening—and just at one side, close to the children, a dark ungainly shape!

Skag sprang three jumps toward the opposite side, dropped on one knee and fired. The shape bounced up, crumpled over and lay still.

They both ran to the children. Skag had just made sure the beast was dead when he heard:

"Nels! Nels! . . . He is gone!"

"If you'll shut the door safely I'll take care of Nels."

"It won't fasten; but, of course, I'll stay ——"

The Great Dane was not in sight, but Skag knew the direction. He ran almost upon them. Nels stood, but crouched toward the ground. A shape rose against him above his shoulders on the other side. Skag slipped round to reach it without hitting the dog. In the same instant Nels took a blow from the Jungle beast's head. The two swerved over on one side.

Skag set his gun's muzzle against the hyena's neck—he could see that much—and blew it away from him. There wouldn't be much danger; but it was dead. Then he knelt, his hand, instantly wet, at Nels' throat. But the blood was not gushing; it was streaming. He put his arms underneath to lift him, but couldn't do it alone. There was nothing to do but go for the girl.

"I'm sorry. I need your help. Dare we leave the children a minute?"

"Yes. Baby is falling asleep; and Rodger is brave—he will watch her. . . . Tell me, is Nels killed?"

"No. I think we can save him; but we must be quick." She was by his side, running, as he added: "I know how to do it when we get him into the light."

They worked together, and it was all they could do; but they got Nels into the tent. She brought the materials he asked for; and while he stopped the flow of blood and dressed the wound she went to the baby. When he rose she was leaning over the child.

"Oh, I'm afraid something has happened to her! Her face is strange. Her breath is not right. I wish ayah would come; I don't know a thing about babies."

"Is there a doctor near?"

"Not this side of Poona."

"I can go after him."

"You're awfully good; but there will be no train before the one my husband comes up on. It's a holiday. He would have been up last evening, only he had important business. I am not at liberty to determine about a physician, because he will be here so soon."

"Shall I go after the ayah?"

"That might help. Thank you so much!"

Skag learned in the next two hours that there is nothing in life more difficult for a man to find than servants' quarters in a native village. By full daylight he gave up and tramped back a considerable distance.

As he approached the tent an Englishman came out, walking rapidly toward him. Police Commissioner Hichens had a very red face. He spoke before Skag could see his eyes:

"Sir, I take pleasure in ordering you to leave my premises. You will be good enough not to be seen again in this vicinity."

"Yes? You—are—finding—fault—with—me?"

"What occurs to mine does not in the least concern you! You are occupying yourself with my affairs. I will not permit it. Am I explicit enough?"

"You are explicit enough."

Skag wheeled in the path and walked away from the police commissioner under a sharp revelation that if he didn't get away at once he should do a thing he had never been inclined to do before. He was amazed by his own fury. Unconsciously he spoke aloud:

"I never wanted to ——"

"Remember, it is not necessary to touch the unclean!"

Low tones of strange vibration! Skag looked up. A brown-robed man stood before him—the long straight lines of the garment were made of a hand-woven material of camel's hair, known in the High Himalayas as puttoo. The quiet face was in chiseled lines. The level dark eyes were looking back into the place where Skag's soul lived. Skag was intensely conscious that he stood in a Presence. He endured the eyes. They made him feel better. The robed man spoke again:

"I speak to give you assurance that those you have served will be cared for. Also, a responsibility may fall upon you. If you accept it a great good will come to you in this life."

"I will do what I can."

"Peace be with thee!"

"Shall I see you again?"

"Never!"

Skag stood aside and the robed man walked toward the tent.

Skag went back to Poona. The man he was to meet in this part of the country had not yet come. Still waiting, a week later he walked one morning on the stone causeway, which is a most attractive unit in the architecture of Poona's great waterworks, and filled his eyes with vistas of the Ghats toward the north and west. Joyous dog tones made him glance back. It was Nels, straining forward on a heavy chain leash in the old cook's hand.

"Let him go!"

Now Skag noticed that he moved with some effort, possibly with some pain; but when he arrived Nels reared his mighty body and set his paws on Skag's shoulders. Skag hugged him and eased him down. The old cook handed Skag a note. It read:

"To the Wonder Man, by the hand of Bhanah the cook, who is a gift to the Man from the gods. Together with Nels the Beautiful, a gift to the Man from Eleanor Beatrice—Hichens—who is free!

"Bhanah the cook will tell his Master the rest—save this, that Eleanor Beatrice is grateful with her full heart to the Man.

"He is to remember that he has been adopted by Nels. He is to walk softly, because he is on the way to be adopted—of course it is past belief, but also it is past question—by the mightiest of all Mystic Orders.

"N. B. The sahib is to inquire of his servant Bhanah what is the native meaning of 'walk softly.' He will find Bhanah entirely trustworthy in all matters of information."

Skag looked up, and the old cook spoke:

"I who am speaking to Sanford Hantee Sahib am Bhanah—entered into covenant before the gods that I am his servant, to serve him with my strength so long as I endure to live.

"I bring from the shining lady who was my Mistress—whom may the gods protect!—certain messages for him alone.

"The child is dead. Her body lies deep in a metal case beside her mother's, near one of the old bungalows."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"Death does not snare the soul. If she were still here Nels would not be free to come to my Master. And my Master has become his heart's desire."

(Concluded on Page 165)

The old-fashioned pad-and-pencil method of figuring is slower and bound to be risky because "brain-gaps" (chances for error) are always threatening.

The N. Y. State Tax Commissioner's Office found that one man with a Monroe could do the work of seven men without a machine! The Monroe eliminates "brain-gaps," making possible greater accuracy and speed.

"Brain-Gaps" in Your Office Waste Money

The Monroe Last Year Saved New York State $85,000 by Eliminating "Brain-Gaps"

BRAIN-GAPS are chances for error. Every simple problem of multiplication, division, subtraction and addition bristles with "brain-gaps."

For example: 46342 x 69. Here's what you do by the brain-and-pencil method: 9 x 2 is___. Put down___and carry___. 9 x 4 is___and___makes ___. Put down___and carry___. And so on. If you were to complete this process of multiplication you would find that there are 58 "brain-gaps" or chances to make a mistake even in such a simple, little problem.

When decimals, fractions or other complexities incident to figure work in almost any office are introduced, your problem immediately becomes more dangerous—the error curve shoots upward.

The Monroe Ends "Brain-Gaps"

"Brain-gaps" not only waste time but cost money. When inaccuracies occur (as they inevitably do), profits may be wiped out and business prestige destroyed.

Men have sought for generations to invent a "mechanical brain" to eliminate "brain-gaps" and wipe out the drudgery and unnecessary costs of mental figuring. The culmination of that search is the Monroe Calculating Machine.

What the New York State Tax Commissioner Says:

Albany, January 3, 1919.

Mr. L. H. Forbes
Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Sir.—

One man with a Monroe Calculating Machine can do so much work as seven men can without a machine. The men in this department operating the machines upon which this work is done are high class men and are paid in the aggregate nearly $15,000. But for the machines, the work would have cost upwards of $100,000. Therefore the investment of less than $3000 in the machines made a net saving in this department in one year of at least $85,000.

The speed and accuracy which result from the use of these machines is of the greatest importance in our work.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) JOHN J. MERRILL
State Tax Commissioner.

With the Visible Check of the Monroe, you can see as you go, that you are right. No rechecking necessary. All factors of your problem are in plain view; for example, in multiplication, the multiplicand shows on the keyboard when you depress the keys and remains in plain sight, the multiplier registers in the upper dial as you proceed, and the result appears in the lower dial when you have finished. And if you go wrong, the machine enables you to at once detect the error.

The Monroe will do ALL your Figure Work

In thousands of offices, Monroe Calculating Machines are used daily to extend invoices, figure payrolls, find costs, foot ledgers, compute interest, prove freight bills and allowances, convert foreign currency, make estimates, solve engineering formulae involving square and cube root—in fact, to do all kinds of figure-work. It is the short, sure, modern method of business calculating.

The savings which the Monroe has made for the State of New York, and for manufacturers, merchants, banks, engineering firms, etc., are evidences of the certain saving it can effect for you in your business. Why not get the full facts in front of you at once?

MONROE

Calculating Machine

Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Woolworth Bldg., 237 Broadway, New York City

The Monroe not only Adds, but Multiplies, Divides and Subtracts as easily as other machines Add. To add or multiply, you simply turn the crank forward; to subtract or divide, you turn it backward.

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon TODAY

To Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Woolworth Building, 237 B'way, New York

Without cost or obligation, send me further information concerning the Monroe Calculating Machine, and how it will save time in the figure work of my business.

(Use space below for your name and address)

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Bosch Magneto Ignition on a list of specifications identifies a product as one made to meet your service requirements—not a price. The summation of years of supreme service is found in every part of every Bosch Magneto. The Truck, Car or Tractor that is Bosch Equipt has a smooth, flexible power stream, always reliable and enduring in its economy.

There is a Bosch Magneto with special fittings ready for your engine now.

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AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

MOTOR TRUCKS · TRACTORS · AIRPLANES · MOTOR CARS · MOTOR BOATS · MOTORCYCLES · GAS ENGINES

(Concluded from Page 162)

"I am glad to have him and you."

The old cook laid his hand on his forehead and bent low before Skag.

"The Lady Beautiful will sail from Bombay in a few days, returning to her own mother's house. She is forever free from the Police Commissioner Hichens Sahib, who was my Master only for her sake and for the sake of Nels. The lady's own ayah will go with her to her own country, to serve her as I serve thee.

"These things are accomplished by a Power which works through those who are seldom seen and never known of men.

"I have spoken and it is finished. Have I permission to take Nels to my quarters, where he can rest? He is well, but not yet fully strong.

"If my Master will tell us his place we will come to him in the morning."

Skag told them. The recognition of Nels as a personality amused him, but he did not quarrel with it. That day Skag determined upon one thing personal to himself and Nels: He would teach Nels to fight hyenas.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost. The fourth will appear in an early issue

A PERMANENT MILITARY POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES

(Concluded from Page 30)

effect by showing to the men of the country the businesslike seriousness of war, and giving them some comprehension of the extended operations necessary to conduct it, and its cost both in money and in peril, so that the whole matter of war would be better understood and looked upon as a thing to be avoided.

To many young men who have had no contact with military matters the illusions of war are unrestrained by any knowledge of its real nature, and such uninformed minds are much more likely to be misled into aggressive and militaristic ambitions than those which have some knowledge of the vast burden which war under modern conditions necessarily entails.

As a result of our experience several things now seem quite clear:

Modern war is on a scale so vast that any permanent military establishment must be a mere nucleus about which can be organized speedily and effectively all the energies and forces of the nation. This means, of course, the establishment of sympathy and understanding in times of peace which will enable the financial, industrial and social forces of the country to fall into their proper places in a national mobilization, each understanding what is expected of it and knowing how intimately its effective function is associated with any successful national mobilization.

Modern war is so essentially an application of science that a permanent military establishment must be constantly in touch with scientific developments, and ready on a minute's notice to apply the latest achievements of scientific inquiry to offensive and defensive warfare as a specialty. We can no longer await the outbreak of war to seek the association of scientific men. The old-fashioned studies of boards of strategy, seeking to anticipate possible campaigns and developing plans based upon topographical maps, have become relatively useless. Modern means of transportation have overcome practically all difficulties of terrain, and intrenched armies holding entire international frontiers evolve plans of campaigns by attrition. Modern studies of war colleges and boards of strategy must be based upon maps of mind, and must have as their purpose the rapid concentration of superior scientific devices, for both offense and defense. For the most part, instead of studying mountains, rivers and highways the modern war college will study electricity, chemistry and physics, and its maps will be charts of the industrial establishments of the nation suitable for the production at the highest speed of vast quantities of intricate and novel devices. Sound-ranging devices, antisubmarine protection and gas warfare are apt illustrations of the essential characteristics of modern combat. The scientific instruments upon a single fighting airplane are bewildering in number and intricacy. Their effective use requires scientific education, their effectiveness depends upon the perfection and delicacy of their construction. Perhaps no single implement so strikingly illustrates the progress war has made since the time when men whittled clubs and lay in wait for their enemies.

A modern army will not consist of professional soldiers but of the whole body of citizens in arms. The relations between the permanent military establishment and the country must therefore be such in times of peace as to produce happy and effective relations among the soldiers and between officers and men when war calls the citizen to the ranks. That there must be obedience, subordination and discipline goes without saying, but these virtues in a modern army must rest upon comprehension and intelligent consent. An army in peacetimes should not be a thing apart, alienated from the common interests of men, but should be a part of the life of the nation. The boy who in the future goes into the Army should, to his people at home, be a boy who has gone to school, and who after graduation will return with added capacities for civilian usefulness.

The physical and moral health of the Army must be an object of first concern. The permanent Army should therefore be encouraged to develop all the advantages which our experience has shown us to lie in sound recreational and social activities, and it should constantly be borne in mind that these activities should be of such character as to be understood and adopted by the citizen body which the emergency calls in, to the end that when the call comes the whole array will move with the sympathy of community sentiment and with as little break as possible in the influences which at home have sustained the wholesomeness and healthfulness of the soldier.

The partisan band, the mercenary, the professional army as a caste—are all things of the past. The army of a democracy is the democracy in arms. The necessary nucleus for the mobilization of the democratic army must be merely a miniature of the larger thing which in the emergency is to spring into being for the defense of its ideals. The policy above suggested has these thoughts in mind as being essential to national success should emergency arise; it has, however, the incidental advantage of making useful such permanent military establishment as we must maintain, useful not merely as a military safeguard but as an educational asset to the nation, and a source of profit and advantage to those who are chosen or who volunteer for the patriotic service of the peacetime establishment.

"THE VALUES THAT HAVE MADE W.L.DOUGLAS SHOES FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY, ARE BEING STEADILY MAINTAINED
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Three years ago Mr. Ralph Heisey, of Pennsylvania, saw an advertisement like this in *The Saturday Evening Post*. He asked us: "What will you pay me?" We replied: "Whatever you are worth."

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On that basis he began. His odd moments in the next month netted him only $4.20 under our plan, but *he saw its big possibilities and decided to give us his full time.*

Already Mr. Heisey finds it easy to earn more than $200.00 a month!

Are you doing as well? If not, let us make you our offer. The three Curtis publications are popular everywhere. In your own neighborhood you can easily and quickly secure scores of renewals and of new subscribers. We will pay you as we pay Mr. Heisey—liberally, in commissions and in salary.

How much are YOU worth? More than you're making now? Then write today to

The Curtis Publishing Company
231 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

A LITTLE SISTER TO HUSBANDS

(Concluded from Page 41)

"That's better," he said. "I've got paper and charcoal right here."

He began to open the package, and extracted therefrom a big drawing pad and his pencils. He was perfectly at his ease and quite unconscious of making a third party.

"Move that Pembroke a little farther round, will you, Gerrity?" he commanded, settling himself in a favorable vantage. "Thanks."

It was only because the Pembroke belonged to Cara that Gerrity did not pick it up and smash it over Martin Scott's massive head. As it was, he moved the table and then got up.

"I'm sorry I must go," he said, and there was exasperation in every line of him. Cara could not help but see it.

"I'm sorry, too," she said graciously, "but you must come again."

He jammed on his hat viciously, once outside the door, and swore softly under his breath all the way down the street, partly at Scott and partly at himself.

"If I hadn't been such a big boob," he said, "I might have outstayed him. Silly of me to fling out like a cross kid." He looked longingly across at the nearest drugstore. If he went in and telephoned to her and asked her if Scott had gone—but no; Scott wouldn't go for hours; he was sure of that. He sighed and went back to his rooms at the hotel, which afforded a sufficiently dreary contrast with the home he had just left.

"This is not going to happen again," he promised himself over a more or less soothing pipe.

It did not happen again just that way. For the next time he called on Cara Turnbull he took the precaution of telephoning and asking her when she had an evening that was free. He emphasized the free, but not too firmly, lest he recall to her his offense of repeating her own joke of being a little sister to husbands.

This time he was fortunate enough to have ten minutes with her when Alan Fredericks came in, looking white and drawn.

"I've been on a frightful lot of cases today," said he, "and so Emmy sent me over here to get you to sing to me for a while. It's the most soothing and restful thing to listen to Cara sing," he added, turning to Gerrity. "You've heard her, of course?"

Well, at least he would hear her sing. So he did not take himself off in a dudgeon this time, but sat down again where he could see her at the piano. Doctor Fredericks dropped into an easy chair and closed his eyes. And Cara sang.

Her voice was high and sweet, with a curious subtlety about it that somehow searched and drew the hearer. She sang very simple things, one after another, without suggestion or urging. At last Gerrity asked her if she knew any Irish songs. So she sang By the Short Cut to the Rosses and My Love, Nell. But Fredericks stirred uneasily in his chair.

"I detest that stuff," he called out. "Sing Loch Lomond, Cara."

Gerrity could not help smiling, and as he did so Cara looked up and caught his eyes. They enjoyed for a second the pleasure of a humorous secret and it established a better understanding between them. It was the one high light in the evening, for Fredericks did not go home until eleven and Gerrity did not dare outstay him.

But he went home distinctly encouraged. As for Cara herself, she could not help knowing a little of what was in the young man's head.

"He's really very nice," she thought, "but it's just as well he shouldn't waste his time round me. After all, there's Paris ahead of me next year."

After that matters moved a bit more swiftly. There was the dance at the Country Club, where he got one dance with her, and would have had another had not Florence Howard appealed to them both.

"Do dance this with Reed," she begged Cara. "He can't fox-trot with any one but Cara, and he does enjoy it so much. You'll forgive me, won't you, Mr Gerrity? I'll dance with you myself to make up." And she looked up at him bewitchingly. She could not dream how his fingers itched to give her a good shaking. She only thought she'd managed things very well for all concerned.

It did not make this small happening any easier to Mr. Gerrity that he felt sure Cara had laughed at him as she fox-trotted away with Reed Howard. He did not know that she had laughed because she was just a little bit frightened at her own feeling of disappointment. For the rest of the evening she made herself inaccessible with determination. Mr. Gerrity might be a very nice young man, but Cara was going to sing Louise, and Melisande, and Mimi before applauding thousands. A nice young man, even in the superlative, did not fit into the picture.

That was why the Scotch in Mr. Gerrity had to come very much to the fore. He could not help but see that he was being gently but firmly discouraged. He could not help but know that first one and then another of the four men who claimed so much of Cara's attention were being deftly used as a barrier between himself and her. If he wanted to walk with her, she was always going out with Reed Howard. If he called, Fredericks or Scott were also there. If he asked her for a party or the theater or anything where he might snatch a moment or two alone with her, she was always going with Wayne Tyler, and he was passed along to Lisa, who received him joyfully.

And yet now and then, just to keep him from utter discouragement, he surprised something in her eyes that made him keep doggedly on. Perhaps it was a little kindness, quickly followed by a little panic that she had been too kind. So long as she didn't look at him with aversion or pity, he thought, he would stick on. And besides, she had to wear his flowers—and he sent them to her almost daily.

On the rare occasions when he had a little time with her, she would talk of nothing but her work and her coming year in Paris. To that Gerrity listened despairingly, yet always with the reflection that Paris is a long way off, and a year contains no less than three hundred and sixty-five days, each one of them twenty-four hours long. Sometimes he wanted to write to her and tell her that he loved her, ask her for just the bare chance to see and be with her sometime, and prove himself to her; but always something held him back. It wasn't the right way, he felt.

It would give her the chance to end everything with him; and he did not dare give her that chance.

But as time went on and three hundred and sixty-five days began to be seriously reduced in number, and all of Cara Turnbull's friends were talking about who Cara would study with in Paris, and where she would live, and whether or not her mother had decided to go with her, desperation rose up in his heart and gripped him.

In all this time he had not faltered. He knew that of all women she was the dearest and most desirable, and that if she said no to him there would be nothing but dead sticks left of his life. He owned to himself that when he had planned to work hard for a few years and then marry as it suited him and his convenience, he was almost the biggest fool alive. And to add to his flame, something happened that made him see that if he were to act it must be now or never.

It was Eve Scott's doings. Eve had not been pleased when young Gerrity had refused to be utterly fascinated with her. She had not been pleased at all. Not that she really wanted him to fall in love with her, for that would be inconvenient; but she did want him to seem to be. And he didn't seem to be. She couldn't understand it, and she felt piqued.

It had not occurred to her to imagine that he might be interested in Cara. Cara had been safe and sane and, to Eve's standards, slow for so long that it was unbelievable that any man in his senses would prefer her to Eve, when Eve was ready to smile and be pleased. Eve was not clever enough to see far beyond her own mirror.

So it was merely on general principles of distilling a drop of poison about another woman, and to create a little sympathy for herself, that she ventured on a bit of fiction to Gerrity that precipitated the thing he did.

"We've always joked about Cara's being a little sister to husbands, you know," she told him bitterly—bitterness was very becoming to Eve's dark style. "Well, I'm not censorious, heaven knows, and I'm willing to let Mart have as much rope as he likes, but all the same I'd like to see him sometimes. It used to be that I sent him over to her; now she sends for him openly, on any pretext whatever. Everyone's talking about it—it's almost more than I can bear. Why, she sent for him this evening—he's over there now. Of course there was a pretext of an illustration, but ——"

She stopped. Never in her life had Eve Scott been looked at by any man as Hugh Gerrity was looking at her now. He had turned very white, and he got up and stood before her. He seemed about seven feet high.

"What you say is—— What you say," he stammered, "is a damned lie!" And then he walked out of the apartment.

He went so quickly, and in such a state of excitement, that he forgot to get his hat. The next thing he knew he was walking down the street bare-headed in the direction of Cara Turnbull's house. Walking was not a fast enough means of locomotion, so presently he ran. He ran up the steps, he rang the bell, and went straight past the astonished maid who let him in. He opened the parlor door and came in like a whirlwind.

Martin Scott, with his drawing board under a bright light, was hard at work making a drawing of Cara, who sat at the piano, her head bent, her hands on the keyboard, though she was not playing. They were both still and absorbed, and when Gerrity came in they both jumped with astonishment. He did not wait for either of them to speak. With one gesture he seized Mart Scott's drawing board and flung it aside. He snatched Scott to his feet, and, big man though he was, rushed him to the door.

"Go home," he said. "Go home to your wife. Go—right—now!" he added, shutting the door and locking it behind him.

As he faced Cara he felt exultant. For once he had cut through the maze; he had done something decisive, no matter how outrageous it might appear. And she was alone with him.

"There," he said crisply. "I've been wanting to do that for three months. I'd never have had the nerve to do it, I suppose, if it hadn't been for Mrs. Scott. Oh, don't look so surprised—this isn't motion-picture stuff nor am I crazy. I've just had it brought home to me that the only way to get you is to fight and fight hard, and throw out anybody who's in the way. Look here, Cara—yes, I called you Cara—aren't you fed up with being a little sister to all the husbands in town? Don't you want to be a little sister to a husband of your own? You know perfectly well what I mean. You've known all the time that I was perfectly crazy in love with you, and you wouldn't let me get near you. You're afraid for your career maybe. Well, we'll fix it so you can have a career, too—I'm not one of these impossible men who thinks because he's in love with a woman that she ought to think he's sun, moon, earth and stars and a little tin god besides. But I give you fair warning, here and now, that you've got to let me be with you—you've got to see me—and that I'm going to throw out bodily every man, married or otherwise, who comes to this house when I'm here, or who butts in on me when I'm out with you."

He stopped, mostly for lack of breath. They were standing very near together by this time, and now he put out masterful hands and took hers.

"Did I frighten you?" he asked gently. "I couldn't help it. I'd have burst if I hadn't said it, when I've been keeping it all bottled up for so long. Ever since that day you waved your hand at the fountain."

She stared.

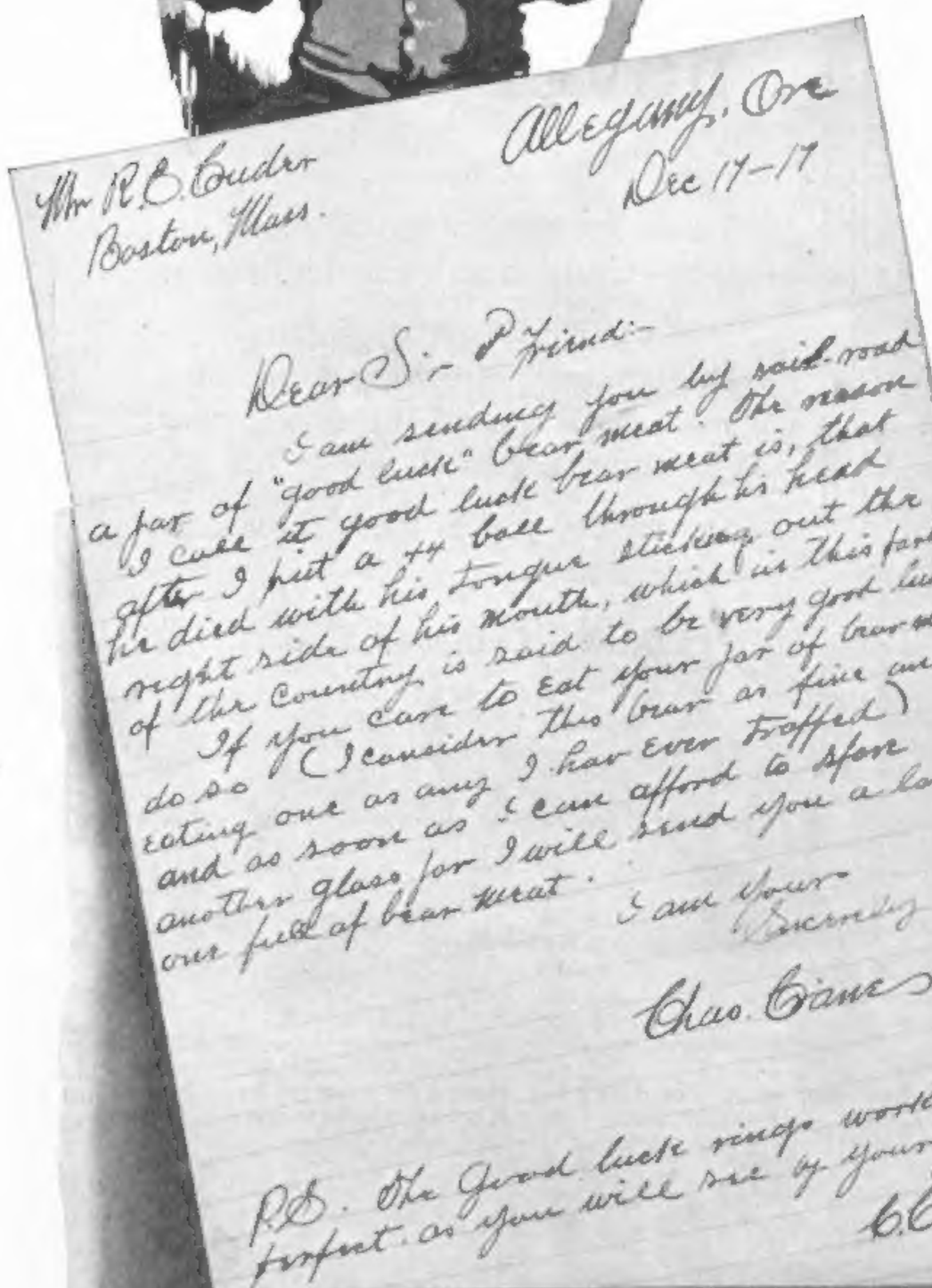
"Why, I remember. Then that man was you, and it was that very day that I decided I—I hated other women's husbands and being a sister to them."

"You did!" He drew her closer. "Why then—then, my blessed dear, it's just sheer stark fate, isn't it? You must have felt me falling in love with you."

Cara did not draw back from him. Mimi, and Louise, and Melisande, and all the fame and the glory of a career seemed a long, long way away.

But here was youth and love, and tenderness and clean desire. She looked up into Hugh Gerrity's eyes and her heart leaped suddenly to his.

"Oh, why," she cried, "why didn't you do this—long ago?"


Mr R. B. Coulter
Boston, Mass.

Allegany, Ore
Dec 17-17

Dear Sir & Friend:-

I am sending you by said road a jar of "good luck" bear meat. The reason I call it good luck bear meat is, that after I put a 44 ball through his head he died with his tongue sticking out the right side of his mouth, which is the part of the country is said to be very good luck if you care to eat your jar of bear meat do so (I consider the bear as fine an eating one as any I har ever trafled) and as soon as I can afford to store another glass for I will send you a larger one full of bear meat.

I am Your Sincerely

Chas. Crane

P.S. The good luck rings worked perfect. as you will see by your jar

C.C.

It Takes Five Hours Boiling to Can Bear Meat

MR. CRANE lives in the heart of the Oregon woods. He gets an abundance of game and fish in season, but these supplies are irregular and he is a long way from the market and grocery store. Naturally, the keeping of food is a matter of deep interest to him.

Mr. Crane sent all the way to Boston for GOOD LUCK rings to use in canning game by the Cold Pack process. He kindly sent us a jar of his bear meat, which was sweet, tender and delicious after its journey across the continent.

It takes five hours to can bear meat. Boiling for this length of time will "blow out" almost any ring, but GOOD LUCK rings stood the test perfectly. We had Mr. Crane's letter and the bear meat to prove it.

GOOD LUCK rubber will not crack or shrink. They were the only rubbers which early teachers of modern canning could find reliable enough for Cold Pack work. Over eight million dozens or 100,000,000 GOOD LUCK RUBBERS were used during 1918. GOOD LUCK RUBBERS are sold throughout the country by grocers, hardware dealers, department and general stores, and are furnished as standard equipment with Atlas E-Z Seal jars. Buy your supply of GOOD LUCK rings early this year. If you cannot find them in your locality send 15c for sample dozen and 3c stamp for our new booklet on Cold Pack canning, containing many new and delicious recipes.

GOOD LUCK
RED JAR RINGS

The Standard Rubber at the Standard Price

15 CENTS A DOZEN

WE photographed Mr. Crane's letter about GOOD LUCK Rings along with the jar of bear meat and the attractive box of cedar laced with leather thongs in which it was packed. Above is a photograph of Mr. Crane with two bear cubs.

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